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1871-72

THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1871.

UNWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS, LONDON AND CHILWORTH.

PREFACE

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME OF THE NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

THE preparation of the closing number of another year's volume of our Little Messenger reminds us that we must have a word to say to those who are our co-workers. During twelve months more we have been permitted to add our modicum of help to the large force of agencies employed for the benefit of our fellow-men, whether our labour has been successful or no, we must leave until the Day which revealeth secrets. When we find from the daily press how much of the crime amongst the young is to be traced to the circulation of periodicals of an evil tendency, surely it behoves us to do our uttermost to supplant these banes to our youth by scattering those which, while they interest, may also direct to the paths of religion and virtue. Although death and various other circumstances thin the list of those who have aided us by their writings, still it is put into the hearts of others to send us their help, and thus we are enabled to keep up the interest of our "little Friend;" and we take this public opportunity of thanking all our contributors, and asking them for a continuance of their kind assistance. We beg to thank those, too, who aid us by circulating our little work, and we would throw out a suggestion to some who have not enlisted in the cause, but who are seeking to be of some use. As a rule, we believe the poor, especially in country places, are not in the habit of ordering periodicals, and sometimes have no opportunity of doing so, although they are glad to pay for them if some person takes the trouble of procuring them. Could not some of our young friends undertake the work of distributing our little Magazine in this way, in districts where it is comparatively or altogether unknown? By this means our circulation might be largely increased with the New Year, and we should have still more incentives to zeal and energy in our work.

December, 1871.

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FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

SAMUEL MOORE'S SECRET.

"IT is a wonder to me that working people should choose to pay twice the money they ought for provisions at a cook's shop when their food might be had in a great deal more comfort if cooked at home." This was the remark of Sam Moore to his neighbour James Watson, who had just paid tenpence for a few slices of cold meat and a dab of mustard. "You would not wonder long," replied James Watson, "if you had such a dawdle of a wife as mine. She knows no more how to cook, or to do anything she ought to know, than the child in the cradle. If I did not take something home from the shop, we should never have a bit of victuals to eat. It is a very different thing when a woman is like your wife, Sam, handy and notable, who knows how to take care of property, and make the best of everything; but mine, I tell you, knows nothing at all." "She is never likely to know, if she is never put to learn and try. But surely she is not yet so old as to be past learning?" "I should think not, indeed! She is barely twenty now, but if girls do not know before they are married, they never learn afterwards. If I had had a bit of sense I might have guessed how it would be; and I should not have run my head upon marrying a girl who was no more fit for a working-man's wife than she was to be Queen of England. But it is of no use trying to help it now. She frets over it herself, but it is too late to alter it." "Don't say so, Jem; it is never too late to improve. I could tell you a secret about my wife, but I should scorn to say it unless she were by to hear. However, if you and your wife will come and sup with us to-morrow night, I don't doubt but mine will be willing to tell you all about it." James accepted the invitation, and next evening made his appearance. His wife, though kindly invited, declined to accompany him. The truth was, she thought if she went she could do no less than ask Mrs. Moore to return the visit, and she felt ashamed that her housekeeping should be seen by one who knew how things ought to be. Mrs. Watson knew well enough that her management was *not* what it ought to be; but this she had accustomed herself to consider as a thing to be fretted over and concealed, rather than one to be promptly and perseveringly remedied. Moore and his wife, like many other working-people, generally reckoned on making a good meal of their supper. Expecting company that evening, they had perhaps provided rather more than ordinary, though it could scarcely be set out more neatly on one night than it was on any other the year through. Poor James Watson gave a sigh on entering the house to think what a contrast it presented to his own. Everything looked clean and bright, not one thing seemed out of place. Why should it be otherwise? Neatness and cleanliness are cheap habits, and they give a charm and relish to the humblest fare. But it was not the humblest fare with which this table was spread. There was a small meat-pie and a gooseberry-pie, a home-made loaf, a piece of cheese, and a plate of radishes, besides a dish of hot potatoes, which were not served till the moment the men were sitting down to the table. Everything was excellent of its kind, and James would have thoroughly enjoyed his supper, but from a feeling of regret that his friends should have put themselves to so much expense on his account. He could not help blundering out an apology on this score, when, to his utter amazement, it was clearly proved to him that the meat and the pie-crust together cost no more than the slice he was in the habit of taking home from the cook's shop. As Mrs. Moore's grate was fitted with a small oven at the side, the baking of a pie or two cost nothing; and the garden supplied both gooseberries and radishes, and at the same time afforded pleasant and healthful recreation to keep it in order. These matters having been discussed, Samuel Moore, turning to his wife, said, "Now, Betsy, I want to ask you a question; should you mind telling neighbour Watson how much you knew about cookery and housekeeping at the time we were married?" "I can soon answer that question, Samuel. I knew nothing at all, as you know to your cost, and to your poor dear mother's sorrow." "It is a comfort to me to hear you say that, Mrs. Moore," said James Watson. "Now pray tell me, if it is not too much to ask, how it was that you knew so little at first, and how it was that you got to know so much afterwards?" "That I knew so little was partly owing to my being out of the way of learning, and partly owing to my not having a proper sense of the value of knowledge. I was at work at the mill almost from a baby; and then my mother did everything for me, and let me have my evenings for my own amusement. Like too many young people, I cared mostly for dress and pleasure-taking, and took no pains to get knowledge that would fit me for the future. How Samuel could take a fancy to such a giddy, ignorant girl, I can't imagine. His own mother and sisters were so very different; and I don't doubt it was a grief to them that he chose as he did, though they always behaved very kindly to me, and by degrees I got some good from their example; but poor Samuel had a sorry life of it the first year or two—nothing but waste and discomfort; good victuals spoiled through bad cooking, and left to perish through neglect; clothing and furniture going to wreck for want of care, and I may say ruin staring in the face of as honest, hard-working a man as ever broke bread—all through the fault of his careless, giddy wife." Mrs. Moore could not help shedding a tear as she spoke. "No, no, Betsy," said her husband kindly, "it was not *all* your fault, nor half of it either. You knew as much, and did as well as I had any right to expect of you when I chose you. If young men, when they are seeking a wife, do not make it an object that she should be qualified for the duties she undertakes, they should not expect to find that she is so, nor can they justly complain if it prove otherwise." "Too true, neighbour," said Watson with a sigh; "as we brew, so we must bake; but this is what we don't think of when we are caught by a pretty face and a little finery. But it is a comfort to me to hear all this of you; it makes me hope there may be some good in store for me." "May be! No doubt there is, if you both set about in good earnest to mend what's amiss; and, mind you, there is as much to be done by yourself as there is by your wife." "How?" "Why, in the first place, you must not be angry with her for her ignorance, but kindly tell her how you would like to see things, and encourage her and help her in trying to make them so; and let her see that you are pleased with the least improvement;—but this is part of my secret, and my wife has not finished telling you her's yet." "Nay, I don't know that I have anything more to tell," continued Mrs. Moore, "except it be that I have always had reason to be thankful that you were not cross with me, though you must have been sadly uncomfortable at having things so very different from what you had been used to, and that your good mother always treated me with kindness and indulgence, though she could not be otherwise than grieved at my carelessness and wastefulness. If she had been harsh with me, and set you against me, however I might have deserved to be treated so, it is likely I should never have profited by her advice and example. As to how our habits and affairs took a turn, I can't exactly say, and I question if you can either. It came about by little and little. One great step was when we were both ill together, and your mother came to nurse us. Without any bustle or fault-finding she put things in better order; this made me wish to try and keep them so; and then I began to like what rather vexed me before, to hear you say, 'My mother does it so-and-so,' and when I did not know I took to asking her advice, and I got not to feel afraid of her. She always had a kind word to help on and encourage what was right; and then, too, when I began to taste the comfort of having things properly done, it made me like to do them so, and one thing done properly made it easier to do the next so; and so we have gone on from that day to this, and hope to go on in the same way to the end of our lives, finding out something worth knowing, and doing a little better to-day than we did yesterday; and that's all I can tell you about the matter."

James Watson was deeply interested in the disclosure of this secret, and he went home full of thought as to the least offensive and most effectual way of imparting it to his wife. We hope to see next month how he set about it.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

SOLOMON NORTHROP'S NEW YEAR.

SOLOMON NORTHROP, or Gruff Sol, as the neighbours called him, lived in a lone, red-painted house, under the shadow of a bleak hill. A dog, as uncouth as his master, was his only companion. Man and brute seemed to have taken a mutual vow to renounce the world. Very seldom a neighbour stopped for a word; when they did, the sharp, short replies to their good-natured remarks, and the low threatening growl and show of gleaming teeth, made them resolve not to try the experiment again. "Depend on it that man has a dark page somewhere in his life. Such seclusion isn't natural; man is a social being, and when he skulks away, look out for mischief!" said Farmer Mason, as he drove by the house, with his three flaxen-haired boys, one Sabbath, on the way to the house of God. "Boys," he added, as he espied Solomon and the dog at the back of the house, "keep a clean life, and you won't want to be alone with only a dumb beast, who knows nothing and tells nothing." "Father," said Tommy Mason, a lurking fear in his eyes, "you don't suppose old Sol ever killed anybody, do you?" "I wouldn't suspect anybody of that sin, Tommy, unless I had the evidence clear; but then, to my mind, there is more than one kind of murder. If a man, who might be of some use and comfort in the world, shuts himself from every one and even refuses a kind word, I say he has his life to answer for just the same as if he took it. Then, if he gives no peace to those who live with him, and frets them into the grave, I call that murder. People say if Solomon Northrup had been the man he ought, there would have been cheerful faces in the old house, and no grave in the churchyard yonder." Tommy sometimes did a great deal of thinking of his own in God's house, and did not always listen attentively to the sermon. This Sabbath the minister preached about man being made like God in His own fair image, and Tommy listened eagerly how that in the beginning God fashioned many things—trees, plants, flowers, earth and sky—after models of His own contrivance; but when He came to man He did not say, "Let us make him after some plan and pattern which we have invented." No, no; He said, "Let us make him in our own image." And so He breathed into finely-featured clay His own life and likeness. He spoke of what a grand birthright we had, made in the image of our Creator; and that, in what is true and noble in us, we best reveal Him. All men, however depraved, wore, in the immortality of their souls, this image of the great God. Traces of it could be found in all that was human—slave and savage, murderer and infidel; that in the best of us it is marred and faded; but that Jesus' blood could wash it clear of all stain, and restore it to its original lustre and glory. Leaning over the pulpit, and in a voice of melodious sweetness, the minister said, "Children, to you the Saviour says, 'Of such is my kingdom.' In your young hearts His image is not yet broken. Oh, keep it unspotted! The earth you live on now so solid to the tread, will one day, the Bible tells us, melt with scorching heat, the stars which shine so brightly will quench their fire, fade and flicker into darkness; the sun that warms and gives you beauty, will go out like a consumed torch; but you and I will live on for ever, lifted to a place and a crown in the Saviour's kingdom, or banished from His face for ever and ever. You all, even the youngest, have your influence in life, and when you see anyone who has forgotten the image he wears, let your little hands lift the curtain, and show the radiant features they are hiding." As Tommy sat in the high-backed pew, his thoughts went back to the words of his father in the morning, and he wondered if the gruff old man in the lonely house knew of the image in his soul, hidden away behind his cross, hard features. Perhaps he didn't know, perhaps somebody ought to tell him. Why shouldn't he? the minister said children could sometimes do more than men,—they were not so often repulsed. All the day long Tommy turned the thought over and over in his mind; but how to find opportunity to tell the old man? No one he ever knew met with anything but ill words from him. And there was old "Tinker." Why, he was as bad as the lions in the way of Christian, but then they were chained, and perhaps something would hold "Tinker" back. "Mother," said Tommy, as he gave his "good-night" kiss, "do you think old Sol knows?" "Knows what, darling?" "What the minister said this morning about the image we wear." "I do not know, my child, he is a strange, gloomy man; it isn't likely he ever thinks of such things." "But oughtn't somebody to tell him?" "They would only meet with hard words and perhaps curses. Go to sleep, Tommy, and ask the Lord to keep you from forgetting in whose likeness you are made. Another day, and we begin a New Year; that it may be a happy one, see to it, as your father says, that you keep a clean record." "Well, I believe I won't tell mother or the boys what I mean to do. Christian went alone, and I guess I'll have to," thought Tommy, as he lay awake long after the house was quiet, and the measured breathing of his brothers told they had fallen into the sound, sweet sleep of childhood.

(*To be continued.*)

LILY'S MOTHER.

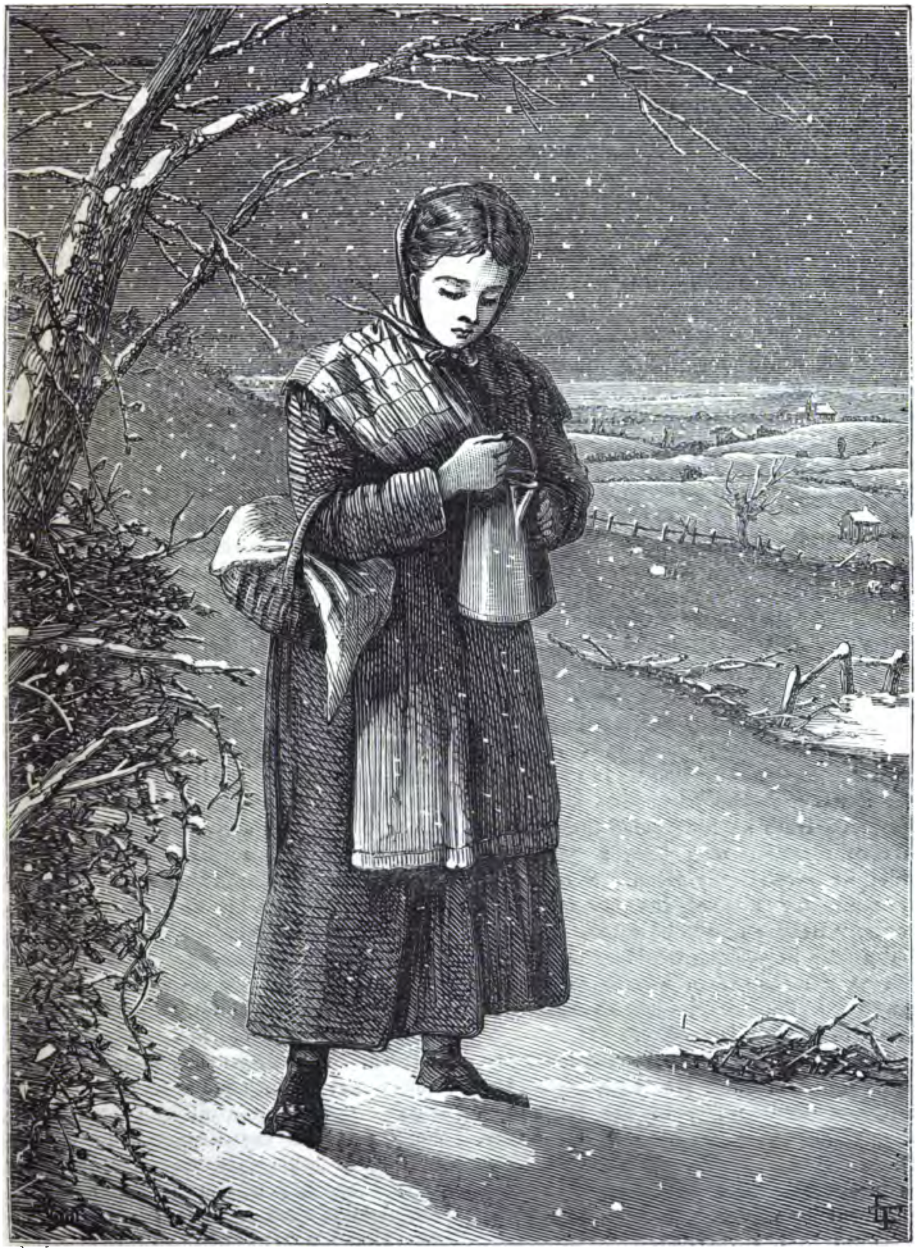
COLDLY blew the winter wind along the moor, as a shivering girl crept slowly along one February morning on her way to a sheepfold to carry her father's breakfast. Her name was Lily Brown, and she was the eldest girl of a family of six, so that her hands were generally full of work: either she was cleaning, or nursing, or running errands all the day long. Poor little Lily! only twelve years old was she, yet her childhood was full of care, and the bright spots in her daily life were few and far between. On this particular morning Lily had a headache, and could scarcely keep from crying as she went on her way, not altogether because of her aching head, but because her brother Sam had said such unkind things to her just as she came out. She had asked him if he would mind going to the sheep-fold for just this one morning, as she felt so ill, and Sam had replied, "No, that I'm sure I sha'nt, so you needn't ask me!" "But, Sam, my head does ache so," Lily had said pleadingly. "Bother your head!" was Sam's rude reply; "there's always something the matter with you when you don't want to go anywhere; but you won't get over me like that." So with tears in her eyes little Lily had set out on her cold walk across the moor, wrapping tightly around her the thin, scanty shawl which was her outer clothing. The church clock was just striking eight, and Lily quickened her steps, that she might not keep her father waiting, when, just at the turn of the road, she came face to face with Miss Lea, her Sunday-school teacher, who stopped, and said kindly, "Why, little Lily, how cold you look! where are you going, my child?" "To Farmer Hill's sheepfold with father's breakfast," answered Lily; "and please, teacher, I know my lesson for next Sunday." "I am glad; I won't keep you to talk to you now; can you call at our house on your way back, or will your mother want you, Lily?" Lily's face looked very bright, and she said quickly, "I'll call and tell mother, ma'am." Her teacher nodded, and said "good-bye," while Lily sped on her way with a glad heart. Very dearly she loved Miss Lea, and it was one of the few pleasures of her life sometimes to go to her house and earn a few pence by running errands, washing up tea-things, or dusting the pretty rooms which Lily imagined to be the most beautiful in the world. So when she had waited for the can from her father, she hurried home and put it on the table, exclaiming, "O mother, I met Miss Lea, and she wants me to go up there; I may go, mayn't I?" Mrs. Brown looked up from her wash-tub: something had put her out of temper, and she replied, "No, you can't; I can't spare you this morning!" Lily's lip quivered. "O mother!" she said, imploringly. "It's no use your standing there, and saying 'O mother,' for I sha'nt let you go; so there's an end of it, and you may just run and tell your teacher so." With a sad heart, Lily turned away, and went along the village to Mr. Lea's house. Miss Lea met her at the door, and said, "That is right, I am so glad you have come; my father has gone out for the day, and I want to have his room nice by the time he comes home. I thought I should like you to help me to do it." Lily's tears came, and she faltered, "Please, Miss Edith, mother can't spare me, and I'm so sorry." In a moment Edith Lea understood, and drawing the child close to her, she said cheerfully, "Never mind, don't fret, Lily; go home and help mother all you can, and then come to me in the evening, if she can spare you; Mr. Lea will not be home until nine o'clock, and if your mother will let you come, we will have such a nice evening. Shall I call and ask her?" Lily could not resist the impulse which made her throw her arms around her teacher's neck, and exclaim, "Oh, Miss Edith, there never was anybody so kind as you!" Her teacher smiled, and bade Lily go home and help her mother as much as ever she could; and Lily ran home, her face radiant with happiness, and in a few minutes was employed in tidying up the untidy room. Not a word did she say concerning Miss Lea's promise, for she saw by the gloomy, set look on her mother's face that it would be of no use, for Mrs. Brown was one of those women who are often in what is termed a "fit of the sulks," and at such times she always acted out the rules of contrary. So Lily worked on in silence, hoping, yet almost fearing as to the result of Miss Lea's visit. From time to time she stole a glance at her mother's face, to see if there came any change in the expression of it, but it grew darker and darker, and by the decided way in which she threw down her soap every minute or two, Lily knew that her mother was very angry about something or other; what, she did not know. Poor little Lily! she often had to endure the brunt of her mother's anger when she had done nothing to provoke it, for Mrs. Brown was a harsh woman, and treated her children unjustly. Sam, the eldest boy, was like herself in disposition, and the terror of the neighbourhood; he was her favourite child, and she never corrected him, not even when he openly defied her, as had been the case on this particular morning. Instead of doing this, she vented her spite on such of the others as were within her reach, and effectually lost all influence over them, for young as they were, they knew enough to see that their mother was unjust and partial, and thus, instead of growing up to love and obey her, they learned to distrust and despise her. Unhappy woman! to be thus laying up misery for future days.

(*To be continued.*)

WALTER HOWARD; OR, THE BEGINNING OF EVIL.

> "The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
> Is privileged beyond the common walk
> Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

"WALTER, I trust that you will not forget the last words of your departed father," said Mrs. Howard to her son, a fine young man of nineteen. "You remember he said to you on his dying-bed, 'Beware of the beginning of evil.'" "Yes, mother," replied Walter, "I do indeed remember those words, and I hope that in London I shall act in such a manner that the spirit of my father, though in heaven, will look down upon me with approbation. I should be very sorry to grieve you, and still more so to dishonour my father's memory." Mrs. Howard and her son were seated in a comfortably-furnished parlour, in a neat cottage in the pretty little village of Fenyburn. Walter had just finished his apprenticeship in the town of Ashley, which was about six miles off. His father had died twelve months before the time of which we are writing. He had been a Christian man for many years, and he had endeavoured to teach his son to walk in the same path. Walter had received a fair commercial education, and possessed more than ordinary abilities. His father had great hopes that he would rise in life to a position of respectability, if not of eminence. In his youth his father had frequently pointed out to him the advantages of diligence, perseverance, and high moral principle, even from a worldly point of view; but his strongest arguments were drawn from the



"Coldly blew the winter wind along the moor, as a shivering girl crept slowly along one February morning on her way to a sheepfold to carry her father's breakfast."—P. 5.

word of God. Mrs. Howard aided her husband in his efforts to train Walter in the right path, both by precept and example. Her gentle, yet dignified manner commanded the esteem of all who knew her, but it especially endeared her to her son. Many times when he was tempted to do wrong, the thought of her loving reproof, if she should know it, deterred him from committing it. But while this was his state of mind, susceptible of the good influences which his father and mother exerted upon him, and keenly alive to the sense of shame connected with wrong-doing, yet he was not decidedly religious. True it is he read the Bible, said his prayers regularly night and morning, and attended the house of God; it is also true that he did not associate with evil companions, nor frequent places of questionable character, but all this was the result of his early education. He had, as yet, never felt that it was his duty at all times to act rightly because such is the will of God. His right conduct was the result of habit, and not of inward principle. His mother knew this, although she hoped soon to see him a Christian in heart as well as in moral life, and it was with the purpose of impressing Christian truth upon his mind that she had this conversation with him, a portion of which we have already given. She thought by reminding him of his father's dying words, "Beware of the beginning of evil," that a deep impression would be made upon him at the time when he was in greatest danger from temptation—just about to enter an active life in a large city.

The next day Walter Howard left Fenyburn for London. He took with him letters of introduction to the large firm of Messrs. Sybil, Prince, & Co., City. These letters, combined with his own business-like deportment, secured his engagement by this firm in a position which promised him advancement in proportion to his merit. Being a stranger in London, and knowing no one in the establishment, he was naturally reserved at first. Everything was new, and many things were wonderful to him. He constantly heard matters spoken of which he had always thought forbidden subjects. His first feelings were those of shame, but by degrees this wore off, and such topics of conversation gradually became to be looked upon by him as things in which there was no harm. After a short time he was invited one evening by a young man in a superior position to himself to go to a music-hall. Not liking to say boldly that he did not think it right to go, he reluctantly complied with his companion's request, and went. While in the music-hall the glare of the numerous lights, the glitter of the ornaments, the excitement connected with such a large assembly, and the animating strains of the music, for a time caused him to forget that he did wrong in being there, but after he had become somewhat accustomed to all these things, a voice whispered as it were in his ear, "Beware of the beginning of evil." "Charles," said he to his companion, "my head aches, and I must go out." "All right, Walter, you can go out by yourself, can't you?" "Yes." Having arrived home, the young man went to his room, fell on his knees, and cried, "O God, I have done wrong. This has been the beginning of evil. Forgive me, forgive me." The next morning Charles Bridges met Walter in the warehouse, and asked how his head was. "To-morrow night," said he, "I will show you something more of life. That hall is nothing." "Quite enough for me, Charles; I shall not go any more to places of that sort." "Why, you milksop, you surely don't mean to say that you have begun canting in that style. To-morrow night I hope I shall find you in better spirits." Throughout that day and the next Walter determined not to go with Charles Bridges again, but nine o'clock in the evening found him in one of the West-end theatres with this companion and another. In this manner a year soon rolled away. Walter again and again resolved not to go to those places, which his conscience told him were unfit places for him to frequent, and again and again did he break his good resolutions, and wandered in the paths of sin. His mother's letters to him were frequent; they were filled with kind entreaties and gentle remonstrances; often they were almost wept over by her son, but withal he did not abandon his folly and wickedness. At the end of the year he went home for a fortnight's holiday. His mother beheld with pain the change which was manifest in his character. The open frankness which used to please her so much had now given place to a kind of dissolute mirth. It was evident that religion had no hold upon his mind nor heart. During the short time he was at home she sought again to influence him for good, but it appeared to be in vain. The second year of Walter Howard's residence in London passed away very much like the first; its chief characteristic being that he became more morally depraved. He now constantly frequented those amusements which are termed "fast;" by these means his money was wasted, his health impaired, and his moral nature vitiated. His companions called him a "jolly fellow," and praised his good nature and boldness in setting the opinion of "religious milksops," as they called them, at defiance. But amidst all this he often felt the reproaches of his conscience, and secretly he cursed his own guilty complicity with evil and bad example. He had just entered upon the third year of his city career, when a circumstance occurred which altered the current of his life. It was a beautiful Sunday evening in August that you might have seen a young man and a young lady in a dog-cart, which was driven furiously through the park which leads from Hampton Court to London. Every one along the road made way for the reckless driver, and fully expected that he would either injure others or himself. All went well with him until he had nearly reached Twickenham, when, driving too near a post by the roadside, the dog-cart was upset, and the driver and his companion lay senseless in the road. They were quickly taken to a house, a doctor was sent for, and restoratives were used, and they recovered their senses. "Is Walter much hurt?" asked the young lady very anxiously. "I fear that his leg is broken," replied the doctor, "and that we shall not be able to remove him from here for some time." "Oh, Walter, Walter, what will your mother say when she hears of this?" exclaimed the girl in anguish, while the tears ran down her cheeks. For many weeks Walter Howard was confined to the inn. His mother having been informed of the accident, instantly came to nurse him, and through those weary weeks the mother and son often talked of his past life. One day after he had been telling her of some of his past misdeeds, he cried out with much emotion, "O God, I have become what I despise!" His mother told him of the willingness of God to pardon all sin if it is freely confessed, repented of, and faith exercised in Jesus Christ. "Yes, mother, I know God pardons sin, but I have sinned against knowledge and against conviction. I knew that the beginnings of evil were to be avoided, and yet I have come to this!" A few days after this Walter Howard found peace in Jesus. He grew strong again, and returned to the city a true Christian, and now he strives that he may convince all his companions of the importance of avoiding the first step on the road to evil. His object in life now is to serve God in all his actions, and to lead all the young men of his acquaintance to do likewise.

Mothers! do not despair if your efforts to teach your children the path of godliness seem for awhile altogether fruitless. Continue in the course which God has enjoined upon you. He will in time bless your labour. A mother's good example and teaching must bear fruit. Sow the seed, and look to heaven to produce for you an abundant harvest. May Almighty power strengthen and help you!

R. ALEXANDER HATCHARD.

A NEW YEAR'S PETITION.

ALONG another track of time
Our stumbling feet have trod,
And for the now departed year,
We render thanks to God.
His hand has led and guided us
Along its devious ways;
His heart of love has strengthened us,
To Him be all the praise.
And now we pray in holy fear,
Bless, O Lord, the opening year.

We look adown its vista dim
With eager, longing gaze;
What will it bring to us, we ask,
Within its circling days?
Will sorrow wrap our hearts around?
Will sad bereavement come?
And voices that we love be hushed
In silence of the tomb?
We know not, and we pray in fear,
Bless, O Lord, the opening year.

We know not and we would not know,
The future *would* not see,
We are content to leave our friends,
Our hopes, our lives with Thee;
And we will listen for Thy voice,
Wilt go where Thou dost call,
For well we know where Thou dost lead
No evil can befall.
We pray that Thou our path wilt cheer,
Bless, O Lord, the opening year.

L. ST. C.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. SHERWOOD AS A CHILD AND GIRL.

"WHAT are the children of the present day coming to?" One frequently hears this remark uttered, half in surprise, half in dismay; and it is not without cause that the exclamation is made, for there is no doubt about the fact that child-life in our own country is vastly different from what it has ever yet been. Whether it is solely or in great part the fault of the parents, we will not discuss here; at least, in a measure, it must be granted to be the case, though much must be ascribed to the circumstances of the times, which largely influence all children and young people who are not brought up in seclusion. It is with interest, then, that one turns over occasionally some life-story of the days of our ancestors, and reads some description of the thoughts and doings of a child when life was quieter in our island-home than it is now, and when there was less straining after effect and show. It is not very often that an authoress, whatever she may write about herself, will choose to recall the events of her young days, and tell us the seemingly almost worthless incidents which perhaps tended to make her what she afterwards became. Yet some have lifted the veil, and amongst these was Mrs. Sherwood, the pleasing writer for young and old, whose fictions for the most part may lay claim to high merit as well as to the purest aims. Let us take a few incidents from her autobiography, which will bear referring to again, even if they have already been read, for they may suggest a lesson or two to modern mothers, and tend also to encourage them. Would that the thought could be kept more constantly before the minds of parents, especially of mothers, that in the little incidents of family life, are being built up from day to day a character and habits which are not only all-important to the child in its future life, but must have a widely spreading influence upon others who will be brought in different ways into connection with those now capable of being moulded for good or evil! Few persons, even with good memories, could recall and pourtray as Mrs. Sherwood has done, not only the incidents of girlhood but of childhood; and as we read her unaffected record, we seem transported back to another age. Mrs. Sherwood notes, as a matter worth recording, that in every room of the parsonage where her parents lived there were prints or portraits, and to each of these a memory-link was attached, some tale or fact being connected with each by her father, and they were referred to from time to time as he talked with his child, as serving to illustrate or to explain some truth. In Mrs. Sherwood's appearance as a child, there was nothing to show that her mind rose above the level of other children. Her parents were anxious that their child should not be forced to any studies ere her body had so far acquired strength as to prevent injury from over-excitement or close application. Her own opinion, from observation, she says, emphatically supports this, all forcing being bad, and frequently failing in its results. Not that the mind of a child should be allowed to grow wild, like a neglected garden; it ought to be constantly tended, yet regulated according to those circumstances of health, age, and personal peculiarities which must serve for our guidance. Mrs. Sherwood relates, as an amusing proof how predictions are often falsified, that when she was little she was brought in to Mr. Edgeworth, the well-known writer. After praising her outward appearance, he said, with no great courtesy, tapping his forehead repeatedly to make the remark emphatic, "You may depend upon it, Mr. Butt, you may depend upon it, she wants it *here*"— a speech which for some time greatly troubled Mrs. Butt. However, Miss Mary Martha grew, and continued to thrive, invigorated by the pure air and healthful surroundings of Stanford. Indeed, she attained a height above the average of women, ere she was thirteen years old. We hope to follow her life a little farther next month.

THE NEGRO MOTHER AND HER TESTAMENT.

THE following anecdote, communicated to a friend by a Wesleyan minister at Stellenbosch, Cape of Good Hope, will be read by all Christian mothers with especial interest. As a sketch from a pastor's note-book, there is in its simple details something for all of us to learn:—"I yesterday visited a coloured member of my church, whom I do not hesitate to term, after American fashion, 'a lovely old woman.' Living in a sequestered spot, I found her away from the world, but happy with her Saviour, and with but one ground of regret, which is quaint enough for repetition. It was a wish 'that our gracious Queen Victoria would be so kind as to pass a law that the working-man's daily wage shall not be less than a shilling.' More she did not care for, but how to keep clear with ninepence a-day only now and then earned, so as first to set aside a portion for her God, then to pay her rent, and have anything over for clothing when her hunger had had its most pressing claims supplied, she had not arithmetic enough to find out. But, brightening up as she said it, she added, 'Ah! sir, when I think of my blessed Saviour's love for me, *the hunger clean goes!*' I was delighted to take her well-worn Testament and read her portions of John vi., especially where the Master had made the promise of which her experience was the fulfilment, 'He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst;' and I shall not soon forget the look of delighted admiration with which the poor woman, unable to read, drinking it in as though she heard Christ Himself speak, responded, '*Foeitoch!*' ('Wonderful!') I have the more willingly related this because I have a growing conviction that our intellectualism robs us of much of the realising joy with which the

Lord's less outwardly advantaged followers are more than repaid by His compensating love. But then succeeded the history of this Testament. It had been the book in which three of Elsie's children had learned of, and found her Saviour, and hard as it had been for flesh and blood, she did rejoice that He had taken them to Himself. And now it was left as her companion and greatest treasure, from which her granddaughter was wont to read her delightful bits. But a shadow overspread her face, so blithesome before, as she added, 'My granddaughter hid it away in the drawer for fear the boys should tear it. But I said no, it must stand on the top of the drawers that I may always have it before my eye, for,' she added, '*it is as though Christ were there*. But,' she said, 'I only wish I could have it mended, for I am so dreadfully afraid a leaf should go.' This led to a little chat, which resulted in my pledging myself to be responsible for getting the book strongly bound by a friend of mine at the Cape, whom I would pay for the work. I was pleased to find that the old woman did not care for the covers, which otherwise might possibly be used again, but for the '*words* in that very book that have so long talked to me,' was her expression."

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

RICE DUMPINGS.

Pick and wash one pound of rice; boil gently in two quarts of water until it becomes dry; then spread it out in a colander to cool, loosening the grains with a fork that all the moisture may evaporate. Pare and core some apples, fill the hole with rice and a little sugar, then put a thick coating of the rice round each apple; tie up separately in a cloth, and boil an hour-and-a-quarter.

CABINET PUDDING.

Stone a few raisins and stick them on the inside of a greased basin; fill it with crumb bread, make a custard of milk and two eggs, and pour over it. When soaked, refill again. Boil half-an-hour. When turned out of the basin, the plums will remain on the outside; it will look like a rich plum-pudding.

Notice of Hymn Book.

Hymn Book for Maternal Associations. By the late Ann Jane.

We take this opportunity of informing those ladies who conduct, or are connected with Mothers' Meetings, that the above-named hymn-book, which has been for a long time out of print, is just reprinted, and may now be ordered through any bookseller, or direct from our publishers. Price 4d.

Notices of Books.

"*Lonely Lily.*" By M. L. C. London: John F. Shaw & Co.

A touching little history of one in humble life.

Home Joys; or, A Wise Choice Makes a Happy Marriage. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

Homely chats, embodying useful hints and scriptural truths. A suitable little work for libraries for mothers.

Walter's Escape. By J. B. de Liefde. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

A handsomely got-up volume, containing a thrilling tale. A suitable New Year's present for the boys.

Model Women. By William Anderson. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Price 5s.

Short and interesting sketches of women who have nobly done their life work.

A Scene at the "Fox and Geese"—Save my Mother, if you let me Drown—A Mother's Prayers answered after many days.

These are a few of the titles of some interesting tracts published by the Weekly Tract Society, 62, Paternoster Row. To non-subscribers, 1s. 6d. a hundred.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our best thanks to "F. S."—"Nottis."—"L. St. C."—"J. R. S. C."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

SAMUEL MOORE'S SECRET.

THERE is a French proverb to this effect—"The first step only costs an effort." James Watson, without exactly expressing the words of this proverb, went home from Samuel Moore's full of the state of feeling they describe. "Now," thought he, "if my Fanny could but once be brought to make a trial, I should have a hope that in time she might become as good a manager as Mrs. Moore. Why should she not? whatever has been done by one may be done by another; but how to get her to make the first attempt, —there's the job! I must try and persuade her to it; but then the difficulty comes again, how can I begin speaking to her about it? I must not twit her about another man's wife, nor yet make complaints, as if she were more idle and ignorant than other women: that will never do. As Sam Moore said, 'there's more blame to the men than to the women in the matter. Let them once find out that a man worth having won't look upon a girl that can't make a pudding and scrub a floor, and they would as easily learn to do those things as to curl their hair and make frills and furbelows.' I did not think of all this beforehand, and when I took my wife, it was for better and worse; so now, as Moore said, 'what's to be done is this, to improve the "better" and cure the "worse;"' and after all, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' but not without trying again and again; ''tis a long lane that has no turning,' so here goes," and he lifted the latch of his door. "Well, Fanny, I'm afraid it's rather late; I hope you have not been dull." "No; my sister has been here most part of the evening; she has not long been gone. I hope you have enjoyed your visit?" This was spoken in a way half good-humoured and half quizzing. James wisely placed it to the score of the former, and overlooked the latter. "Yes, thank you kindly; I only wished to have you with me." Fanny's sister had been predicting that James would come home full of the cleverness of all he had seen and heard at Moore's, and discontented with everything at home. Fanny was therefore surprised to see her husband in so good a humour, and not disposed to find fault with anything. Still, she did want to know what impression had been made on his mind by his evening's visit, but as he said nothing, she could not well ask him, and no more was said on either side. The next day, as usual, Watson and his wife had their dinner from the cook-shop. After more than one effort to take that first step about which he felt so much difficulty, James at last summoned up courage to say, "How nice it would be, Fanny, if you would sometimes make us a little pie for our dinner; I should like it so much better." "Don't talk so, James; I can't make pies; it is what I never did in my life." "No reason you never should; everybody must have a beginning. I'll bring home a pound of raw meat to-night, and you shall try; won't you?" "I don't mind trying, but I think I shall only spoil it, and get laughed at for my pains." "Who is to laugh at you? I promise you I will not, and no one else need know a word about it. Besides, I don't believe you will spoil it." "What made you think of such a thing, James? If you had it at Moore's, it is in vain to suppose I can do things like Mrs. Moore, who always does them, and knows all about them." "Mrs. Moore was not born with her knowledge; whatever she may have got, she must have picked up one thing at a time, and there is no need to think about Mrs. Moore. If she pleases her husband, and you please me, that's quite enough; and please me you surely will if you only try. But I must be off; good bye. I shall bring you some things in the evening." So in the evening James produced rather more than a pound of mutton chops, and a consultation was held as to what else was wanted for the making of a mutton pie. "There must be some flour, of course—what else could the crust be made of? Any milk?" neither party could answer this question. "Some butter, should there not? and how much?" all guess work! "Pepper and salt?" "Yes;" their taste told them that it must be seasoned. With right good will poor Fanny the next morning set about to try her skill in pie-making; she locked the door lest any of the neighbours should come in and laugh at her awkwardness; and an awkward job it was, sure enough. The paste, when she had mixed it, stuck so to the dresser, that she thought she never should get it on the dish. However, at last she did succeed, and a pie was produced, though not a comely pie to look at: she felt half ashamed to carry it to the baker's. However, she had taken the first step and made the attempt, and her energy rose as she proceeded. She put a good face on the matter, and had the pleasure of seeing her cookery lodged in the oven; and at the hour of dinner the baker's man with his tray knocked at her door. With palpitating eagerness Fanny ran to the door, and but for the baker's friendly warning would have burnt her fingers. "Have you not got a bit of rag or paper to catch hold of it with? it is just this minute out of the oven. Master is sorry your pie is scorched, but the crust, you see, was made a *leetle* too wet." The hint was not thrown away. "Next time," thought Fanny, "I must make it rather drier." "Well done, Fanny!" exclaimed James, as he entered the house, and saw the pie smoking on the table; "capital well for a beginning, I do say!" "I'm afraid it's but a poor thing, James, but I've done my best." Not a word of apology would James hear; never in his life had he eaten a pie with so good a relish; the crust *was* rather tough, but no matter for that; she that could make that pie would make a better next time. The gravy was very fat, but when a few spoonfuls were taken off, the remainder was very relishing; and, take it all in all, a happier dinner-time had never been spent in that house since James and Fanny Watson entered it. James hailed that beginning as the dawn of future comfort, and Fanny felt satisfaction in the consciousness of having tried to do right. A piece of pie which remained was brought out for supper: "Look," said James, "what a nice cake of fat there is over the gravy! it is as white as lard. I should think that might be of some use, don't you?" "Indeed I do, James; and now I think of it, I daresay it is just the same as what I skimmed off at dinner-time, and threw away. I shall know better than to waste it another time. Why, it would do to put in the crust of another pie." "So it would, Fanny; and now, my girl, I see you are beginning to get wide awake to things, and I foretell that we shall not have many more dinners, or suppers either, from the cook-shop. Cheer up; well begun is half done. It will not be long before you can cook and manage as well as Mrs. Moore, or Mrs. Anybody else." Fanny did improve steadily, though perhaps not quite so *rapidly* as her husband's sanguine anticipations had promised; but a great and essential point was gained, the desire after useful knowledge being awakened, and the conviction established that it was not impossible to attain it. So far now from being jealous of Mrs. Moore's reputation for skill and good management, Fanny was often pleased and thankful to take a leaf out of her book; and the time came when Moore and his wife, supping with their neighbour at as neat and well-spread a table as their own, Fanny merrily told James she gave him free liberty to laugh at her first pie, though he had promised he would not do it; "and," added she, "I have a good right to laugh with you, for let them laugh that win." Mothers, this is a secret worth remembering. Many a good work is left unaccomplished, not for want of ability or opportunity, but for want of resolution to take the *first step*.

"NEVER MADE HIS MOTHER SMILE."

A young Irish girl, in giving testimony in a court of justice, when asked some question in reference to the prisoner, replied, "Arrah, sir, I'm sure he never made his mother smile." There is a biography of unkindness in that simple sentence.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MRS. SHERWOOD AS A CHILD AND GIRL.

(*Concluded.*)

THERE are times in the history of all who are at all thoughtfully inclined, at which they endeavour to recall their earliest impressions and first ideas about different persons or things. It is with interest, therefore, that we read what were the early, and sometimes incorrect, impressions which were made upon the mind of Mrs. Sherwood in her younger days. Some early lessons in reading were given to Mrs. Sherwood by her mother, from a book containing, amongst other pictures, a horse feeding by starlight; and this scene of a quiet night, thus depicted, gave her an idea of the beauty of starlight before she had observed it in nature. Concerning death strange ideas possessed her, suggested by the sight of a stuffed canary kept in a cabinet in her mother's room; she used to picture to herself what was told her by her mother of the bird beside her, when she was playing upon the guitar, in times which seemed to the child very far back indeed. Before Mrs. Sherwood was four years old she had some ideas concerning a heavenly and far distant world, derived partly from impressions received from a picture of the martyrdom of Stephen, and partly from a dream-story of her brother's, who told her he had seen heaven above the highest trees in the beautiful park near their house. She notes also that the direction in which her brother's fancy placed the heavenly region was just towards the point in the sky where the summer's sun set amongst the trees in his glorious tints of evening. Soon after, she received from her grandfather a doll as a birthday present, and looking back upon the kindnesses, oft repeated, which she received from him, and his loving manner to all about him, Mrs. Sherwood, when far advanced in womanhood, anticipates with joy the meeting which would one day re-unite her to him and to others beyond the grave. Impressively does she remark that she stood as a link in five generations, some day to meet in heaven her grandfather, her father, her own children, and her children's children, all resting in the one great salvation. As a proof of her father's love and truthfulness, Mrs. Sherwood relates that when her brother was lying ill, his father promised—to please him—that he would get some of the berries of the mountain-ash, which the little fellow had a wish for. Mounting his horse, he rode many miles at inconvenience to himself, searching scores of trees in vain; at last, to his satisfaction, he found a tree with its crop of berries, and gathered them for his son. Well might their mother draw a lesson from this, showing that, in a far greater degree, the Saviour that their father loved would not fail to perform all that He has promised to those who trusted in Him. Allowing even for a natural partiality, it is clear that Mrs. Sherwood's father was a remarkable man. Of how many fathers and mothers can it be said that their children, as they sit listening to their daily conversation, gain constantly some lesson for head or for heart? Now, boys, and girls, too, take upon themselves to correct pretty freely what they think are mistakes in conversation, made by those older than themselves, and not only join when they please, but interrupt others when they are speaking—a fault too little corrected and one not tolerated in Mrs. Sherwood's days. She says: "My mother never suffered her children to interrupt conversation. We were compelled to listen, whether willing or not. My father not only conversed in a superior way himself, but he gave the tone to all his visitors. I can hardly say how young I was when I got ideas of other countries, other times, and other modes of life, such as by education only could never possibly be obtained." Ere she was six years old Mrs. Sherwood began to invent little stories, but she could not write them down, so that when she thought of something she went to her mother and got her to write it; these, however, were afterwards forgotten by her. Her father, hearing about these early attempts, called her and her brother into his study, and told them to begin a story, which they did. After a short time he released his young pupils and had them in again the next day, and each of them wrote a little more. For two or three days longer he repeated the experiment, and the little maiden finished hers; her brother's, however, was not completed, and might still have been lengthened had their father pursued the matter any further. A year or two after this, when on a visit to Warwick with her parents, Mrs. Sherwood saw the first specimen of an unruly child, for hitherto she had only mingled with children who had been brought up in habits of obedience. Going into a sitting-room, a boy with rough hair was lying on the carpet, and when his mother addressed him he answered disrespectfully. The sister of this ill-mannered lad also surprised the little girl, for having taken her friend into the playroom to show off the dolls' establishment, she said, "I am glad you came to-day, for you have saved me from a good scolding; my mother is so much out of temper." But the effect of this upon Mrs. Sherwood was rather beneficial than otherwise. Though trained to be silent in company, and, if addressed, often at a loss for words, the girl's aptitude for story-telling continued to develop itself. To her cousin Margaret and her sister Lucy she would relate narratives one after another in quick succession, and having been allowed to glean up scraps of information about such creatures as the heathen gods of other days, fairies, enchanters, and the like, these appeared naturally enough in her fictions. One of her chosen pleasures was to stroll into the woods, choosing especially one resort near the sound of two waterfalls. Thither would Mrs. Sherwood wander while yet a child, carrying a large wooden doll, and sit embowered for hours. Soon after she was eleven years old we find an event of great interest to her recorded: her father, at the sale of an old library, brought home a whole waggon-load of books. What pleasure it was to the studious girl to examine and to arrange these, may be imagined, her mind became stored with a great variety of facts and fancies, which were, unknown to herself, preparing her for her life-work with her pen. In fact, at the age of twelve, if inexperienced in worldly affairs and simple in her manner, her knowledge of books exceeded that of most women of that time, and when, a few months after, her parents left Stanford and removed to Kidderminster, her education might be regarded as completed.

JOHN STEDMAN'S STORY.

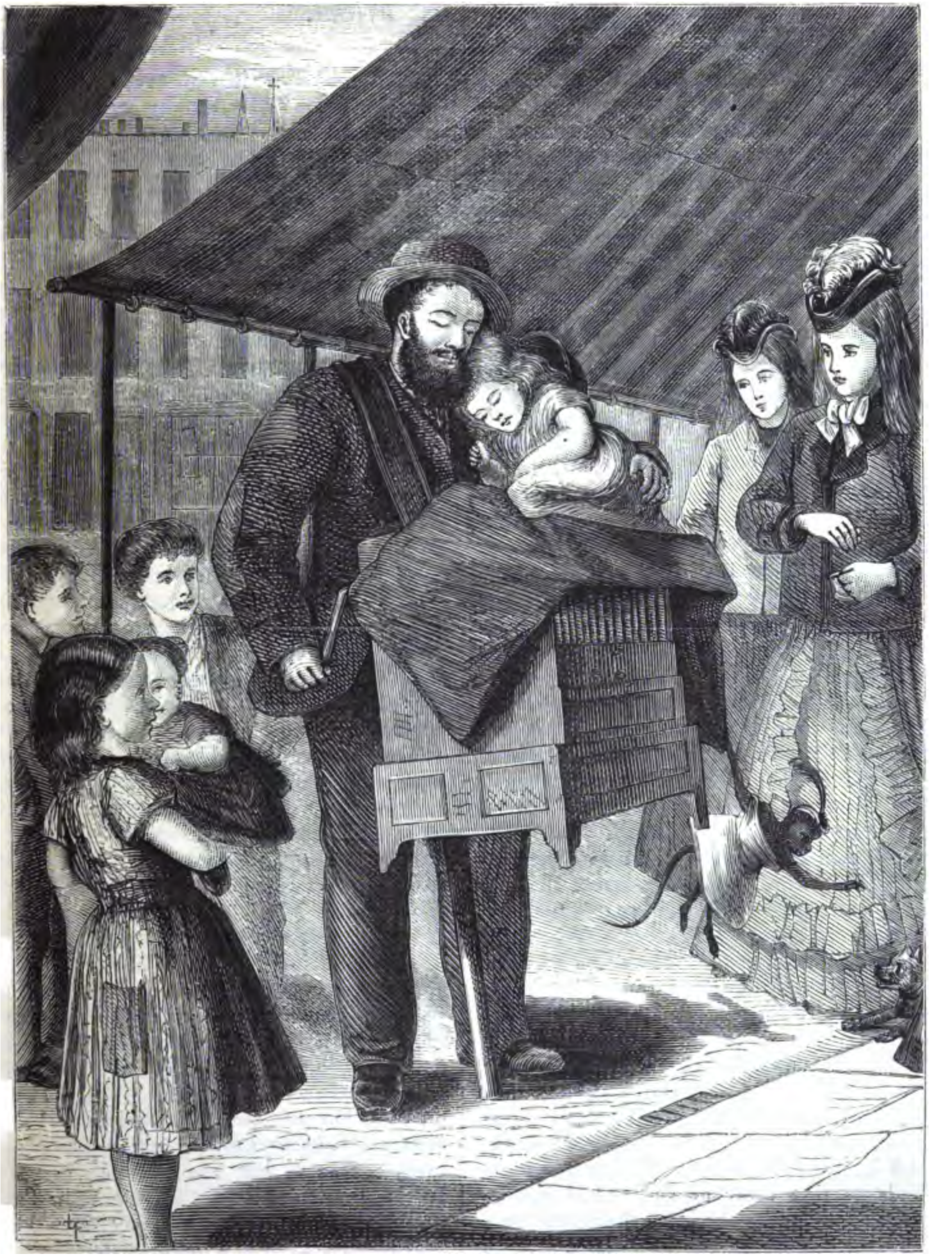
I CONSIDER myself one of the happiest men alive, and I owe my happiness, first to my habit of being ruled by the Word of God, and secondly, to my wife, who is the most industrious, and, at the same time, the most gentle woman I ever knew. For both of these blessings I have to thank, next to God, my dear mother, who taught me not only to read my Bible every day, but to be guided by it, and also brought up my wife in her own active and patient ways. It is not every man who has had his wife nursed and brought up by his mother, and I will tell you how this happened to me. My father was a shoemaker, and lived in a village near the sea, on the coast of Sussex. He was much older than my mother, and died when I was a boy, but I remember him well. He was, like many of his trade, very quiet and thoughtful, not fond of talking, but very fond of work; indeed he was always at work, either in the house, where he sat usually near the door, from which there was a delightful view of the cliffs and the sea, or in the garden, which was famous for its extreme neatness, and for the dwarf honeysuckles which he used to trim in bushes, with the greatest care. On the south was a tall shrub or tree of verbena, which rarely grows to any height, except in very warm situations, and which gave a pleasant appearance to that side of the house, and was also much valued for the sweet scent of its leaves. Thus, as my mother kept the inside of the house in a state of perfect cleanliness and order, and my father, by his constant labour, kept the garden free from weeds, and cultivated not only useful vegetables, but beautiful and ornamental plants, my lines fell to me in pleasant places even as a child, and as I still live in the old house, I may add, that I have a goodly heritage. After my father's death, the care of the garden was my duty and my pleasure, and I was always anxious to keep it as neat, and as nearly as possible in the same state as that in which I had been accustomed to see it. Certain plants that my father had given me were then very precious to me. But I must tell you something more of my dear mother before I begin my story. She was a true woman, a true wife, and a true mother. Always ready to sympathise, not only to weep with them that wept, but also to rejoice with them that rejoiced; she was sincere, and never said a word of encouragement which was not guaranteed by facts or good sense, and was always faithful in advice or warning. But what was most admirable in her, was her habit of cheerful helpfulness. You might quite depend upon her being of some use in times of trouble, and this I found in the extraordinary incident which I am going to relate. When I was about eight years old, my father died, and soon after, I went with my mother to spend a few days with her brother, who kept a small grocer's shop in a street near the Angel Inn at Islington. The summer was at its height, and one hot afternoon the sunshine in the street seemed to contrast painfully with the sadness which had filled our hearts since the loss of my father, and which was now increased by a miserable feeling of home-sickness that came over me in London. We had been away from home only three days, and I was already yearning after the garden and the sea. Suddenly we heard the sound of a street organ, a kind of music which was entirely new to me, and I induced my mother to go out with me, that I might not only hear, but see the wonderful instrument. After we had walked a few yards, a strange scene presented itself to my inexperienced eye. An Italian was standing perfectly still, turning the handle of his organ, a little monkey with a red cap on its head was hanging by one claw from the cloth which partly covered the instrument, and was provoking a little dog to bark at it furiously. Several children and two young ladies were standing near, one of whom seemed waiting till the tune was finished, to give the man some money. One figure, however, attracted our attention more than the monkey or the man. A little girl was sitting on the organ, with her head leaning against the man's shoulder, fast asleep. The man's eyes were nearly closed, and there was a slight smile on his lips, which, as well as his other features, were deadly pale. The child seemed to be sleeping as peacefully as if it were in a cradle, quite undisturbed by the harsh music of the instrument, the barking of the dog, and the many discordant sounds of the crowded street. When I looked up at my mother, I was surprised to see her eyes full of tears. As soon as the man had played his tune, she went up to him and asked a few questions, such as his name and where he lodged, which he answered with difficulty, not only from his imperfect knowledge of English, but also from great bodily weakness, caused, as we afterwards found, by his being in the last stage of consumption. The same evening my mother called at his lodging, and found him without the common necessaries of life. He had lost his wife, from fever, a few weeks before; he knew that he was dying, and his whole anxiety was centred on his child, a sweet little girl, for whom he robbed himself of his daily bread. I must confine this part of my story to telling you that in two days the poor man died, and left nothing behind him but a character for honesty, his organ, his monkey, and his little girl. The parish authorities, after a little hesitation, committed the child to the care of my mother, at her earnest request. The money for which the organ and the monkey were sold only sufficed to pay the debt which was owing for the lodging, so that my mother took away with her a penniless child to her poor cottage; but it was a happy day for me, happier than I knew, when I found myself with the little stranger on my knee for the first time, looking out over our pretty garden, on the cliffs and the blue ocean beyond.

(*To be continued.*)

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

SOLOMON NORTHROP'S NEW YEAR.—NO. II.

OLD Sol was sitting in his kitchen, and old Tinker lay, with nose between his paws, asleep under the table, when there came a low tap at the door. In a voice a little softer than usual he said, "Come in." The door opened gently, and with a determined look in his blue eyes, Tommy slipped in. "Humph," said Solomon, with a start; "what you here for, boy?" "Why, I came to see you, Mr. Northrop." "Came to see me—what's that for? Weren't you afraid of gruff Sol and Old Tinker?" At mention of his name, the dog came out from under the table and sniffed at Tommy's clothing, but without his usual growl and show of teeth, in a really friendly way. There was a round red spot burning on either cheek as Tommy answered resolutely,



"A little girl was sitting on the organ, with her head leaning against the man's shoulder, fast asleep."—P. 18.

"No, sir, I am not afraid." Solomon's stern features relaxed as he met the gaze of those bright innocent eyes, and he said half-pleasantly, "Sit down on the bench there, and tell me what put it into your head to come here. There hasn't been a human foot but mine over this threshold for more than twelve months. Down, Tinker! let the boy alone. There is something strange about you, or that dog wouldn't act so." The dog was rubbing his head against Tommy's knee, and wagging his tail as if in glad recognition. "There is nothing strange about me, Mr. Northrop; I am only Mr. Mason's little boy Tommy, and I came here to-day, because I thought you might have forgot, and might want to know about the beautiful image." "'Tisn't much news I hear now-a-days. What image do you mean?" "Why the image of God that is away down in your soul. It maybe you don't know that it is there, but it is. Perhaps it is all covered up, so it will take hours and hours to find it, but there it is just the same: the minister told us so yesterday. He said there was never a person who did not wear it, even a murderer. He said it might be hidden away years and years, and then the curtain would be lifted and it would be seen so very beautiful. Children sometimes, he said, could help people to find this image, and I thought I did not know but that I might help you." "That's queer talk for a boy like you. What else did the minister say?" There was a huskiness in his voice and a strange glitter in the old man's eye. "He said it would be an awful thing if we let our wicked ways cover up this image of God that was in our souls; but he said if we had made great blots upon it, been ever so wicked, Jesu's blood would wash every bit of it away, make it clean; and he said if we had this blood on our souls to take away all the bad stains, we should live in the Saviour's home for ever and ever. Don't you want this blood to wash away all the bad things you ever did, and make the likeness in your soul shine bright, Mr. Northrop?" "Did any one tell you to come here and talk this stuff?" "No, sir, no one knows anything about it, not even mother." "Well, well, I didn't know but you'd been put up to it; when you have lived as long as I have you will learn to be suspicious. You can run home now, but I shouldn't mind if ye dropped in again; but mark ye, lad, don't say anything about it." "No, I won't; I am so glad you will let me come again. Perhaps we can find the image," said Tommy, joyfully. "To-morrow is New Year's day, and I wish it a very happy one to you, Mr. Northrop." "Humph!" and the old look settled on his face. "Keep that wish for some one else; it don't fit me." All the light and life seemed to go out with Tommy. Solomon grew uneasy. He went to the window and pushed back some bushes that were tapping against the panes. He stirred the fire; the flames only seemed to add to his discomfort, with their red glare and strange shadows darting up and down the wall. Tinker, too, seemed to feel the same unrest. He would lie a moment under the table, then by the fire, then walk round the room, putting his nose in this corner and that, uttering a low whine as if in search of something.

(*To be continued.*)

LILY'S MOTHER.

NO. II.

THE dinner things were cleared away, and Lily had again tidied up the room and swept the hearth, so that all might look pleasant when Miss Lea came. The cloud on Mrs. Brown's face grew darker, and she seemed to be prolonging her washing by every means in her power, much to poor Lily's disappointment, for she knew that until the washtub was put away there was very small chance of a better state of things being brought about. Child as she was, experience had taught her to be patient, and so a look of quiet endurance settled on her face, and she sat down in silence to hem an apron. Mrs. Brown looked up then, and as if determined the girl should have no peace, exclaimed, "Put that up this moment; do you think I'm going to let you sit there at your ease while I'm slaving here? Come and help me wring these things out, you lazy girl." Lily's colour rose, and she was on the point of hotly defending herself from the charge of laziness, by pleading her hard morning's work, in cleaning the house and preparing dinner for the household; but memories of the past came over her, and looking at her mother, she felt that it would be of no avail, for injustice would still have its own way, and remonstrance would only make matters worse. So with a little sigh she went over to the tub, from which, however, she was soon driven back with an angry exclamation that she was fit for nothing but to ape the manners of her fine lady teacher. This last arrow pierced deeply, but the suffering was borne in silence, for words would only have provoked a retort even more cruel; but can it be wondered at that as Lily sat there watching her mother slam and bang about, she felt that she could not love her as other girls whom she knew loved their mothers? Mrs. Brown's temper was fast gaining the mastery over her, and the sourness of her disposition always manifested itself on these occasions in actions which were cruel and mean. At length, just before four o'clock, when the washing was finished, she muttered to herself that the step wasn't half cleaned; she might have guessed how it would be when left to "that girl;" and then with pail and scrubbing-brush she went on her knees to do it again. Lily's heart swelled almost to bursting, for she knew that she had cleaned the step well, and that it was only because her mother was in a temper that she did it again; yet she did not speak, and her silence seemed to irritate her mother more than retort would have done, for setting down the brush and pail she scolded Lily in a violent manner, and blamed everything the girl had done as wrong, until, exasperated beyond all power of endurance, the child forgot herself and exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "Mother, you know you ain't telling the truth." A deafening box on the ear was Mrs. Brown's answer, and a succession of ringing slaps on Lily's arms and neck, accompanied by such a storm of angry words as the child had never heard even from her before. Then she was sent to bed without her tea. "To bed at four o'clock in the afternoon! To bed, and Miss Lea will come in presently! Oh dear! oh dear, if I could only have kept quiet," sobbed poor Lily, as she crept upstairs and threw herself upon her little bed. She was cold, very cold, and her throat had been paining her all day, only she had been afraid to mention it. Soon from sheer illness the child was glad to undress and creep into bed, striving in vain to find on the pillow an easy resting-place for her aching head. Miss Lea came, and received from Mrs. Brown a very rambling statement as to the cause of Lily being sent to bed; but Edith could see, even from the mother's own admission, that Lily had been harshly and unjustly dealt with, and girl as she was, she spoke very plainly and earnestly to Mrs. Brown, showing her the evil of such conduct, and pointing out the bad results which must follow. It was long since the mother had listened to such plain speaking, for her temper frightened people, but now she listened in sullen silence to Edith Lea's words, which she was obliged to own to herself were good and right. The teaching of long years before seemed to come back as she sat and thought over the faithful warnings of her child's teacher, and thought, too, of her own conduct, and she resolved to be different for the future, and more just and kind to Lily, whom she knew from her very cradle had had to bear most from her. Thus quieting the voice of conscience, she rose to prepare her husband's supper, little dreaming of the punishment and retribution in store.

* * * * *

From that little pallet-bed Lily never rose again. On the following morning she tried to get up, but could not. The parish doctor was sent for, who pronounced it a case of neglected cold, which had now turned to influenza. He looked gravely into the little patient's face, for he knew that fever was raging in the village, and that Lily would very likely take it, and in her present weak state would probably become a victim. His fears were well grounded; within a week she was safely folded in the Saviour's arms. The seed sown in the Sunday-school sprang up, and the little girl passed away, rejoicing in the love of Christ, to be with Him for ever, leaving behind sorrowing hearts and mourning friends, and in the heart of her mother opened a fountain of unavailing remorse, which would flow for many a long day. Lily's mother is a sadder and a wiser woman now, but the remembrance of the childish face that looked up to her so often in mute appeal will continue to haunt her to the end of life. She would give all she has to be able to recall the past; but, as many know from experience, no bitter tears of remorse can undo the deeds of unkindness which we may have done to those dear ones who have passed away from us into the spirit-world. It is always sad to lose our friends or children; the heart must ache when gazing on the still form of one who has been wont to move about in our homes; but oh!

If we have planted thorns within that breast,
  If bitter words were spoken in that ear,
If scorn or carelessness disturbed the rest,
  If deeds of ours have forced the burning tear,
If we have filled that heart with sore distress,
God pity us in our deep wretchedness!

Mothers, be careful; be just in all your dealings, lest the sorrow of Lily's mother become yours. L. ST. C.

PARENTAL LOVE.

A RICH man who had no children proposed to his poor relative, who had seven, to take one of them, and promised, if the parents would consent, that he would give them property enough to make themselves and their other children comfortable for life.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"
I looked at John—John looked at me;
And when I found that I must speak,
My voice seemed strangely low and weak,—
"Tell me again what Robert said;"
And then I, listening, bent my head.
  "This is his letter:
      "'I will give
A house and land while you shall live,
If in return, from out your seven,
One child to me for aye is given.'"
I looked at John's old garments worn,
I thought of all that he had borne
Of poverty and work and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share;
I thought of seven young mouths to feed,
And then of this.
      "Come, John," said I,
"We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep." So walking, light in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.
First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby, slept.
Softly the father stooped to lay
His rough hand in a loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, "Not her!"

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamplight shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so beautiful and fair.
I saw on James's rough red cheek
A tear undried. Ere John could speak,
"He's but a baby, too," said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robbie's angel-face,
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace—
"No! for a thousand crowns, not him,"
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son—
Turbulent, reckless, idle one—
Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave,
Bid us befriend him to the grave;

Only a mother's heart could be
Patient enough for such as he!
"And so," said John, "I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love.
"Perhaps for her 'twould better be?"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head. "Nay, love, not thee;"
The while my heart beat audibly.

Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,
So like his father. "No, John, no,
I cannot, will not, let him go."

And so we wrote in courteous way,
We could not give one child away.
And afterward toil lighter seemed,
Our hearts more full of love still teemed,
Happy in truth that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT."

A YOUNG man, who had been for some some time a convert, in relating his experience, says: "After my conversion I was very happy. My heart was always full of rejoicing. My religious life was far happier than I expected. I had read of having to take up my cross to follow Christ. I found no cross to bear. It was with me all sunshine. I read that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution; but I met with no persecution, until I began to ask, 'What does all this mean?' At length I married. I found this a help and not a hindrance. My days glided swiftly and pleasantly by. I trusted God with all my heart and so did my wife. I had songs in the night. I wondered at my own happiness. Not a cloud was in the sky. At length we moved into a little cottage of our own. Still I had nothing to try me, my songs in the night continued. It was now over a year since I first gave my heart to Jesus, and my first trial was yet to come. We moved in all our nice furniture. We made our little home bright and cheery, and I began to think that all was to continue so. Our little baby was itself a perfect joy to us. We had been settled but a few days when one night the house took fire and burned to the ground. All my worldly goods were gone,—the savings of years. We had nothing. 'Ah!' I said to myself, 'can you trust in God now? Can you still have your songs in the night?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'surely I can and do. I will rejoice in the Lord always. For "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."' After this, one day a little girl came running over to me at some distance from home, and in great trepidation she said 'You are wanted to come home as quickly as possible.' A pang was at my heart, and I said, 'Is the child dead?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'he is dead.' This was a terrible blow. 'How now,' said I to myself, 'can you still trust in the Lord and rejoice in the God of your salvation?' 'Yes,' I said, '"though He slay me yet will I trust in him."' 'And now,' I said, speaking to myself, 'about your songs in the night. Can you sing yet?' 'Yes! yes" I replied, 'I have need of songs in the night now more than ever.' Well, from that day onward, after I laid my little boy in the ground with the smiles of joy in my face, and the blessed hope in my heart that I one day should find him among the ransomed in heaven, I have gone on rejoicing in the Lord and singing my songs in the night. I know now that 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

THE ARROW THAT ENTERS HEAVEN.

If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul full bent.

THE INFLUENCE OF PARENTS.

"IT is impossible," says the Rev. Dr. Cumming, "to pass through the world without exercising influence, and what a solemn lesson is there here for parents, inciting them to act in a straightforward manner in the presence of their children. The most susceptible creatures on earth are *children*. A child *looks* into your face and understands your meaning long before you have given utterance to it. A child watches your countenance and finds out your temper, taste, and sympathy before you have spoken it. Very many parents look and say certain things, and when they think the child has detected *what they did not mean* he should know, often in a very awkward way (as indeed all attempts at deception must be), they try to do away with the mischief they have done by suddenly turning the conversation and speaking on some other subject. Do you think the child did not see that? He saw it as clearly as you did, and that act of yours has left an impression on the child, an impression of crookedness, that may live in his memory and influence his character through life. Parents cannot be too straightforward, too childlike in their intercourse with their children, yet they must not be childish. Daily life is more powerful than Sunday life. The face of a parent can never too purely or too clearly reflect the thoughts and intentions of the heart."

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

RICE STEW.

Take a quarter-of-a-pound of lean bacon cut in pieces, one pound of rice, three onions sliced, a little parsley, and a few peppercorns. Boil all together for an hour in three pints of water. When it is done, put the pot by the side of the fire; the rice will swell and take up the water. It will require a large pot. Rice requires a great deal of room to swell, and every grain ought to be dry and separated.

TAPIOCA, OR, SAGO JELLY FOR AN INVALID.

Put four table-spoonfuls of sago into one quart of water; simmer it by the side of the fire till the sago is quite dissolved (take care you do not boil it); you can add a little lemon or any other flavouring you like. A few spoonfuls of wine would be an improvement. Tapioca jelly is made just in the same way. Both tapioca and sago dissolve more easily if you soak them in water before you want to make the jelly.

Notices of Books.

Milly's Errand. By Emma Leslie. London: Marlborough and Co., Ave Maria Lane.

An interesting little history of a little child, who had an important mission to fulfil.

The Converted Family. By Rev. W. W. Robinson. London: Nisbet and Co., Berner's Street. Price 1s.

A remarkable account of the conversion of a whole family, within a few months, through the instrumentality of one member of it.

Old Merry's Annual for 1871. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row. Price 6s.

This first volume of the new series of this periodical for the young, comes to us decked in gay apparel, and will not fail to delight those who have the good fortune to secure it for a Christmas, New Year's, or birthday gift.

The Golden Grain Almanack and Christmas Text Book. London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 1s., as sheet or book.

The London Almanack and Christian Remembrancer. By C. R. W. London: Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 1d.

He's coming To-morrow. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. London: The Book Society, Paternoster Row. Price ½d.

A striking little book, likely to do good.

Precious Blood—How, and how much. Dublin Tract Repository, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

Canadian Homes and London Wanderers. By A. Macpherson. London: Morgan, Chase, and Scott, Ludgate Hill. Price 4d.

Madeline's Trial, and other Stories. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Price —.

These tales are translated from the French by Annie Harwood, and are therefore quite new to most of our young friends.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "Lily."—"R.A.H."—"L. St. C."—"J.R.C.S."

FAITHFUL IS HE THAT HATH PROMISED

JUST AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss what to do with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results." While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright, active boy, eight years of age, came dashing into the room, and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window sills, and making a deafening noise. "Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks out of his hand; "cannot I teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet. Go upstairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour." The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting sadly. "Did you hear what I said? Go upstairs this moment." Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke. Slowly the boy moved towards the door, a scowl darkening his face that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of the mother; she sprang towards him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room, and closed the door loudly behind him. "I declare I am out of all heart," she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair; "it is line upon line, and precept upon precept, but all to no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet!" Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out, and doing so unequivocally, although he had often and often been on the point of doing this involuntarily. He knew the temper of his wife so well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that looked like charging any fault upon herself, that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper. Once or twice the little fellow peeped in at the door, but was driven back with harsh words, until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea-bell caused him to forget at once all the disagreeable impressions made on his mind.

His little feet answered the welcome summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother. "Go back, sir," she said sternly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk downstairs more like a boy than a horse." Master Henry withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips to a great distance. He went up one flight of stairs and then returned. "Go up to the third storey, where you first started from, and come down quietly all the way, or you shall not have a mouthful of supper." "I don't want to," whined the boy. "Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send you to bed without anything to eat!" This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed, and so he deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third storey was soon accomplished, and then he came pattering down lightly and took his place at the table quickly but silently. "There, there, not too fast; you have plenty to eat and time enough to eat it in." Harry settled himself down to the table as quietly as his bright spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped, but in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over to the bread-plate. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped his hands were busy with his knife and plate, making a most unpleasant clatter. "Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil, or rather sent the active movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his heels striking noisily against the chair. "Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease. After one or two more reproofs the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea he poured the contents into the saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the contents on the cloth. A box on the ears and a storm of angry words rewarded this feat. "Have I not told you, over and over again, you incorrigible bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into the saucer? Just see what a mess you have made on that clean tablecloth. I declare I am out of all patience with you. Go away from the table this instant!" Harry went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother had so many reproofs and injunctions to make that the bearing them all in mind was a thing impossible. In a little while he came creeping slowly back, and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. Burton was sorry she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had been hardly just to the thoughtless boy. She did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat, "Next time see that you are more careful. I have told you again and again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you can never do it without spilling the tea upon the tablecloth." This was not spoken in kindness. A scene somewhat similar to this was enacted at every meal, but instead of improving in his behaviour, the boy grew more and more heedless.

(*To be continued.*)

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

SOLOMON NORTHROP'S NEW YEAR.—NO. III.

NIGHT came on, and with it a heavy sound that shook the latch and whistled by the window, then rushed off with a loud, piercing cry, then back again with a low moan. Solomon sat still for some time, then, rising to his feet, he went to an attic and fumbled a long time among a pile of furniture, and returned, bringing a small chair all covered with dust and cobwebs, which he placed between the two large ones. With a growl of satisfaction Tinker stretched his limbs by the little chair, and lay blinking by the fire. "He knows whose chair that was, and now, I mind me, that boy was like David—that's why Tinker seemed so strange; he thought the old days were back again. To-morrow is the new year, and he wished me happy. Too late! too late!" Solomon sat looking into the fire. Presently strange visions came: a sweet face, full of tender love, seemed to be looking out from the glowing coals; he goes with it into the long ago, and sits on his mother's knee, and listens, as with low, gentle words she tells the wondrous story of the Saviour's love, and of this same blood which cleanses from all sin. O how his young heart swelled, and he thought, "Could any one despise such exceeding love?" As he watched the light in those eyes grow dim, the smile on the lips is fading as they faintly murmur, "Remember who will save you, and that I wait for you in heaven." Another face seems to look on him; it is young and fair; he is back again in his early manhood, and looking into those confiding eyes, he says tenderly, "I will love you and be kind to you always." Another face is beside hers, a round-cheeked, bright-eyed boy; then the fire seemed dying, the fair face showed lines of care and tear-stains, and between the wailings of the wind he could hear hard words and blows. A gasp, and the embers went out, the faces were gone; old Sol and Tinker were alone. "I see how it all was," he murmured; "I grew hard, and forgot the counsels of my mother and the image I wore." His heavy frame shook in very agony as he continued to himself, "A demon seemed to possess me. What a hard life I gave to her I promised to love, and how I blighted the life of the boy that was given us. Thank God now, he fled before he was for ever crushed by my unkindness. I made him a wanderer, and I am responsible for what evil he may do. Perhaps he is dead, and then there is other blood than that which cleanses on my soul. I am afraid no hands can uncover the image I wear, and to-morrow is the new year, and he wished me happy—*me!* how little he knows!" There was a loud knock at the door, and a voice asking admission. A little of the old fierceness came into Solomon's face as he rose. A young man with dripping garments (for the rain had come with the wind) entreated shelter. "Yes, such as I have; come in," was the reply. When the stranger had taken off his hat and brushed back the damp hair, the light from the fitful candle revealed a face brown by exposure, and eyes in whose gray depths lay a world of serious sadness. He moved towards the chair which was cushioned; Solomon started forward, nervously exclaiming, "Not there; don't sit in her chair. I mean," he added, in a confused way, "sit here," moving his armchair towards him. "Have you a family?" The young man motioned to the small seat, and eyed the old man narrowly as he replied, "No; the boy who used to sit in that chair is, for aught I know, in another world." "And is that dog your only companion?" "Tinker and I have lived long years alone; you are the first being for ten years who has sat by my hearth." The young man uttered a low, chirping whistle. Tinker was by his side in a moment, thrusting his black nose caressingly into the hand held out to him. The old man looked on in amazement. What charm had Tommy and the stranger that Tinker was so subdued?

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

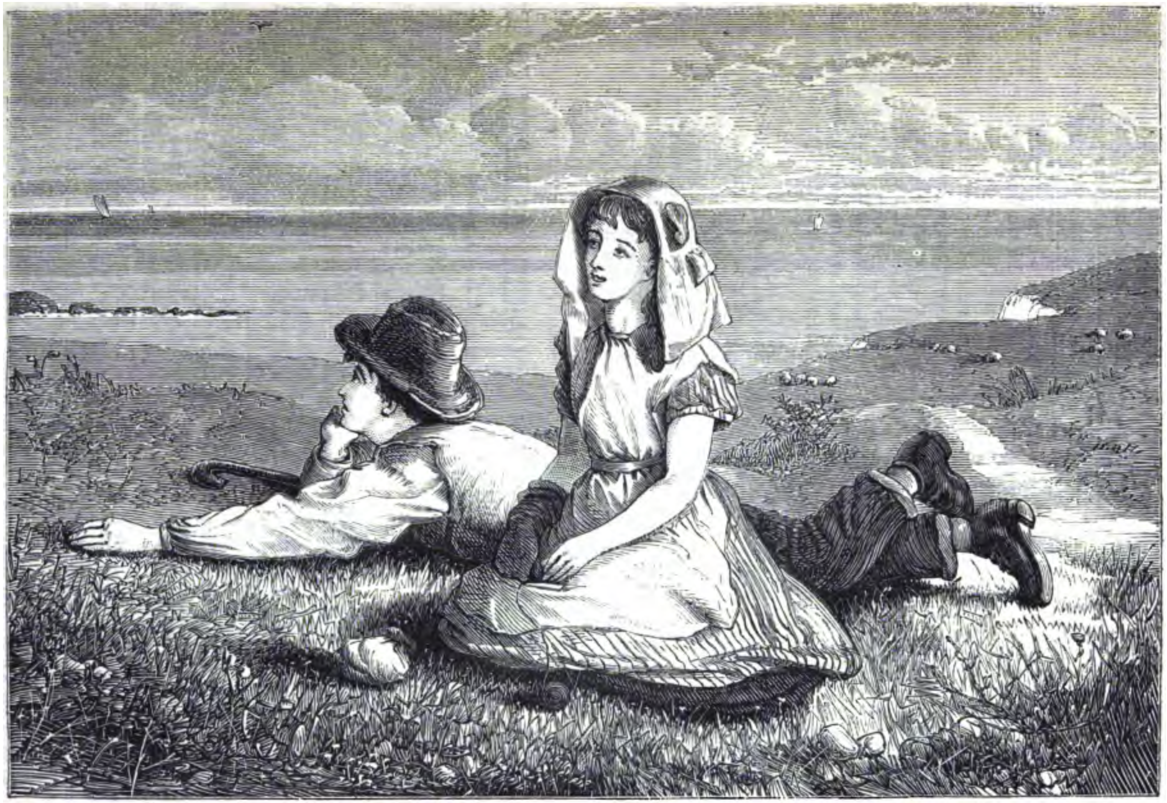
SUSAN HUNTINGDON.

THE English have in our time not only visited every portion of the earth that is inhabited, but have established more settlements than any other nation of modern days. None of these can have failed to show somewhat of the feeling which warmed the breast of the mother-country when the colonists left it, and of all of them the strongest representation of the earnest religious life of England has been imprinted on the shores of the new continent by the Puritans who went there for conscience sake. In spite of the abounding temptations and the busy pursuits which may easily overwhelm those dwelling in colonies or states which are only partly civilised, and yet grow rapidly, we find that true religion has thriven and grown in America, and from her earliest day we can point to bright examples of both sexes and all ages, who have devoted themselves to Christ's service. Amongst these, and deserving our attention for the graces she exhibited, was Mrs. Susan Huntingdon, whose history belongs to the early part of the present century. In Susan Mansfield's (afterwards Mrs. Huntingdon) case, we may well say that the child was the mother of the woman. When young she was thoughtful, fond of reading, and very sensitive. Though sent for a short time to school, owing to her health, the greater part of the instruction she received was from her parents, both Christians, who devoted all the time they could spare, not only to the work of informing the minds, but also of training the affections of their three children. The tidings of salvation were early familiar to Susan's ears, and at the age of seventeen she joined the Church of Christ in the town of Killingworth, Connecticut, where her parents then resided, and her father was the pastor of an attached congregation. In 1809, at the age of eighteen, she was united to the Rev. Joshua Huntingdon, assistant-pastor of the Old South Church, Boston. In a letter written to a friend, a few days after her marriage, while almost shrinking from the new responsibilities and the change in her course of life, she assured her friend that in the faith that God had called her to the duties before her, she was enabled to trust in Him for wisdom and strength to guide and sustain her. In May, 1812, Mrs. Huntingdon began to keep a journal, and its records, though dealing frequently with her own feelings, do not show largely the defects which are almost invariable in diaries of such a nature. One chief object before her in this was to help herself on in the work of her children's instruction, and the first resolve there entered is one which may commend itself to all Christian mothers. It is this: "I will endeavour at all times, by precept and example, to inspire my children with just notions of right and wrong, of what is to be avoided and what pursued." In a day like ours, when, both in England and America, so many women, from necessity or choice, are pressing into those positions formerly held only by men, it is interesting to read the thoughts of Mrs. Huntingdon on this subject, when some foreshadowing of what was to be by-and-bye was observable. Hearing the complaints of acquaintances of hers, that by their sex they were shut out from spheres which would render their lives more agreeable, as well as more useful, she jots down her ideas, showing that it is from want of observation, that in what seems the narrow circle of domestic life, persons fail to perceive an opportunity of doing much good, while its very limits are really helpful. "A woman," writes Mrs. Huntington, "who complains of the obscurity of her condition, feels and talks like a heathen, and as to there being no opening for great abilities in the family, it will be found to the contrary, that to bring up children well requires a deep knowledge of human nature, the most persevering industry in getting knowledge, and the most indefatigable application of that knowledge to each case." In 1813, Mrs. Huntingdon's health failed, and there appeared a prospect of her withdrawal from those duties in the congregation and the family to which she so thoroughly surrendered herself. Regaining, after some months, her usual health, she devoted some time to the setting on foot of a branch Bible Society, and entered again with spirit into her plans for the education of her children. A great affliction began shortly after in the long-continued illness of her daughter Elizabeth, through a brain disease of a distressing nature, and in the early part of the year 1819, her husband's health began to occasion her some alarm. He left her to take a journey in the autumn of that year, over-fatigued himself in travelling, and reached, on his return, a town a few miles from his home—but only to die. Under the loss, Mrs. Huntingdon looked up with submission, and even thankfulness, to the God who had inflicted it. To a relative she said, "I have not had to contend with an unbelieving thought. I would rather have endured the agony of separation than that my husband should have borne it. I can truly say, ''Tis the survivor dies.'" Two months after his decease she again became a mother, naming this boy, Joshua. Within two years she was called to surrender this beloved one, after a very short illness. A week after, Elizabeth was also removed from earth. With more earnestness than ever, Mrs. Huntingdon devoted her attention to the welfare of her remaining children; to her son especially, at school, she wrote many letters full of loving, yet faithful warnings and cautions. A disease of the lungs, of which she had early had indications, terminated her life, December 24th, 1822, ere she could see fully the results of her prayers and labours for her family. Yet, in her departing hour she could say, "God needs no instruments, and when He takes away those He has employed, He has no further use for them here."

THE poorest men are those who have nothing to do, and the most unhappy are those who make happiness their chief aim in life.

JOHN STEDMAN'S STORY.

SOON after our return it was proposed, and almost decided, that I should be apprenticed to my uncle, the grocer, after I had received another year's schooling in my native village. That year left an impression upon my mind and character which can never be effaced. I felt the beauty and calmness of our home for the first time, not only from the contrast with the sights and sounds of London, but also because my visit there had given me some definite idea of the wide world. That world had formerly been to me a mere dream. Hitherto I had hardly looked at the wonderful sea stretching away into a distance beyond my imagination, or at the sky spreading above it into a still more mysterious infinity. But now I used to sit quite still for many minutes at a time, gazing and wondering, and as my mother read with me the Bible every day, and I learned at school something of the geography of Palestine, I used to fancy myself standing on Mount Carmel with Elijah, watching for the little cloud to arise out of the sea, "like a man's hand," or by the lake of Galilee, with a crowd listening to our Saviour teaching the people from a boat "thrust out a little from the land." Towards the end of that year I began to feel very unhappy in the prospect of leaving home; but as I had always been accustomed to tell my mother freely all my sorrows, I had great comfort from her. "Oh, mother!" I used to say, "what shall I do in that great, noisy London, far away from you and Fanny?" for so we called the little girl, whose real name was Francesca. "How shall I be able to bear never seeing you and our garden, and the sea?" Then she comforted me by mourning, and sometimes weeping with me, and telling me that she should be always thinking of me, and that we could always meet in spirit in seeking the presence of the Saviour, before whom we so often knelt in prayer. She rarely spoke of her own sad loss in the death of my father, but I could see that she was constantly under the burden of that grief, and was enabled by prayer and faith to bear it bravely. Little Fanny was a great comfort to her, for she never seemed to think of the child in any other way but as a gift of God, to cherish and bring up for Him. We were very poor, and my mother had to work hard to support us. The cottage was larger than was necessary for our small party; but we were so fond of it, and it was so full of old associations, that she was determined to remain in it as long as possible. She might have taken a lodger, but my mother was a lover of privacy, and feared the bad effects which might possibly be the result of the influence of strangers upon the children, whom she was bringing up in steady habits of obedience to God and to herself. At last the sad day arrived when I was to leave home, and I was obliged to go alone to London. My mother had arranged, with her usual good sense and regard for my welfare, that I was to have a trial of three months before being finally apprenticed to my uncle. It would take too long for me to give all the details of that time. It was a painful time to me on many accounts, and my health, which had not been strong, at last gave way, so that I had to return and be nursed by my mother through a long winter. The spring brought with it refreshment and recovery, and after much consideration and many prayers, the offer of employment from a florist who lived in the neighbourhood of London was accepted, and I found myself engaged in labour which was very pleasing to me. Every hour of the day now brought into full exercise the habits of neatness and order which my mother had taught me. I was put to many tasks which very few boys of my age are thought capable of undertaking, and I rarely failed to satisfy my master. He found, too, that he could *depend on me.* Oh, how much there is in that quality of trustworthiness! To gain it we must have one in whom we can confide, and who will confide in us. My mother never promised me a gift or an indulgence, and afterwards forgot or evaded the fulfilment of her promise, as many parents do, thus teaching their children a most hurtful lesson. She trusted in God, and taught me to trust in Him. She used to say many simple and beautiful things, which did not affect me much at the time; but when I came to be occupied with the management of plants, very often occurred to me. She made me notice the regularity with which the flowers blossomed, each at its own time of the day, or the year, as if they felt sure that God would give them the light and the warmth which they required. Moreover, she made me feel the comfort and encouragement of being *trusted in.* She never doubted my word, and acted always as if she felt sure that I should do what she told me. After two years I was apprenticed to the florist, and was initiated into the mysteries of *glass*, that is, the management of plants in hot-houses. I was always fond of reading, and now spent every leisure hour in learning a little Latin that I might more easily remember the names of plants. My work was hard, and I was longing for a little rest; and one day, when my master told me that I might have a fortnight's holiday, I felt almost too happy to thank him. I was then about fifteen years of age. I had not been once to see my mother since leaving home for my new occupation, and I was not prepared to see Fanny so much grown. After the first day, during which she was very shy, we were quite at home with each other, and started the next morning as merry as crickets for the downs. Fanny was not very pretty or handsome, but she was a happy-looking little girl, and had such a sweet temper and pleasant voice, that she was a much more agreeable companion than many who are admired for their regular features or bright complexion. I



"She had forgotten her work in listening to the lark, and was gazing upwards."—P. 32.

soon found that she was devoted to my mother, and that made me fond of her at once. Oh, how happy I felt that beautiful morning! It was a soft spring day, and the sky was full of delicate clouds. The sea looked to me far broader, and the horizon more distant than ever. I lay on the grass, gazing at it with thirsty eyes, and listening to the sound of the tide as if it was a delicious music which I had never heard before, and every now and then a gentle breeze whistled through the grass close to my ears and filled me with a dreamy delight. Suddenly Fanny exclaimed, "Do you hear that lark?" I looked round at her; she had brought with her some work, and had been sewing away silently, letting me enjoy in quiet the ecstasy in which she saw that I was wrapt. But she had forgotten her work in listening to the lark, and was gazing upwards with a simple look of honest joy such as I fancy may be seen in a daisy on a cheerful morning. When I saw her with her work in her hand, and her dress so neat and modest, and heard her say again, "Do you hear that lark?" "Yes," said I, "I do hear that little lark, and I should like to hear it sing to me every day of my life."

(*To be continued.*)

WOMAN'S REFUGE.

WHEN trials stern are pressing her,
  When duties must be done,
Though brain and heart are weary
  With the ceaseless work and run;
When the aching head is throbbing
  'Neath the burden of life's care,
Oh, where shall woman find relief?
  She may in earnest prayer!

When from around her household fire
  No straying footsteps roam,
When lights of happiness and love
  Are burning in her home;
When joyous songs are swelling
  From dear ones gathered there,
Where shall her overflowing heart
  Find utterance? In prayer!

When she, in trusting faith, hath given
  The whole love of her heart
Into another's keeping, till
  Death shall asunder part;
To find distrust and wrong invade
  Her sanctuary fair,
Then where shall anguish'd woman turn?
  Where, but to God in prayer?

When called to part from those whose names
  Are written on her heart,
Whose lives are linked within her own,
  And of herself are part;
When love is powerless to stay
  The arrow poised in air,
Strength will be given to b ea rthestroke,
  If sought in earnest prayer.

Yes, life is full of care and pain,
  And woman has her share,
Her lot is one of toil and work,
  And she has much to bear;
But, oh! there is a remedy
  For all the pain and care,
An antidote to misery,—
  It may be found in prayer!

L. St. C.

CARRIE ASHLEY'S LESSON.

"A little child shall lead them."

THE fresh morning sunshine stole into Elinbury school-house, and the sound of subdued voices stole out on the breeze, as our Sunday-morning teachers gathered little children about them and taught them lessons from the book of God. There were about ten classes scattered among the old-fashioned, high-backed seats, and in the gallery was grouped the most interesting of all, the infant-class, where a young man taught, in simple words, some twenty-seven little ones between the ages of four and ten years. The lesson for the day was on the observance of the Sabbath, and in his letter-box Henry Grey arranged the text, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Bright eyes watched him as he did so, and little lisping tongues tried to spell out the words as he placed the letters, until at length the commandment stood out complete, and the little ones listened as he explained it to them. In one corner sat a rosy-cheeked little maiden, holding her hymn-book tightly clasped in her chubby hands, and her great blue eyes fixed earnestly on her teacher. Once or twice Henry Grey had looked at her and felt surprised, for usually Carrie was a most restless child, and would neither sit still herself nor let others do so; hence her fixed attention this morning was most remarkable. Henry made the lesson as simple as possible, and explained to them, in their own language, the sin of breaking the Sabbath and the blessedness of keeping it holy, and all seemed surprised, when the bell rang, to find that the time for teaching had gone by. While they were being arranged in their seats, to listen to the usual short address from the superintendent, Carrie Ashley, contrary to her usual custom, remained very quiet; she forgot to take off her hat and tie it on again, as she generally did, or to take out her pocket-handkerchief and tie it in knots, which was a very favourite employment with her during the singing. Instead of all this, she sat on the form without moving, her eyes fixed on the letter-box, where the text still remained, and her teacher saw that her lips were moving. He went to her and asked, "Isn't Carrie well this morning?" She looked up and lisped, as she pointed to the box, "Yes, thank you, I'm a-learning it by heart." Looking at her again, just before the close of the school, she greeted him with a triumphant nod, as if to say, "I know it, I know it!" Henry Grey went home that morning rejoicing that one little heart had grasped the lesson he had been endeavouring to teach. Could he have seen what was to follow, he would have rejoiced still more.

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It was dinner-time at the Ashleys, on the same Sunday. The father put his hand into his pocket, and calling the eldest boy, said, "Willie, run and fetch a quart of ale for dinner. Make haste—there's a good lad!" Carrie was seated ready and waiting for the meal, but when she saw her father count out the money to Willie, she held up her finger and shook her little head in a very sage way, and said, gravely, "O faver, faver, you didn't 'member it was Sabbath-day!" "What does she mean?" ejaculated John, as he fixed his eyes on his wife. "Carrie 'll tell you, faver," said the child, sliding down from her chair and climbing on his knee, where she sat upright, pointing with her little finger to the sky, and continued: "You mustn't send Willie for beer nor nuffing, faver; it's wicked, and makes God angry, 'cause it's Sabbath-day to-day; teacher tell'd me so this morning!" John did not answer, and Carrie went on: "Sabbath-day 'longs to God up in heaven, and isn't nobody's to do what they like in, and the great God's ever so angry with them folks as break it. O faver, do 'member Sabbath-day!" By this time Willie had returned with the beer, and John Ashley put the little pleader down gently, and ate his dinner in silence; but he could not enjoy it, his child's words had awakened old memories, and in thought he went back to the time when he had remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy, when he had spent it in worshipping God. Alas, alas! he was far different now, for Sundays were spent in eating and drinking and sleeping, and the God of the Sabbath forgotten. Poor John! he was a backslider from the way of peace, and his declension had begun by neglecting to keep holy the Sabbath-day. At first he had allowed a trifling excuse to keep him from God's house; then neighbours had tempted him to join them in a walk in the fields, until now seven years of unholy living and reckless profanity had left him a miserable man, without God and without hope in the world. Carrie's words had been God's message to his soul, and all day he was haunted by them, for do what he would, he could not shake them off. As he sat thinking that

Sunday evening, his children, concluding he was asleep, began to sing, in a low voice, one of their Sunday-school hymns; it had in it these verses:

"The waste of precious Sabbath time,
In idle sports or open crime;
Sermons and prayers and teachings gone—
Scarce heard, and never thought upon.
With many a warning to repent,
Neglected till our lives were spent.

"How shall we long but vainly pray
For one more blessed Sabbath-day
How dearly prize one little space
To listen to the call of grace.
But that great day no change shall see,
Such as we died we still must be."

The words sank into John Ashley's heart, and he thought, "What if I were to be called to-night to meet my God and to stand at the bar of Christ!" That night angels rejoiced over a repenting sinner, and John Ashley's patient, praying wife thanked God for answering, through little Carrie's instrumentality, her prayers for her husband. Sabbath-day is now a holy day in the house of the Ashleys, and God's blessing, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto, rests on their house. Mothers, do you remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy?

L. St. C.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

"JEM, fetch me in the baby's saucepan." "Yes, mother," answered a good-humoured-looking little boy, who was brushing his clothes in readiness for school. The saucepan was brought, Jem resumed his occupation; but before a minute had gone by there was another command: "Jem, go aud get a handful of chips." The boy ran across the yard for the chips, and was just putting away the clothes-brush when a third time, "Jem, go and fill the kettle." This command was also obeyed, but when the boy came in he looked into his mother's face, and said inquiringly, "Mother, wouldn't it have been better to fetch all these things at once?" Mrs. Laker was one of those women who thought she had nothing to learn, and that it was always best, as she said, "to keep children in their proper place." On hearing her son's innocent question, she laid down the duster with which she was cleaning the mantel-piece, and answered sharply, "What do you mean, sir, by that saucy question? Ain't you ashamed to speak to your mother in that way? I wonder what you'll ask next! After all the pains that I have taken with you, to think that you should learn such impudence! You're quite unbearable, you tiresome young monkey, you. I'll let your father know it when he comes home, and he shall give you a good blowing-up." Poor Jem! when in the simplicity of childhood he asked the question, he little thought of getting such a torrent of angry words in reply. With tearful eyes and frightened looks, he left the house; it mattered little to him that the morning was fine, that a pleasant breeze was blowing the white clouds across the bright blue sky. It was all the same to him; the unjust rebuke which he had received, and the thought of the "good blowing-up" to come by-and-bye, kept all the sunshine out of his heart, and he walked slowly on, wondering how it was that school often seemed to be a better place than home. What a deal of unhappiness would have been spared to the little fellow if his mother had been a little more thoughtful and less hasty. An orderly habit of thinking in the head of a family will often save a world of vexation, and when there are real faults, gentle reproof is a better remedy than "blowing-up."

THE living "righteously, soberly, and godly" are the effects of Divine and gracious teaching.

GOD hath two dwelling places, the highest heavens and the lowest hearts; the one is the habitation of His glory, the other of His grace.

HOW HARRY BECAME A THIEF.

HARRY Pendleton was as fine a little boy as ever shook a head of bright chestnut curls, or carried a pair of dark, sparkling eyes. He had a noble, affectionate heart. Harry was truly his mother's pet, being her only child, and her heart beat with satisfied pride when she heard some ladies exclaim, as they passed him in the street, "O what a beautiful child!" Mother, be cautious! let such words fall but lightly on your ear! this is not the time for your heart to swell and be lifted up. That lovely form by your side is but an earthen vessel, though it contains a gem, an immortal gem, now in a plastic state. 'Tis left with thee, and thou canst give it shape, and, as it hardens, grave upon it many a holy sentiment, burnish it, and, with His help, make it fit for the Master's use. And will you do it? Did this mother do it? We shall see. Harry's gentle, winning ways twined themselves around his mother's heart-strings like tendrils of the vine. He was so merry, so affectionate, so coaxing, that she could hardly make up her mind to deny him anything he wanted, and if he now and then helped himself to a few pennies from her purse to buy candy with, she could not say much, for she was so willing he should have them. If he sometimes took an apple from the basket of Mr. Smith, the grocer at the corner, she did not think it was anything; Mr. Smith was so fond of Harry, she was quite sure he would not mind his having an apple or two, whether he asked or not. True, she would sometimes say to him, "Harry, that is naughty; you must not take Mr. Smith's apples without leave." But Harry would say, "He don't care; he's got apples enough." After Harry grew older, and took something of more value, his mother talked to him very seriously, and punished him quite severely, though she would not insist upon his returning it, thinking it would not be missed, and it would only expose the child to disgrace; she herself, however, being a pretty honest woman, returned the article slyly to its place. Mrs. Pendleton was not a woman who thought much of little things. She didn't mind now and then borrowing a pair of gloves from the lady who lived in the same house with her, without asking her consent to the loan. If she happened to be out of bread or butter, she did not mind, in an extreme case, helping herself to her neighbour's store, though she always meant to return as much, or more, and quite as good. Harry did not take anything for some time. At length his impressions wore away, and he began again to pilfer small articles, such as nuts and fruit. Sometimes he would venture to take a knife from a schoolfellow's desk, but generally he took nothing more than a pencil, and was always so sly and artful as to escape detection. He was also very lucky about "finding" things. If a pedlar called at his mother's he often "found" a ring or a little breast-pin under a chair after he was gone, and sometimes he would "find" a shilling under some tree by the wayside. His mother sometimes feared there was something not quite right about his good fortune, and would question him very closely about it; but he avowed that what he said was "certain true," and made everything appear so plausible that his mother hoped for the best. Years passed on, and just as Harry Pendleton was verging upon manhood he was sent to the city to be a merchant's clerk. At this time he was, in appearance, one of the finest fellows I ever met. In the city, as he became known, he was caressed and flattered by all who knew him. But, alas for poor Pendleton! it proved a sorry day for him, though its morn was so bright and cloudless. Here his temptations to pilfer were very strong; he could do so to considerable extent without detection. A sixpence at first, then a shilling, and after awhile, being much in want of spending-money, he ventured on more. Having become quite popular with the young men, he joined a club who were in the habit of meeting after business hours for the purpose of regaling themselves with oysters, wine, etc. Here was a demand for the money, and here it was used to a considerable extent. At length the sums were missed; Pendleton and one or two others were suspected, charged, and pleaded guilty. The matter was, however, hushed up, but poor Pendleton was sent away in disgrace. Some year or two after I heard of him as ostler at a village inn. The course of sin is always downward, unless arrested by Divine grace. Young Pendleton was finally led to commit a very disgraceful act, and to escape arrest he took passage in a ship to California. Arrived in Sacramento city he joined that terrible horde of gamesters, who robbed him of all his ill-gotten wealth. Nothing was now left for him but to wander forth without a home, without friends, and without money. One morning, in a broken shed, on a pallet of straw, a human form was discovered. It was prostrate, stiff, and cold; the vital spark had fled, and the spirit was before its God. Thus ended the life of Harry Pendleton; and thus perished a mother's pride and a mother's hopes, which, but for her own careless hand, might have been the stay of her declining years, and a gem in the diadem of heaven.

G. S. S.

EARLY OBEDIENCE.

NEVER think a child too young to obey. We are ingenious in framing excuses for neglecting our duty with children. At one time they are too young, at another they are unwell. The principle which really ought to guide is, that the authority of the parent ought to be established over the child as soon as it is able to understand a command or prohibition, expressed by looks or gestures. This is at a much earlier period than mothers generally imagine.

J. L. C. Abbott.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

A SCRAP PUDDING.

Make a stiff batter with flour, water, and dripping. It would be better for using all or part milk instead of water, or by the addition of an egg, but will be good with only the above-mentioned ingredients. Grease a deep dish, strew in any bits of meat and cold vegetables, season with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley, thyme, and onions. Pour over the batter and bake one hour.

DUMPLINGS TO BOIL IN SOUP.

To any weight of flour put in from one-quarter to one-third the weight of fat. Moisten with cold water, or liquor in which meat or rice has been boiled. Dumplings the size of a small orange should boil about half-an-hour, and will help to enrich the soup.

Notices of Books.

Beacons and Patterns. By the Rev. W. Landels, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row. Price 3s. 6d.

The name of the author of this little volume of lessons for young men will be a guarantee of its worth.

The Bible Student. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row. Price 4s. 6d.

A volume full of instruction in Bible lore, and other subjects of infinite use to Sabbath-school teachers.

Jesus Knows. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. Price 2d. London: John F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

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Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "L. St. C."—"J. R. S. C."—"C. M. R."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

YOUNG MOTHERS.

SOME persons consider the cares of those whose little ones are yet but babies as trifling, and consequently leave young mothers unsympathised with and undirected, to spell out in unhappy mood their day-long and often night-long lessons, while others throw into the hands of irresponsible, ignorant hirelings these cares, vainly thinking that they have no further responsibility. It is true that in the first months of infancy very little can be done towards training intellect or instilling principles ; the thousand offices must be performed for the body. Just in this view for an intellectual woman to spend day after day in dressing and undressing a baby, in hushing its undefined cries, assisting its helplessness, seems small employment ; and even the tender gushing heart of the mother sometimes yields to discouragement. She feels that she is doing nothing ; that while performing this routine of labours, she is fulfilling none of life's great duties, that the months spent in infantile care are a blank, the filling up of which will be required at her hand in the performance of more public deeds. The mother with the care of an infant, may do much beside ; but all the time and strength which its necessities demand should be cheerfully yielded, feeling the assurance that no redemption of that time and strength will ever be required of her. While in the hushed nursery, humming the necessary love-indicted lullaby, she is as literally fulfilling the command, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard," as is she who treads a foreign soil to teach the heathen. Oh, did the mothers, the *Christian mothers* of our land, but feel that in just the circumstances where God's providence places them, *there* He requires them to glorify Him, just the everyday work He puts into their hands is *the talent* He requires them to improve, with how much more zeal and devotion would they address themselves to their duties, and how sunny would be their days, now clouded with gloom and despondency. The little body, which in helplessness rests on thy bosom, fond mother, is for the present the house of the immortal spirit in which it is to expand and be prepared for a celestial form. It is the framework on which it may lean in its upward tendings—the mould which may give it its first shape. How vastly important then that your own wise, love-directed hand arrange and garnish each apartment, that your own jealous eye watch each line of the trellis, that you guard every pressure lest earthly teguments mar its beauty and weaken and distort its growth. At this early period, as at a more advanced age, it is impossible to lay down theories to guide. Every mother will find by experience that theory and practice in the management of children cannot always be made to blend. A careful observance of the laws of nature and reason, with the mother's love, are the best dictators. In regard to dress and position, it would be well for the mother to have reference to her own feelings in similar circumstances in some degree, making necessary allowance for the delicate susceptibilities of infancy. In many cases, no doubt, infants are rendered very uncomfortable, if not permanently injured, by a harnessing of clothing in which the mother herself would not remain half-an-hour. To make them look trim and straight, waists and bands are pinned so snug that their little bodies have more the look and feel of a stick of wood than of flesh and blood. Would a lamb thrive and sport in such fixings? They are many times kept, if not in an unnatural position, so long in the same one that their outraged feelings cry out for redress, and if not apparently sick, they are called cross. In avoiding this extreme, they are often put in another, equally injurious to their comfort and freedom, that is, constantly in the hands of some individual to toss about and fondle, which prevents the happy freedom of the limbs, and though they may become so accustomed to this that they will cry if not in the arms of some person, still it is not natural, and it is far better never to form the habit. The infant, no doubt, often cries from fatigue, excitement, or an overfed stomach, and the wearied, impatient mother or nurse attempts to quiet it by tossings, or placing it in a condition still more exciting—giving it still more food, or by rapid rocking, while singing some noisy air, when perhaps half-an hour at most in a quiet room, murmuring some gently soothing strain, would save hours of restlessness and fitful screams. There is a charm in peace and quiet that will control infancy, and for the most part keep it in its natural attitude of engaging loveliness. It is very easy, however, to accustom them to a round of dissipating manœuvres which will call every day for an increase of noise, and change of place and playthings, so that the whole house becomes a kind of baby-bedlam. It has been laid down as a maxim, "Never permit a child to cry." Yet let the mother do the best she can, the baby will sometimes cry when she can see no possible reason for it. And is it an unpardonable offence? The mother sometimes weeps from heartache, when, with her reason and power of speech, she cannot tell what makes her heart ache. Little heads may ache. Little brains may have become excited by studying too long the curious lines on the wall, or listening too intently to the sounds to which the new ear is just opened. Be calm and patient, mother and father too, if your little nestling does sometimes disturb your hours of sleep. Some strange sound may have fallen on its delicate ear, some strange fear may have taken possession of its little bosom as the eyes opened upon the confused darkness of the night. The natural disposition, we think, has much to do with the actions of infants, no less than with men and women. A course pursued with one will not answer for another. They are miniature men and women, and the natural tendencies of the child you will see in the man, modified, to be sure, by education and circumstances. We used occasionally to see a beautiful infant boy, playful and happy as a kitten. Suddenly, without any apparent cause, his laughing face would cloud, he would cry bitterly, and refuse to be soothed. Years passed, and that boy was placed by Providence under our immediate care. We came to our task begirt with wise theories, resolved that with kind decision we would prevent what seemed to us his fitful crying. But much of our garnered wisdom long since vanished from its storehouse. We have learned that "the wind must be tempered to the shorn lamb." The sensitive boy is still frequently made very unhappy by trifles which only make another by his side smile. His keen sensibilities, either of joy or sorrow, are fanned to a flame by a breath. The stern decision which may be requisite in another case, only makes him desperate. A garment does not feel right, a stocking is too short, and all the decision and reasoning of a host of matrons cannot convince him that he is comfortable, while an unwitting change of subject will divert him from his uneasiness and cause him to forget his trouble. We expect, should he live to become a man, he will be easily troubled still. We say, then, let the dispositions of infants even be carefully studied, and let no mother despair and feel that though her labours are shaded they are in vain. She may toil silently, and go to her grave unknown, but she may set in motion springs that will move a world.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MARY FLETCHER.

AMONG the memorable men in the church of Christ during the eighteenth century, few deserve to be ranked above John Fletcher, of Madeley. Wesley, who knew him well, bears testimony to the evident largeness of the grace bestowed upon him from above, which rendered his life-work, though less conspicuous than that of some men, of no small importance, widening out from quiet Madeley by unseen circles to various homes and hearts that he could not immediately touch. His wife was no less worthy of loving and reverential remembrance, and much of her history remains behind as penned by herself in quiet moments, full of truth and Christian earnestness. Though not herself a mother, she had in a great measure a mother's feelings; the love of children, which was so strong in her, found other outlets, however, and both to the young and old her devoted labours, in spite of many interruptions, resulted in much temporal and eternal good. She was very early the subject of religious feeling, for at the age of five she wondered, on hearing the catechism, whether anyone *did* love God with all their hearts, and their neighbours as themselves, and wondered also why the people about her were so indifferent to the danger they were in, if the Bible was true; yet she was slow at first to humble herself to receive salvation in God's way. Having had given to her "Fox's Book of Martyrs," she thought it would be easier to burn than to believe, and she says, "Heartily did I wish that the Papists would come and burn me, and then I should be quite safe." There are always many, much older than she was then, who are anxious to "do some great thing," and thus save themselves. Mary Bosanquet, for that was her maiden name, received peace at last, after going through struggles in her childish breast, of which those about her knew nothing. She was very young when God was pleased to bring her to a right mind and to faith in Him through the impression made upon her by some lines of a hymn, which were these:

"Who on Jesus relies, without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys."

Mary's parents hated what they and their friends called "Methodism," and again and again they endeavoured to entangle her in the gaieties of the world. Her brothers, younger than herself, were fondly attached to her, and the thought of their being drawn over to think as she did was so disagreeable, to her mother especially, that she hinted at sending her away from home. When she reached her one-and-twentieth year, they positively took this step, and, giving over to her some small property which was her right, they took a lodging for her, and sent her off abruptly. Some, under such circumstances, would have been overwhelmed with melancholy. Not so Mary Bosanquet; she at once sought for some work, assured that in this way she could best beat back those temptations which would assail her in her solitary life, for she could no longer hold intercourse with her relatives. Unkind acquaintances said to her, "You will soon wish yourself back again, and your religion out of the way." Turning a deaf ear to these suggestions, she looked around her, and was not long in finding out the sphère where she could most effectually benefit others and indeed herself also. The evils of indolence she so deeply felt, that a frequent utterance of hers was, "An idle person is the devil's cushion which he rolls at pleasure." Not being able at this time to form any plans by which she could benefit children, Mary Bosanquet turned her attention to some poor women in her neighbourhood, for whom she established a "Home," the whole responsibility, as well as most of the expense, resting upon herself. From year to year she sustained this, giving her whole soul to it, studying each individual case under her care, desiring to be, as she said, "in the place of a mother to them all." One of the most excellent of her rules was this: to keep in view, with constant attention, not the defects, but the excellencies of the persons under her charge. These she wrote down, and also a method of so treating each as to cure faults or infirmities. By and bye she took in hand a number of orphans, and before long she had great difficulty in maintaining her establishment, her own funds being small. Help came to her in the hour of need in various ways, and she removed to a more convenient house in Yorkshire, where for many years she worked on patiently, often downcast for awhile, yet wonderfully sustained by her faith, which enabled her to endure various disappointments and achieve much good, not only in her "Home," but also in the country round, where she held cottage services. She had reached the mature age of forty-two when she was brought again into contact with Mr. Fletcher. A strong attachment had been formed between them twenty-five years before, and, though separated for so long a time, they had never ceased to regard each other with affection. He had just returned from Switzerland, and had been in bad health. His friends were surprised at the marriage. The result proved how much he had gained by the newly-formed tie. Her training had well fitted her for rendering her husband effectual help in his work at Madeley. Twenty years of troublous life she had passed in her benevolent toil; now for a space she found rest with one she calls "the kindest and tenderest of husbands." At an unexpected moment, about four years after, he was taken from her; yet great as was her distress, she was enabled speedily to return to her employments for the benefit of the villagers. Thirty years of widowhood passed over her head, and she ceased not to do good. Writing to a friend, near the close of her life, she says, "I am still able to creep through each day, and to work a little in my Lord's vineyard."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

SOLOMON NORTHROP'S NEW YEAR.—NO. IV.

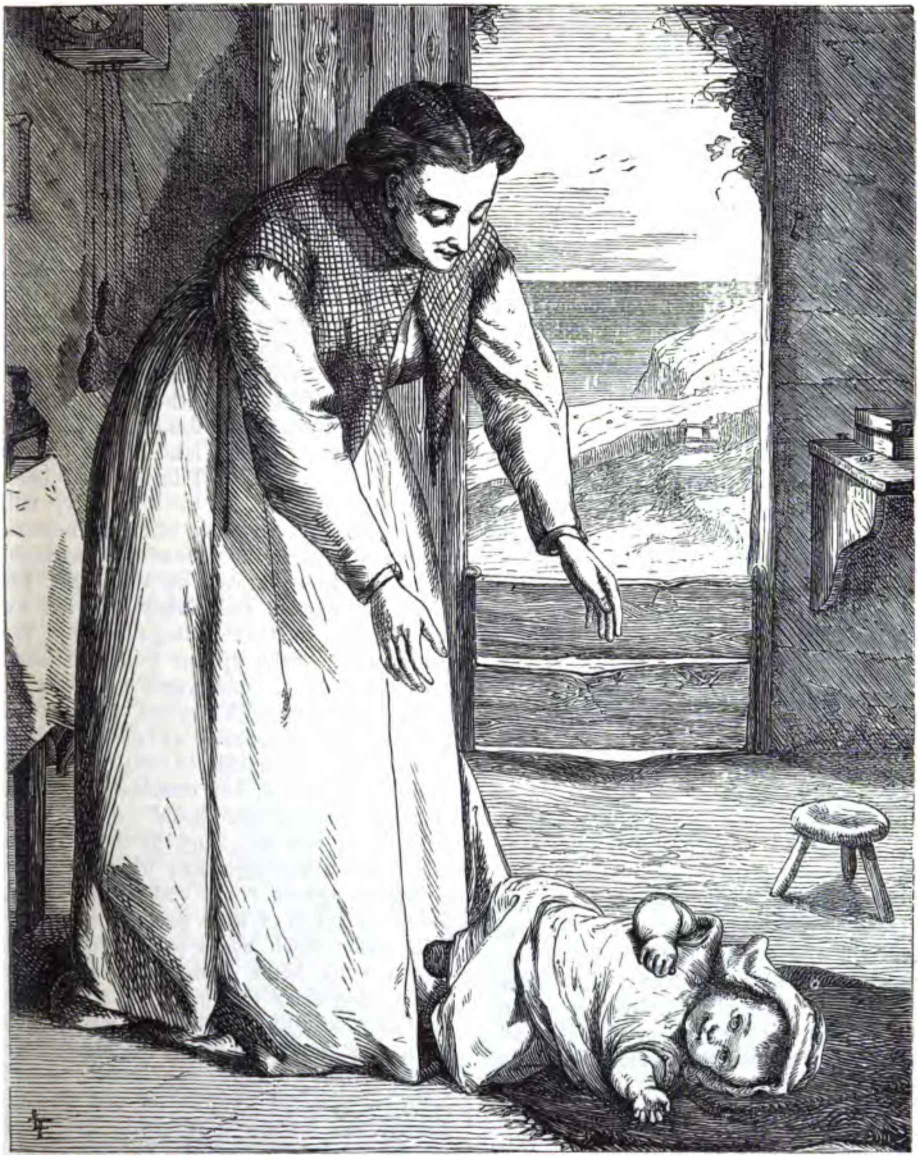
AFTER a few minutes' silence, Solomon's visitor asked, "Was that boy, whose chair is set there, your son?" His breath came short and quick, and his hands twitched on the arms of his chair, as he answered, "Yes, he was mine—all I ever had; and I don't know but my mind would be eased if

I told you about him. I have not spoken his name for years, but somehow to-night I'm not like myself. His name was David; 'Davie' his mother called him. He was quick-tempered, but when I come to look back, it was I made him so. I did not seem to think he was a child; I was hard with him; I gave him many a bitter word and knock. His mother used to plead for him. I told her if she had our boy to herself she would ruin him, and that I would break his spirit, and make him know his master. Oh, how she would plead, tears streaming down her cheeks, and her hands clasped, begging me to strike her and let David go. God forgive me, I did strike her more than once. It went on so, and one night, when the wind shrieked as it does now, David stole away. He left a few words written on a piece of paper, telling his mother he couldn't stand it any longer, and he had gone, but when a man he would come back for her. I cursed the boy, and bade her never to speak his name. She couldn't live and David gone, and not many months after she died, and the last words on her lips were, 'Davie, my boy, forgive, forgive.'" Leaning his face upon his hand, as if to hide the colour deepening there, and turning his eyes to the fire that their moisture might be unseen, the young man said, in a voice striving to be strong, "I have seen your son." "My son, my David; where did you see him? Tell me, oh tell me!" The old man grasped tight the stranger's arm. "I saw him in a distant country, sick of fever. He knew I was coming to this land and would pass this place. He cut this lock of hair from his head to send to you and say all was forgiven." Taking the silken lock of brown hair, the old man pressed it to his lips, murmuring brokenly, "Thank God, the image is not all broken; and he forgave me?" Becoming calmer, he asked, "Did you see him die—my boy? who should have closed my eyes; tell me, is he dead?" Rising to his feet, his voice trembling almost beyond control, the young man said, "Father, don't you know your David?" With a cry like that of a creature long in fetters suddenly set free, the old man fell into the strong arms held out to him, only saying, "David, David, God be praised!" That New Year's Eve, while the winds were wandering round the house with scream and cry, within was mingled joy and tears, father and son reviewing the past, and laying its memories of sin and shame into the grave of the dying year. "Oh, Tommy," said Solomon, as the lad's blue eyes opened wide when on the happy morning of the New Year he looked in upon that changed house, "I have found it; you can wish me joy now. The image shines clear, and David has come back." When it came to be known that Solomon Northrop was changed, and people saw the new light in his face, the hard mask it had worn so many years for ever gone, and that the old man said that little Tommy prepared the way for his coming back to the faith of his childhood, they shook their heads, and prophesied an early death for the precocious child. But God has need of such brave little thinkers and workers in His vineyard, and Tommy lived. He did not become a minister nor a missionary, but always, whether in business or at leisure, he was seeking to find in every soul he met some trace of the image it wore, and if covered, to help unveil it. In his own soul the rust of the world would sometimes creep in, and for awhile the precious jewel would be dimmed, but he never forgot that there was an all-sufficient remedy for stains of sin. May you, young friends, be healed and refreshed as Solomon Northrop was, and may you not awake some sad morning and find the glorious likeness in which you were created for ever broken! Let us keep our record clear, and then when the earth and all her beauties dissolve, and sun and moon pale, we shall live on and on, crowned and blessed in the continuing city.

SPEAK GENTLY.

(*Concluded.*)

MR. BURTON rarely said anything to Harry about his unruly manner, but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage, at least he had never found him so. "I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him for ever, but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble." Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject, but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired. "I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss." "There is a way which, if you will adopt it, I think might do good." Mr. Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to Harry, I am sure you would be able to manage him much better than you do." Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was severely wounded. "Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind; I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice." As her husband did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words, "speak gently," were constantly in her mind, and there was a reproving import in them. On going to bed that night, she could not get to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged in reviewing her conduct toward her child. She clearly perceived that she had too frequently suffered her mind to get excited and angry, and that she was often annoyed at trifles which ought to have been overlooked. "I am afraid I have been unjust to my child," she sighed, over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow. "I will try and do better," she said to herself as she rose in the morning, feeling but little refreshed from sleep. Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard Harry's voice calling her from the next chamber where he slept. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him angrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words, "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. Their effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued. "I will speak gently," she murmured, and went in to Harry, who was still crying out fretfully. "What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice. The boy looked up with surprise, his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant. "I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said. "There they are, under the bureau," returned Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first spoken. "Oh, yes! so they are," cheerfully replied Harry; "I could not see them anywhere." "Did you think crying would bring them?" This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise, which was, Mrs. Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure. "Do you want anything else?" she asked. "No, mamma," he replied cheerfully, "I can dress myself now." This



"Our little firstborn, in its earliest effort to walk alone, had fallen upon the floor, near the open door. My wife stooped and picked up the child."—P. 45.

first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother; she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the firstfruits, and the gathering even of so small a harvest was sweet to her spirit. For the first time in many months the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. Harry never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner, but the way in which she did it did not in the least disturb her child's temper, and instead of not seeming to hear her words as had almost been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished. "There is a wonderful power in gentle words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife after Harry had left the table. "Yes, wonderful, indeed; their effect surprises me." "Love is strong." Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with the child. The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, disorderly boy became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good, but the least shade of harshness would arouse his stubborn will and deform his fair young face. Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. Burton of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and speak gently."

Thou canst not joke an enemy into a friend, but thou mayst a friend into an enemy.

JOHN STEDMAN'S STORY.

When my apprenticeship was over I was admitted to partnership with my master, and by a series of events which I need not here recount, I found myself, at the age of twenty-five, in possession of a small but safe business as florist and nurseryman, not far from my native place. I have no romantic love story to relate; somehow or other every one seemed to take it for granted that Fanny and I were to be married as soon as it was convenient. Every visit that I paid to my mother increased my affection and respect for the orphan who had been led from a distant land to the simple orderly home in which I had myself been born and reared. All went happily, till, strange to say, the day when it became necessary to name the date of our marriage. Then was to be broken up that quiet life which my mother and Fanny had led for many years in their cottage home. We could hardly make up our minds to leave my mother alone. She would not go, as I proposed, and we both desired, to live with us in "The Garden," as we called our nursery, for she considered, with her usual good sense, and in her unselfish way, that young married people should live by themselves. It was not long, however, before we overcame her objection, which was not strong enough to resist certain blue eyes, which, in course of time, peeped out of the little cradle which was a prettier ornament to our snug home than the everlastings which hung about the walls in every variety of winter nosegay. But before we induced my mother to give up finally her old cottage we spent many a happy day there, and had many a pleasant ramble on the Downs. Fanny had learned inestimable habits of economy and domestic order from her benefactor; but this she had learned above all others, to be a true mother. One momentary act of hers has impressed itself upon my memory, in performing which Fanny seemed to me, by her look and manner, to recall my mother's peculiar maternal tenderness which I had so often myself experienced. We were in the old cottage by the sea, and our little firstborn, in its earliest effort to walk alone, had fallen upon the floor, near the open door; my wife stooped and picked up the child. It was a simple, ordinary act, but so full of consideration and gentleness, that it moved me to tears, and gave me thoughts which have often since recurred to my mind, and which I will now endeavour to express. This act of stooping, in order to lift, is emblematic of the true mother in her genuine motherliness, and as every genuine virtue finds its highest form in our blessed Saviour's life, it is emblematic of His work of salvation. The true mother must not, so to speak, *sit* in a life of ease and sloth, nor must she *stand* in a life of pride; she must *stoop*. She will not think any work or any duty higher and better than the care of her children. If they are in want, if they have done wrong, if they are in trouble, if they are in any sense fallen, she will not keep herself aloof, but will at once descend to their level in sympathy. This is her work, her glory, her highest praise. The true mother will stoop in order to *lift*. She must not shrink from bearing the burden of her child; she must not leave it where it has fallen. Whatever its trouble, whatever its fault, she must have hope and help for it. A child must always feel that its mother can and will do something to relieve it. All others may turn away in carelessness or despondency, but the true mother will never be indifferent, and will never despair. If the Christian is to forgive his brother seventy times seven, how often must the mother forgive her child? Not but that the very lifting up of the fallen may require the infliction of moral or physical pain, but all will be done in love and tenderness. There are other minor accompaniments of the mother's act of lifting the fallen child which are characteristic of her manner of helping in all kinds of trouble. There must be no unnecessary lamentation, which will only frighten and sometimes repel. There must be no hurry. The true mother will be calm, and whatever excitement she may inwardly feel, she will not betray it so as to confuse and agitate. In all this the mother will be supported by her love. Genuine love is strong and wise. But she will find her truest support in the example of her Lord applied to her own heart and conduct by watchful and earnest prayer. She will remember how He has stooped to lift her up, and how frequently she has to look to Him to lift her from a fall. Such words as these will be her meditation and her law: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" (Isaiah lxvi. 13). "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister" (Matt. xx. 18). "Jesus stretched forth his hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" (Matt. xiv. 31). "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET.

"WELL, Mrs. Watkins, how you manage matters, I don't know; there's your husband doesn't get as much money as mine by two shillings, and I've only six children whilst you have ten, and yet you always seem to have more to do with than I have; how do you make both ends meet?"

"It is not always very easy to do so," answered Mrs. Watkins, with a good-natured smile, "but I put a good heart into it, and somehow all goes right in the end. One thing my husband and I make up our minds to do, and that is to keep out of debt. As he says, 'tis true enough, that if we can't pay one week, we shall be no nearer doing so another. So every Monday morning, after putting aside our rent-money, we see what we have left, and live accordingly during the week. Then there's my eldest girl Bessie: she is of great use to me, and minds all the younger children for me whilst I go out for two days' washing in the week; that brings us in five shillings extra." "But isn't Bessie old enough to go to service?" asked Mrs. Collins. "She will not hurt by being at home a little longer," said her mother; "besides I send her to a good evening school, where she learns writing and arithmetic. Her father and I have always felt the want of a little education, and we try to give our children all we can." "Well, I'm sure we can hardly feed our children, much less pay for their schooling." "But isn't your biggest boy Tom able to earn something?" "He is so idle I can never keep him out of the streets," replied Mrs. Collins. "But if you don't bring him up to be industrious now, he will never be good for anything," said her neighbour. "There's our Charley, he is a delicate boy, and not fit for much, but his father knew how much harm he would get by playing about the streets all day, so he bought an old barrow-wheel at a secondhand shop, and being a handy sort of a man he made a good barrow out of some pieces of wood his master gave him, and now we let out Charley and the barrow together to Mrs. Foot, the laundress, for two shillings a-week, and it keeps the boy out of mischief, and more than pays for his and Bessie's evening schooling." "Ah well," said Mrs. Collins, "I'm sure some people's children are much better than other's, and yours happen to be the good sort." "I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Watkins. "My husband and I always pray that God may enable us to bring up our children properly, and we always send them to the Sunday-school as soon as ever they are big enough to go. I think a great deal depends on children being trained from the very first to be obedient; it comes natural-like to them then, and they feel it no hardship. I don't believe our children are naturally a bit better than yours; we are all alike born sinful creatures, but God has given us the means to seek for His grace, and it is our fault and sin if we don't use them. If you like, our children shall call for your two little ones on Sunday morning, and take them to the Sunday-school along with them." "Well, now, that is neighbourly, to be sure," said Mrs. Collins. "The Bible tells us we are to assist in bearing one another's burdens," replied the kind-hearted Mrs. Watkins, "and I'm sure if I can be of any use to you at any time, I shall be very glad of it."

"MOTHER, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN MY SOUL."

SO said a little girl, three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. "But mother," she said, "you have forgotten my soul." "What do you mean, Anna?" "Why,

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord *my soul* to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord *my soul* to take.'

We have not said that." The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. And, oh, from how many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance! You, fond mother, so busy hour after hour, preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself, *in faith and love*, to His keeping?

HE that makes light of small sins, is likely soon to fall into great ones.

WILLIE'S HOME.

"THIS is my home!" cried the little one, a treasure boy of six summers, as, fresh and rosy, he came from school at the close of a short winter's afternoon. "Indeed, little Willie," said his father, "why is it? Suppose you go and try at the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off you little coat as you have done here, and go into the parlour, would not that be your home?" "No, indeed," said Willie, "it would not be." "But tell me why not?" Willie had never thought of this. He paused a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother sat sewing, he replied, with an earnest gesture, "*My mother* lives here."

THE MOTHER TAUGHT FAITH BY HER CHILD.

ONE winter, some years since, a poor family at S—— found themselves destitute of food, and with neither money nor credit to obtain it. The supply of broken branches which had furnished them with the means of warmth through part of the cold season, was now exhausted. In this extremity the widowed mother resolved to cut down an old pear-tree which stood in the little garden surrounding their cottage. She called upon her younger boy to perform the task. He at first answered not, but on her repeating her wish, replied, "Mother, I ought to obey you, but I must first obey God; the tree is not ours, it belongs to our landlord, and you know that God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I hope you will not make me cut it down." The mother paused. Again they hunted the woods in vain, and spent a day or two more in the cold. She now repeated angrily her order that her son should fell the tree. Again he begged her not to force him to the act, and she consented at length to wait one more day. Earnestly did the boy pray in secret that God would interfere on their behalf, and on the following morning he went forth again to search for wood. Coming to a cross-road he there saw a stranger with a cart containing some coals, and unable to proceed on account of some injury done to his wheel by the rough road. In reply to the boy's question as to whether he could help in any way, the man asked him if he would buy the coal, or if he knew any one who would. He told the story of the state of his home. The man, wishing to proceed, yet unable to go on with his load, told the boy that he might have the coals, and if they could pay him for it some day, well and good. Then he emptied his cart and drove off, having patched it up as well as he could, while with eagerness the boy hastened home, his perplexities ended, and the bounty of Heaven was soon carried into the cottage and a cheerful blaze ascended, at which the family looked with grateful hearts.

HOW TO IMPROVE CHILDREN'S TEMPERS.

THREE simple rules steadily observed from the first indication of intelligence, would make children's tempers much more amiable than we generally see them. First, never to give them anything improper for them because they strongly and passionately desire it, and even to withhold proper things until asked for in a fitting way. Second, always to gratify every reasonable desire, that your children may see you love to make them happy. Third, never to become impatient or fretful if it can be avoided, but proportion your displeasure as exactly to the fault as you can.

THE first indicator of domestic happiness is the love of one's home.

HOME'S BRIGHT STAR.

THOUGH helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in his eyes, and gaiety in his prattle, to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the peep of day, and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, their fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smile more sunny than the first entrance of sunbeams into the room. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the staircase, his voice in the yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale. At night he kneels down at his mother's knees, and his little prayer goes straight to heaven from a child's heart. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise." Not unfrequent, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch. But, oh, if God in His wise providence should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, the tears which would drop upon his brow would perhaps be the bitterest ever shed. Such a one has just died. I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautitul evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house; the moon arose, and the stars twinkled. The child looked up to the brightest star of all, and said—

> "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
> How I wonder what you are,
> Up above the world so high,
> Like a diamond in the sky!"

His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little G. is now a star in heaven. Before he died he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and now he sleeps where in springtime the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by his parents' tears.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

SWEET RICE.

Put a pound of rice into five pints of cold water and boil it gently for two hours till it is a thick paste; then add two pints of skim milk and a quarter of a pound of treacle, and boil all very gently for another hour. It will produce nine pounds of sweet rice.

POTATO SALAD.

In some families boiled potatoes are regarded as waste; they do not make their appearance a second time at table. But if cut into thin slices and dressed with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and a little raw parsley, coarsely chopped, they compose a most excellent and refreshing salad either for dinner or supper. Some persons boil potatoes and put them by until they are cold for this purpose.

Notices of Books.

We got Agate of Singing. By A. C. C. D. Price 1s. London: J. F. Shaw, Paternoster Row.

A simple and touching little story, full of encouragement for Sabbath-school teachers.

The Lord my Portion. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. Price 1s. 6d. London: J. F. Shaw, Paternoster Row.

New Illustrated Primer. By Old Humphrey. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row. Price 1s. 6d.

A treasure for the little ones. Large type, plenty of pictures, reading lessons in prose and poetry, are some of its attractions.

The Church of God and other Melodies. By Rev. W. Tidd Matson. Price 3d. Gosport: J. P. Legg, publisher, High Street.

Simple poetic lays, full of thought and pathos.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

May Lane. A story of the sixteenth century. By C. M. M. Price 2s. 6d. London: J. F. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.

A thrilling story of the time of the Spanish Armada, full of interest from beginning to end.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "L. St. C."—"A. R. De V."—"J. W. A. T."—"J. R. S. C."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

FAMILY SECRETS.

FALSEHOOD ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

HANNAH PERRY was the daughter of poor cottagers, who, having no good principles themselves, were unable to instil them into their children. The mother was in the constant habit of telling lies to the father to account for the money she squandered away in gin, in snuff, in ounces of tea, and quarter-pounds of fresh butter, of which none ever came to his share. When Hannah perceived that her father was deceived, she began to think lying a very convenient thing; for she had not learned to consider that it is the offspring of vice and the parent of misery. Being a shrewd girl she soon became as dexterous as her mother in every kind of vice and falsehood. She often obtained her parents' praises for the tricks she practised on them; they thought them so droll and clever. "Oh, Hannah! what a liar you are, girl," the father said, laughingly, clapping her on the back; and her mother used to observe that it was a hundred to one but her girl would get on in the world by hook or by crook. In course of time she went into the world to try her fortune. Of course she was extremely ignorant, but naturally very sharp, so that in general she required to see a thing done but once, to be able to do it herself. She had a sort of pride which delighted in doing things well, not so much to serve and oblige her mistress as to set herself off and show how clever she was; and, though brought up in a dirty way, she soon discovered that to be thought clever, it was necessary that she should be cleanly. Cleanly, therefore, she became; and, as idleness formed no part of her character, she found the habit not so difficult to acquire as some may imagine. And now came the turning point in Hannah's life. Had the natural ability which she possessed been united to a principle of uprightness, a little care and attention would have established her character as a valuable servant; she might have done credit to her station, and proved a comfort to all around her. But with all her capability she was liable to frequent mistakes, arising from her ignorance and inexperience, to excuse or conceal which she always had a story ready, and used secretly to congratulate herself upon what seemed almost like a natural talent.

But however clever Hannah might be, she found mistresses who were as clever as herself, and who were as dexterous at finding out falsehoods as she was at inventing them. Hannah soon found out that neither her cleverness nor her civility (for she had a very smooth tongue) could atone for her want of sincerity. Of course she removed from place to place, and, as she could seldom obtain a character, she had invented a variety of stories with surprising cleverness, which were always ready on such occasions, and chosen according to circumstances. Either her late mistress was away in the country, or dead, or something which might suit her purpose. In due time, however, she found that it was easier to get out of a place than to get into one. Notwithstanding all her plausible stories, experience might have taught her to alter her ways, but the habit had become so powerful that she had almost forgotten how to speak the truth, even on the most common occasions, and she frequently persisted in an untruth till she almost believed it herself. At length, in an evil hour for him, a labouring man, living in the neighbourhood, became acquainted with Hannah, not at first with any intention of marrying her, but merely to enjoy a little innocent chat, though in a short time the wonderful stories she told of the high places in which she had lived, the great confidence placed in her by her mistresses, the amazingly grand things she had seen, and the clever things she had done, quite captivated the man. Her conduct to him became so increasingly kind and condescending, as to leave no doubt on his mind respecting her partiality for him, and he was encouraged to make her the offer of his hand, especially as she gave him to understand that she had saved a handsome sum in service, which made the step appear less imprudent than might have been thought at first. When, however, William Jenkins set about furnishing his house in order to hasten the happy day, he wondered that Hannah did not come forward with a little money towards defraying expenses. But she said the money was in the hands of a friend, and this friend was in the country; so Jenkins, thinking that whenever it did come it would be welcome, and impatient to secure such a bargain lest it should drop through his fingers, contrived to save enough by starving himself for a few months, to purchase an old bedstead, a few rickety chairs, a table, an old kettle, a few cracked plates, some pots and pans, &c.; and he wondered that she appeared so well contented with all this. In due time they were married, and in due time he discovered his mistake, and so did she, for she found that quitting service and getting a husband and being Mrs. Jenkins was not quite so delightful an affair as she had expected. As to the money she had saved, it soon appeared that she had neither money nor friends in town or country. Mutual disappointment produced mutual dislike and discontent, especially as she could not now, as formerly, have a dispute with her mistress, give warning and go off in a huff. Hannah was not cleanly from good principle, and now, having, as she imagined, no further purpose to serve by cleanliness, she relapsed into all the dirty and slothful ways in which she had been brought up, and proved to be, in every respect, her mother's own daughter.

She still industriously followed her old trade of lying, and taught it to her seven neglected children. The husband, being naturally of a frank and open disposition, finding that his wife could never be depended on, grew suspicious, cross, and sulky. She always told some falsehood respecting the way the money went, and he as constantly tried to make a secret of how and when it came. If she wanted anything on trust at the shop, she was never at a loss for some story to suit her purpose, and when payment could no longer be delayed, had recourse to the same means to procure the money from her husband, who always advanced it grudgingly, not believing a word she said. If the children were detained at home from the Sunday-school, she furnished them with an excuse, inventing a different one every time, until at length they could make excuses for themselves without their mother's assistance. But Hannah at length found that as neither her husband nor her children could depend on her, so she had no one on whom she could depend; confidence and comfort were banished together, and the house became a scene of quarrelling and confusion. The time came when Hannah's children went forth into the world to get a living, and be the torment of their employers as their mother and grandmother had been before them; so do vicious habits descend from one generation to another. Of course they were frequently leaving their places and returning home to devour the scanty morsel barely sufficient for their parents. William Jenkins died and left his wife in deplorable circumstances. She was naturally so handy and clever that many families would gladly have employed her if her unworthy character had not been quite so notorious. And there, in her forlorn and darksome hut, she still lives, destitute and friendless, only recollected by the families she once served as "that lying Hannah." Her last resource is the workhouse, and the only friends she can boast of are the overseers of the parish. Persons who have joined together in deceiving others, if they should happen afterwards to be connected together, are sure to be unhappy through mutual distrust. Many instances of great unhappiness in the married life have arisen from this very circumstance.

WHAT GOSSIP DOES.

WHEN Charles Lacy took home his wife it was said that in all the parish of Radford there had not been seen a nicer couple. Indeed, he seemed to have made an excellent choice, for Lucy was good-tempered, affectionate, industrious and careful. What could a man desire more? She had one fault, indeed, she was fond of talking, but then, who is perfect? Charles thought she would grow the better of that, and perhaps she might have done so had she fallen into better hands, but of all the gossip-shops in England there was surely none like their village; birds of a feather flock together. Lucy had not been a month in her new home before the busybodies of the place found her out. At first they were contented with short visits and just a few words in passing, but they found Lucy so ready to listen, and willing to talk, that they soon began to take up more of her time than was convenient. One day, when Charles came home to dinner he had to wait for it, his wife having been thus hindered. Another time a neighbour's pig had got into the garden while Lucy was kept at the shop by Nancy Bray. Things of this sort became more and more frequent, and Charles, though not inclined to find fault, was obliged to speak somewhat sharply on the subject, and to say plainly that she must give up the company of what all decent people called the pests of the village. Lucy was frightened for a time, and became shy of her companions, but habit is strong, and by little and little she soon became as intimate with them again as ever. As soon as convenient after Charles had gone to work, Nancy Bray and Dolly Meddler might be seen at her door, pulling their neighbours to pieces as fast as their tongues could go. "Only to think," said Nancy one day, "how folks will talk; they say as your husband is quite afraid to let you have the money for fear how you'll spend it, but I said I know'd better than that, didn't I, Dolly?" "Yes," said Dolly, "but if it wasn't for making mischief, I know something as Charles *did* say, if I'd a mind to tell." "I don't believe my husband would say anything of me," said Lucy, colouring, "that I should mind to hear." "Oh," said Nancy, "as for that, all the men are alike. There's my husband can't give me a good word, I know, when he's in his tempers; and as for Tom Meddler, Dolly knows the character he gives her," upon which they both laughed. But Lucy nearly cried, as she said, "I couldn't bear for Charles to say anything against me." "Well, it wasn't so much against you, only when somebody asked him how he came not to marry Phœbe Moss he said it might have been better for him if he had. And how he did go on and praise Phœbe! And, as I told Nancy, he'd no business to go and do that. Dear, you don't mind it?" she continued, seeing how Lucy changed colour; "why that's nothing. Tom tells me he wishes he'd never seen my face every day quite reg'lar. I shouldn't care what he said if I was you, so long as he'd give me the money; but it was too bad of him for to go and say as if he'd had Phœbe he could have trusted *her* with the money." "I don't believe he could say so," said Lucy, fairly crying; but the two friends solemnly assured her that he did, and much more besides, which they bound her down not to repeat upon pain of never telling her anything again. When they were gone Lucy's mind was so troubled with what she had heard that she scarcely knew what she did. One moment she thought she would charge her husband with it, and have it out; the next she determined to keep it proudly to herself. All the morning she remained in this state; the consequence was she did nothing right, and when Charles came home to dinner he found all at sixes and sevens, and the cooking by no means first-rate. It was so much worse than he usually found it that he showed a good deal of temper, saying he supposed "she'd been at her old diversion," to which Lucy answered, "it was a pity he hadn't married some one that could please him better." A quarrel, their first real one, ensued, and the husband went away thoroughly angry, leaving his dinner untouched. Lucy cried all the afternoon, now blaming herself and now Charles. That evening, for the first time, instead of returning home, he went to the public-house, but he was naturally sober, and had no intention of pursuing as a habit what he had merely done to show his displeasure. The next morning, however, came Nancy and Dolly, full of the story, pitying "poor Lucy," as they called her, and advising her not to give in, but if he chose to take to bad ways, to let him. "Sure there could be no harm in her having a quiet word with a neighbour while he went spending at the public!" But Lucy loved her husband, and although they succceeded in embittering her against him, she could not follow all their counsel. The breach, however, was not healed up. Every day Charles grew more sullen and complaining, as Lucy said, and Lucy grew more idle and careless of pleasing him, as Charles said.

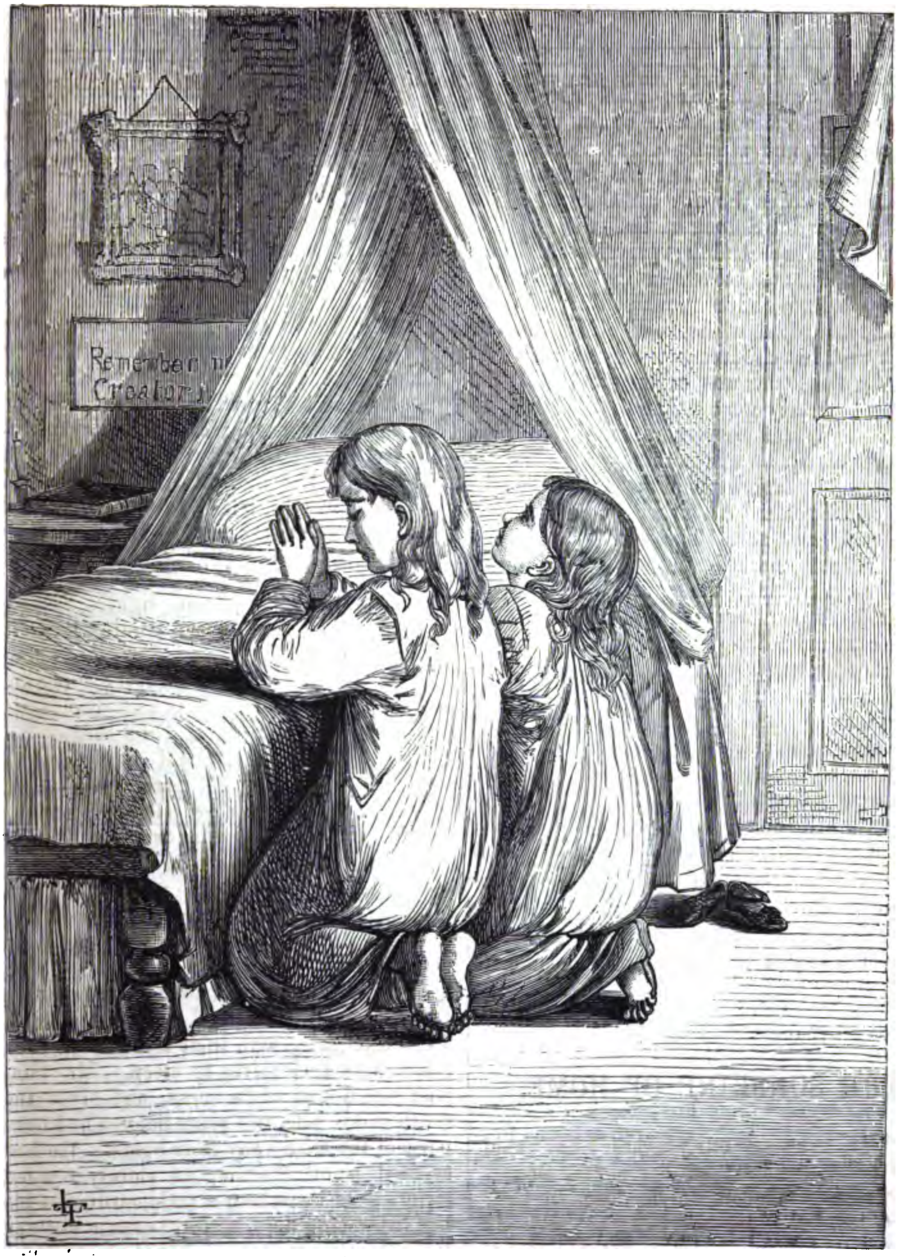
PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

KITTIE'S RESOLUTION.

"KITTIE, Kittie, come in dear," said Mrs. Brown, as she stepped to the door, worn and heated with her morning work. "O dear! it is always just so; as soon as we get nicely at play, mother is sure to call me," said Kittie, impatiently, gathering up her doll and box of dishes. "There! I hear Freddy screaming, I suppose she wants me to take care of him. I wish I was like you, and did not have any brothers to be plagued with." "Oh, how dreadful to wish your brother was dead!" said Annie Norton. "I did not say I wished he was dead; I only said I wished I hadn't any," said Kittie, going in-doors. "If I had a little brother I'm sure I would rather play with him than do anything else," said Annie, thinking how she wished her only brother, who had died when she was a wee baby, could have lived till now. For Annie's mother often talked with her about her brother in heaven, and told her about the cunning things he used to do and say. "You will have to take baby," said Mrs. Brown, as Kittie came into the kitchen, throwing her hat on the floor and her doll on a chair, and muttering,—"I don't see why he must wake up and spoil our fun; it does not seem as if he had been asleep two minutes." "I am sorry I had to call you so soon, but it is almost time to get dinner, and I want to finish Walter's coat." "I wish you would keep a servant, ma, for Saturday is the only day I have to play," said impertinent Kittie, taking baby from the cradle with a jerk and frown, which of course did not stop his crying. Mrs. Brown's eyes filled with tears as she bent over her work, for it grieved her that Kittie should show such a spirit. Two years before, Mrs. Brown had been left a widow with three children, and with little besides their home. She was obliged to economise in order to keep Walter and Kittie at school; but she was willing to make any sacrifice herself that they might be happy and feel as little as possible the loss of a father. Just after twelve o'clock Walter came in, hot and tired with his long walk from the shop. "Isn't this a scorcher? I am almost baked. I wish Mr. Norton would move his shop farther up town, it is such a long way to go. Mother, you know school closes next week, and Mr. Norton asked me to-day how I would like to go into his shop for the vacation. He says he will give me five shillings a-week. I could earn ever so much before school begins again. Let me see if I can do it in my head: five shillings a week, and ten weeks vacation—yes, I've got it—two pounds ten shillings. Just to think! Won't I be rich? I could get lots of things with that. Can I go, mother? You look so sober—don't you like the plan?" And Walter stopped for want of breath. "Yes, my son, I was thinking how thankful we ought to be that God has sent us so kind a friend as Mr. Norton. Your thick suit will be too small for you next winter, and I did not see how I was to get you a new one; but you see, if we are only patient, all things come right in the end." Mr. Norton lived next door to Mrs. Brown, and since her husband's death had been very kind, and helped her in many ways. Walter had been in his shop after school hours, and on Saturdays as errand-boy, nearly ever since his father died; he had proved himself so active and trustworthy that it was a pleasure to Mr. Norton to help him all he could. Annie and Kittie had been playmates from the time since they could run alone, although so different in disposition—Kittie wilful and impetuous; Annie so quiet and gentle; yet unlike most children they seldom quarrelled; they always shared everything and used to tell each other all their little troubles. About a week after Walter went to the shop as a clerk, he and Freddy were both taken ill; their mother thought at first it was nothing serious, but it proved to be scarlet fever, and they both grew rapidly worse. Kittie had had it while spending the summer with her grandmother a year or two before, so she did not take it, but was obliged to be very quiet, and as she wandered about the house and saw the sad faces of those about her, she was very lonely and wished her brothers were well again. One evening, as she sat at the foot of the stairs, waiting for some one to come down that she might ask how they were, she began to think, what if they should not get well! and how unkind she had sometimes been to them, and she remembered what she had said to Annie Norton, that she wished she had no brother. She put her head down on the stair and cried as though her heart would break, and wondered how she could have said such a cruel thing. Just then her mother came down stairs and took her on her lap, and told her Walter was better, but she was afraid Freddy would not get well. She clung to her mother's neck, crying and sobbing, and wanted to go to see him; but her mother told her she could not as the least noise might make him worse; but that she might see Walter the next day if he was better. Kittie lay awake a long time that night, thinking how lonely Annie must be without any brothers; and felt that if Freddy should die, she could never forgive herself for feeling as she had towards him. The next morning, before Kittie was up, her mother came to her room and told her that both her brothers were better; that she had watched with Dr. Grey by Freddy's bedside all through the long night, fearing he would not live till morning; but just before daylight he opened his eyes and called,—"Mamma." The doctor said he was better and hoped he would now get well. When her mother had gone back to her brothers, Kittie knelt down and thanked God that He had spared them, and asked Him to help her to keep her resolution never to be unkind to them again. She saw Annie out in yard the and called to her to come to the fence, and told her that Walter and Freddy were both better. "Oh! Annie; do you remember I said one day that I wished I had no brothers? I thought of it when they were so sick, and it made me grieve dreadfully. I knew if they did not get well I could never be happy again, and now I am going to try and never be cross or selfish any more." Kittie sometimes forgot her resolution and got impatient; but whenever she spoke unkindly she was sorry and tried to do better. She felt she had learned a lesson that she should never forget.

THE SUNSHINE OF HOME.

"WE must say our prayers, Ella," said little Mary, as her sister, already undressed, was about to lie down in their little bed. "I am not going to say my prayers any more," replied Ella. "Not going to say them any more? Not going to say, 'Our Father!'" exclaimed Mary, as she stopped untying her shoes, and looked at Ella in amazement. "How shall we go to heaven if we do not say our prayers?" "I don't want to go to heaven, if Aunt Martha is going to be there," said the little child, "and if it is always going to be Sunday. Oh, I'm so tired to-night, and I wish it would never be Sunday again." "When dear mamma was alive," said Mary, "the Sundays used to seem very different to me, for now they are very long; but we shall never see dear mamma unless we try to be good, never, never!" Ella burst into tears. "Do come and kneel down with me, Ella dear," continued Mary, "and we'll say our prayers together." With quivering voices and blinding tears, the two little ones knelt together, and offered up their evening prayers. They had just lain down when Aunt Martha came for the light. Seeing the tears on Ella's face, she inquired "what she had been crying about now?" There was no answer at first; and the question was sharply repeated. "At first she did not want to pray," said Mary, "and then——" "Crying because she did not want to say her prayers, eh?" interrupted Aunt Martha. "And then we talked about our ——." "There, stop your crying, and go to sleep, and don't let me hear of such doings again; if you do, I'll whip you," said Aunt Martha. "Such depravity in such a child!" said she to her brother when she went downstairs. "That Ella has been crying because she didn't want to say her prayers; I don't know what will become of her." The little girls, with their arms about each other, wept themselves to sleep. Mr. Sinclair was a man of business, and since the death of his wife, two years before, had been most of the time away from home. He had secured Aunt Martha, an elderly maiden sister, to be housekeeper and guardian to his two little daughters, mainly because she was capable and prudent, and withal a woman who prided herself on "minding her own


Remember
Creator

"With quivering voices and blinding tears, the two little ones knelt together, and offered up their evening prayers."—P. 54.

business," and abjuring what she called new-fangled notions. She was a professor of religion, and strictly observant of all its outward forms, but had not any of that "charity which hopeth all things." She believed with Solomon, that the rod was indispensable in training perverse children; but she did *not* believe in that love which blesseth little children and saith, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Sinclair saw that his children were quiet and subdued; the house was orderly and still; he knew that they were taken to the house of God, and that they were taught to read God's Word; he saw nothing wrong in their demeanour, and beyond these he thought or cared little. Ah! there was much that he could *not* see. The bright hopes and aspirations checked, the desires and impulses thwarted, the gushing waters of affection's fountain turned harshly back to their source; the sunshine of life shut out of those young hearts, and the beautiful religion of love and hope, which Jesus taught, made to appear cold and dark and gloomy. Mary was seven years old, conscientious and thoughtful, quiet and gentle in her way. Ella was five, an impulsive, lively, affectionate little creature, perverse under harsh treatment, but whom the finger of love could guide where it would. It was the week before Christmas, and many a young heart beat lightly, and sober faces were growing bright, in prospect of the cheerful gatherings and gifts of the festal day. In Mr. Sinclair's house, however, Christmas was not different from other days. He was too busy to attend to it, and Aunt Martha said that "this making so much parade about Christmas was contrary to her bringing up, and she should not have the children's heads filled with such notions." On the present occasion, however, a little schoolmate of the children was to have a Christmas-tree, and the matter was talked over and dwelt upon at school with the keenest delight. At last a note of invitation was sent to Mary and Ella, and delivered to them at school. The joyous exultation with which it was read soon changed to apprehension. "Aunt Martha will not let us go," said Ella. "Oh, perhaps she will, if we are *very* good," said Mary; "at any rate I'll ask papa, and perhaps he'll let us." With more than childish prudence and tact, the note was concealed till dusk, when "father" came home. Seated together in a corner of the sofa, they awaited an opportunity when Aunt Martha should go out of the room to see about tea, to present it. How long she sat, and knit vigorously as ever, while the servant was bringing the tray in, and how their little hearts beat lest she should not go at all! At last, however, she laid down her knitting and went out of the room. But father was reading the newspaper. Should they interrupt him? for that was a forbidden thing. The impatient little Ella, however, could brook no longer delay. She slid off the sofa, and approaching him, said softly, "Father." He still went on reading. "Father," she ventured again. "Be quiet, child; I am reading now." "But won't you read a note we have got to show you?" persevered the child. "A note—where is it?" said Mr. Sinclair. Mary eagerly brought it, and the two children stood by his side. He finished the article he was reading in the paper, and then laying it down, proceeded to unfold and read the note. The two children looked at each other as his eye glanced over it. Just then the door was opened, and Aunt Martha entered. "What is that?" said she, seeing her brother reading the note, and observing the children's interest. "Only an invitation for the children to attend a Christmas gathering at Mr. Russell's," he replied. "May we go, father?" asked both the children at once. "Just as Aunt Martha thinks best about it," he replied. "They are going to have a Christmas-tree," said Mary; "and we should have such a nice treat!" added Ella. "Hush, children!"

said Aunt Martha, "you won't go, so there's an end of the matter. Now sit down and be still, and say no more about it." With Aunt Martha *stillness* was one of the cardinal virtues. They seated themselves at the table. "Why do you think they had better not go, Martha ?" said Mr. Sinclair. "Because it's the ruin of children going to such places. The more they go, the more they'll want to; besides, going out in the evening makes children sick and cross, and I've enough to do without having them sick. They'll be wanting a Christmas-tree themselves next year, if they go to this. It was no longer ago than yesterday that Ella was asking me if she were to hang up her stocking on Christmas Eve, if Santa Claus would come down the chimney and fill it with presents ! A pretty parcel of such wickedness they pick up at school ! " This speech was delivered before the children were helped, but the food now placed on Ella's plate remained untouched. A look of sorrowful disappointment shaded Mary's face, but Ella's grief was keener ; and at the sharp question, "why don't you eat your supper, child ?" the tears which had been gathering in her eyes rolled down her cheeks, and she burst into a passionate fit of weeping. "Go upstairs this instant," said Aunt Martha, and the child withdrew to her room, and throwing herself on the floor, sobbed hysterically. "There John," said Aunt Martha to her brother, "now you've seen a specimen of that child's temper when she's crossed; you couldn't believe she was so bad, but now you see for yourself ! "

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

AMELIA SIEVEKING.

WE are all familiar with the proverb most frequently quoted in its Scottish garb, that "Maiden's bairns are aye well bred," that is to say, those who are not mothers themselves, are apt not only to find fault needlessly with the way in which others perform family duties, but to express a very high opinion of the skill they could manifest if they only had the opportunity. In many instances, no doubt, the satire upon such persons is deserved, yet on the other hand, we have some bright examples wherein those for whom God has not appointed a married life, have shown, not only by their words and writings, but by years of patient work in the world, that they could well fulfil the mother's part. The name of Amelia Sieveking will long be held in honourable remembrance, and not only in her native land where her influence was felt through all classes of society, but we in these islands should regard her with affection and reverence. She has striven to elevate her sex and to strengthen their hands, that both at home and abroad they might prove their faith by their loving deeds. Let me glance at a few particulars in her life-story that are worthy of the consideration of mothers. Born in the year 1794, at Hamburg, Amelia Sieveking was deprived, ere she reached her fifth year, of the care and tenderness which her mother seems to have bestowed upon her and her brothers. Very early indeed she showed a practical turn of mind, and it is said that the miserable way in which she was instructed by a German professor, taught her at least one thing—that when we wish to impart information, we must, whenever the subject is not very interesting in itself, make it as pleasant as we can by the way in which we handle it. When eleven years old she had already begun to write fictitious stories and short papers on different subjects, and was remarkable for the kindly feeling she manifested towards all, and she would put herself to inconveniences to do service to her relatives and the poor. Part of this, however, she attributes in her writings to a secret wish on her part to do "good works," as she supposed, for at a very early age her conscience made her unquiet so that she had a "strong desire to become good." Also, she adds, "I kept a moral diary; I imposed upon myself small punishments of my own invention, such as walking with pebbles in my shoes, as penances for my faults." At the age of fifteen Amelia began to show the power she possessed over children. Having to reside with an aunt, a spoiled cousin of ten years old was placed under her especial care, and very soon the child's character improved wonderfully. At the age of eighteen she began to teach, getting the little pupils from her neighbours. One remark she makes upon her first effort may be helpful to those who think that they cannot teach children successfully because they must learn themselves as they go along. She says, "I determined not to give them anything (in religion) which I did not try to possess myself. I had constantly to learn in order to teach: the plan had its own advantages, for my own mind remained fresh." By-and-bye she had twelve scholars, then eighteen, and she writes in her diary, about the time the number of her scholars increased, that she was much impressed with the fact that mothers had advantages on their side in moulding the young mind which no teacher could have, because there need be with them no counteracting influences. In 1816, for various reasons, Amelia Sieveking was obliged to relinquish the charge of the younger children, confining herself to the elder only, which she did with regret. For years she pursued an even course, her sociable turn of mind bringing many friends around her, yet she in no way permitted these to absorb any part of the time which she felt pledged to give to her pupils. When ill, she nursed them day and night, if needful, taking every opportunity to bring before her charge those truths, the value of which she had now come to know. Speaking from her own experience, she shows the mistake made by parents in neglecting all discipline in a time of sickness. Difficult it may be, but woe to those parents who avoid the task. If ever firmness is needed, springing from the truest affection, it is in the case of an ailing child. Anticipating in thought much that has now been carried into actual practice, Amelia Sieveking formed a scheme for a Christian Sisterhood to engage in nursing and other benevolent occupations. In 1831, at an outbreak of cholera in Hamburg, when most shrank in alarm from the task of tending those stricken with the disease, she spent eight weeks in a newly-established hospital, returning thereafter, without any interval of relaxation, to her school duties. Soon after this, Amelia induced thirteen women, some married, some single, to unite themselves with her as an association to assist the poor, not so much by giving to them, as by helping them to improve their homes. Beginning without any funds, at the end of the first year she had received about a hundred pounds, which was more than doubled the next year, and more mothers came in. Without dropping this scheme, she was able in a few years to resume her employment in connexion with the education of the young, remarking upon it, in prospect, that she would return with new delight to the little ones. "My spirit rejoices in the thought of it, and I shall be a child again among the children, and with them and in them renew my youth." So year by year her life flowed on, now engaged in setting on foot a new orphanage or a sewing-school, now writing for the press or promoting religious life in those circles of society to which she was a welcome guest at all times. Her decease was not sudden, nor did her illness, until very near its termination, prevent her from still interesting herself in her children and her friends.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

IN a darkened room and in deep mourning, sat a woman who might still be called young, and on a low stool at her feet a bright-looking girl of fifteen gazed earnestly at her mother, watching for the first shade of notice in her favour; but she waited long: poor Mrs. N. seemed quite absorbed in her own grief, and for the present heard nothing but the muffled footsteps of those who were bearing away the remains of him who had once been dearer than aught else on earth. Forgotten now are the years of neglect and coldness; only remembered the time when they loved and lived only for each other. Long did mother and daughter thus sit in gloomy silence, and they remained alone, for the world is hard, and many who called Mrs. N. a friend in her prosperity now turned their backs, going their own way as though they scarcely knew her. For it was generally known that Mr. N. had died a bankrupt, leaving a widow and eight children without means. A wealthy miller, but of a restless, turbulent mind, he had engaged in speculations above his means, unmindful of the warnings of his more cautious wife. Too conceited to own that he had been wrong, he sought to drown his anxieties by habits of intemperance, which soon undermined his health, and thus he came to an early grave, leaving his family quite unprovided for. After a time Mrs. N. became aware that she was not quite alone, but with the first glance at her child, a fresh source of care and sorrow seemed to rush upon her mind, and she exclaimed, "Ah! what is to become of us?" "Dear mother," said Mary, "do not despair, am I not the eldest? I shall soon be able to work for you. I know that God will help me. Has He not promised to be the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless?" and Mary's eyes, even more than her words, spoke of her faith. Was it any wonder, that for a moment the poor widow looked upon her daughter as a very frail support, when she remembered that five sons came next, then two baby girls? But it was only for a moment; Mrs. N. was an active, prudent, energetic woman, and Mary her own child.

Two years afterwards the latter was out in Russia, working hard to teach others, and to send all the earnings she could spare home to her mother. For fifteen years did the courageous girl toil on, her own education curtailed, but taking many an hour from her sleep in order to fit herself better for her calling. God blessed her, for she was highly esteemed among the distinguished families who engaged her, and it was marvellous what considerable sums she contrived to save for her family. Two years after her husband's death, we find Mrs. N. settled in the University town of M——, where she kept a boarding-house for young students, whilst her children all went to school. Here she remained until her own sons had gone through all the classes at college, and Mary came home, her health being at last impaired, and her sight weakened by night study. Her sisters had followed in her steps, and through her influence had obtained situations in two high Russian families, where they are still. Mrs. N. and her precious Mary are at last enjoying comparative rest, living in a modest, though to all appearance comfortable style, for the rest of their days; they have two or three young German ladies living with them, to whom Miss N. gives French lessons, whilst her mother, still in very good health for her age, superintends the housekeeping. One son died young, but the eldest occupies an honourable post in a distant land, and the three others, doctors in different parts of the country, have all married heiresses. What has been the secret of this family thus raising itself so wonderfully out of indigence? How is it that they are all, and deservedly indeed, looked upon as ladies and gentlemen, whilst, had their father lived, and gone on as he had begun, they would probably have been little better than servants? This is the cause. They were a *united* family, all learned in their adversity to trust to God, and then to each other. All sought the good of the other members almost before they thought of themselves. I have been told, that while her sons were studying, Mrs. N. cared little if she had herself only dry bread to eat, so that she could buy them the necessary books. Mary, who was the first to leave home, has not once thought of calculating how much she has sacrificed for the use of the family, which she might justly have looked upon as her own money. All her brothers and sisters have followed her example, never asking which had done the most towards helping the others; and thus by their combined strength, through their mutual affection, they did wonders. I have seldom seen such a united family, never perhaps such an elder sister, and truly do all the others requite her devotedness, cherishing her as their second mother. How often do we find the exact opposite of what is described in this true sketch, and which, through God's grace, was the rescue and the making of this family!

A. R. DE V.

HOME.

No term in language is so replête with delightful associations as the word "home;" the sound of it touches a chord in every human bosom. Whether we think of the spot enshrined in memory's most hallowed recesses, where we drew the first breath of existence, or of the dwelling-place of mature years, in the centre of a wide-spread scene of various relationships, occupations, and influences, the home of infancy and manhood is ever dear; and dearer still, perhaps, the home of age. It matters not *where* that concentration of all sweet remembrances called "home" is fixed, the mind is spell-bound by the thought!

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

BEEF BOUILLI.

This is beef boiled, or rather, stewed, without previous salting, but seasoned in the cooking, and with the addition of roots and herbs. The meat may be done whole, or cut in pieces about four inches long and two broad. To three or four pounds of meat add three or four each of large carrots, turnips, onions, or leeks, all sliced, with two ounces of oatmeal, and pepper and salt. At the bottom of the vessel in which the stew is to be boiled, put half the vegetables, then the meat, oatmeal, and seasoning, the remainder of the vegetables at the top. Put as much liquor as will cover the whole, and one quart more. Keep the vessel closely shut, and let the whole stew gently for fully four hours.

A GOOD BREAKFAST, DINNER, OR SUPPER.

Put one pound of rice and one pound of Scotch barley into two gallons of water, and boil them gently for four hours over a slow fire; then add four ounces of treacle and one ounce of salt, and let the whole simmer for half-an-hour. It will produce *sixteen pounds* of good food.

Notices of Books.

Phil. Thorndyke's Adventures. By Frances Wilbraham.

The Rift in the Rock. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Price 4d. each. London: Groombridge and Sons, 5, Paternoster Row.

The first two numbers of a series of tales, entitled *The Rainbow Stories*, to be issued monthly. These two tales, and the names of the eminent writers who are to contribute others to the series, give good promise of additions to the children's library, which will convey a good influence and sound moral teaching.

Arthur's Home Magazine. Philadelphia: J. S. Arthur and Sons.

A magazine of fashion, literature, and art.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "C. E. P."—"A. W. G."—"S. S," and "J. R. S. C."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT GOSSIP DOES.

LUCY LACY was sitting listlessly at her door one day, dreading a visit from her neighbours, and yet longing for it; for in the disorder of her mind she had lost much of her industry, and talking had become as necessary to her as dram-drinking to a drunkard. Her dress had lost much of its neatness and her person much of its attraction; and although her work was in her hand, her eyes were up the village street. Mr. Manly, a clergyman who had come to supply the place of the vicar for a short time, stopped as he was passing, and asked her if she had eggs to sell. Getting into conversation with her, he was struck with her manner, which was superior to that of her neighbours. He spoke of the tract which he found had been left for her, but which she had not read. He was very kind, and Lucy felt drawn to him. She was very miserable, and her tears fell fast at some remarks he made on the duty of a Christian wife. While he was speaking, Charles came in for some tools. "I came to inquire if your wife had any eggs," said Mr. Manly, noticing his sullen manner. "Oh," said he, "you must go to some more thrifty folks than we, sir, to get them: our hens got starved in the winter." An hour before Lucy would have answered sharply, but now her tears only flowed afresh. Mr. Manly saw there was something wrong; and Lucy's appearance and the look of the house made him suspect that the blame did not rest altogether on the husband's side. He said no more then, but left the cottage; meanwhile Charles, who could not find his tools, remarked sneeringly, "That she'd a great deal better spend her time in keeping things to rights than in complaining of him to strangers and making up pitiful stories about how ill he treated her." He had never said anything of this kind before, and Lucy looked surprised. "Oh, it's nothing new," he continued; "I hear it wherever I go, what a bad husband I am, and how you wish you'd never seen me; and it's a pity you ever did." Lucy could not answer, for she well knew that several times in the bitterness of her discomfort she had said things of this sort to her gossip friends when they had come to tell her of the unkind speeches of her husband. Charles did not wait for an answer however; he believed she had been telling her tale to the strange gentleman, and as he went out at the door she said, "You'd better go and spend the evening with some of your cronies; I'm going out, and, maybe, shan't be home until to-morrow." Charles kept his word, and did not return that night; and when Mr. Manly called the next morning to take a little book on household duties, which he thought might be useful, he found Lucy not at the door, but in the house, with swollen eyes and a most disconsolate face. Her naturally open temper and his kind manner led her to do what Charles had accused her of, and she told him her trouble. Mr. Manly heard her story, and drew from her a confession of many things wherein she had been the cause of what she had suffered. Taking out his Testament, he read that part of the third chapter of James which concerned the tongue. "Don't you see," he said, "that it is this little member, which is set on fire of hell, that has ruined all your domestic peace?" Lucy began to inveigh bitterly against Nancy and Dolly; but Mr. Manly stopped her, saying she had none but herself to blame; for she had helped them on in their sin by encouragement. He did not spare her, but he did not discourage her, telling her he hoped it might not be too late to retrace her steps. He gave her excellent advice, which, with tears she promised to follow, and left her with hearty prayer that she might have strength to do it. One thing he had strongly urged was a return to her old habits of cleanliness and industry. She was shocked and surprised when she came fairly to examine her cottage and her own dress to see how much this was needed, and went to work to make things look a little better when Charles should return. Another thing he had urged was that she should refrain from anything like reproach when her husband came in, and try to wear the manner of old days. It was not long after she had completed her preparations that Charles came home. He had the same sullen air, and came in whistling, going straight to the cupboard, without speaking to her, to look for something to eat. "There's nothing there, Charles, but bread," she said meekly; "but I thought you'd be hungry, as perhaps you'd been far, so I put some potatoes in the pot. I wished I'd got a bit of bacon to put with them." Charles looked at her in silence while she put a cloth on the table which she had scrubbed, and placed the potatoes on it. He noticed the fireplace: it was clean, and everything around it. His eye fell on his wife: she looked as he had not seen her for a long time; as neat and nice almost as in former days. "Have you had your dinner?" he said, not looking at her. "No; I waited for you," she answered. This was enough. He got up to draw another chair to the table, but she did it herself; and although he made no remark, she was sure that the effort she had made was not lost upon him. He left home, however, without telling her where he had been. As soon as he was gone, she hastened to clear away and renew her work of cleaning. She was very busy when a tap at the door told her that Nancy Bray was there. She would not trust herself to open it; but, peeping out of the chamber window, told her she had so much to do, she could not spare time to come down. "Oh, you *must* hear what I've got to tell you," said Nancy. Lucy shook her head. "I'm sure I would not stay slaving there while he goes off amusing himself with Phœbe Moss," said Nancy, vexed to find she could not move Lucy from her purpose. The latter, repeating she had not a minute to spare, shut the window and began clearing out the chest of drawers in which Charles had long declared he never could find anything that he looked for. Although Nancy's words rang in her ears, she felt more comfort that evening in the work she had so long neglected than she had known for many months. When Charles came home to tea it was ready, and he found her busy patching a jacket which had long been out at elbows. The change in Lucy was a real one; her heart had been convinced of the evil and the folly of her sin. The first moment that she saw anything like a return of his old tenderness in her husband, she opened her whole mind to him, begged his forgiveness, and promised to endeavour to be what she once was to him. Charles was quite overcome, and in his turn confessed he had not been forbearing enough. "It was what you said about Phœbe, dear Charles," she said with tears, "that drove me to be so careless." "Phœbe!" he exclaimed, "what did I ever say about Phœbe?" Lucy now repeated all she had heard. "Just listen," he answered; and he told her many things of the same kind, which he had been repeatedly informed she had said of him. They soon found that, in listening to gossiping neighbours, they had taken a serpent to sting all their happiness to death; and heartily thankful were they both when they thus came at the truth. Lucy repeated all that had passed between her and Mr. Manly, and Charles was not long in thanking him for what he had done to restore their peace. "I've never known a happy moment, Lucy, since we've been distant and unkind to each other." "And I'm sure I haven't, Charles," she said. The good effects of this peacemaking did not end here; that tongue which was growing confirmed in the ways of slander, to the misery of men and the dishonour of God, was now by God's grace brought under the government of holiness, love, and truth; and so afraid was Lucy of ever transgressing, that if she heard anyone begin a story with "They was a-saying, but don't you go for to mention my name," she always stopped it with, "Pray don't tell me, neighbour. I never listen to gossip; God hates it, and I desire to do so too."

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

BRILLIANA HARLEY.

WE are much indebted to the Rev. J. Anderson for the information which he has brought together about some of the noble wives and mothers who lived in the seventeenth century. Among those he has pourtrayed, a special interest attaches to Brilliana, the wife of Sir Robert Harley, a Puritan leader, whose zeal in destroying all the signs of Popery which he could reach has rendered him an object of dislike with those who cannot see how deadly and dangerous this false religion was then, and is still. Not very much was known about Lady Harley, except that she had written some notable letters; but Mr. Anderson has now brought together a number of facts which show us what manner of woman she was, and we feel admiration and reverence, if not love, for one who seems even in that stormy time to have won the regard of friends and foes. Brilliana Harley was born in Holland, though she was educated in England; and her father, Lord Conway, took high rank amongst the great men of his time. In 1623, at the age of twenty-six, she was married, and she brought to her husband three sons and four daughters. Edward, her eldest, it is said that she loved best; if so, she was far too wise a parent to let this preference be seen by him. A number of her letters are addressed to this son while he was at college. Her anxiety for his welfare showed itself in the remarks which she made in these letters, touching frequently upon religious subjects. We find none of that coldness and sternness which have been falsely represented as belonging to the Puritan character. Indeed, so far from that, Lady Harley especially desired that her son should look upon religion as a cheerful thing; not an extinguisher put upon joy and happiness, but rather an influence which would heighten and deepen both. This she proves from her own experience. Nor did she forget many practical hints. It is not uncommon with persons to take some trouble to get the good opinion of a superior, and then by carelessness afterwards to lose it. She would have her son careful in this respect, since she says "it is found true that conquerors must be as careful to keep what they have gained as they were to obtain it." Yet, on the other hand, she did not wish that he should either sacrifice truth to please others, or neglect his own just claims on their consideration. When he had to meet some nobles she writes, "Speak freely, and always remember that they are but men. I have seen many that, when they come into good company, lose themselves; surely they have too high esteem of man." Her patient and persevering love was duly rewarded. This son was remarkable all his life for his high honour, his unselfishness, and his piety;—a striking proof of what a mother may do in the guidance of a son, even when he is approaching manhood! Suffering much at times from feeble health, Brilliana Harley spent long days in her chamber, not being then idle, for she employed herself in making extracts from various books for her children's benefit. During many of the illnesses through which she passed, her husband was obliged to be away from her, being much engaged in Parliamentary duties. The struggle between King Charles and his Parliament excited deep interest in the mind of this lady, who desired most heartily that liberty and pure religion should be the glory of our native land. She supported all that her husband did in the way of personal sacrifice, surrendering plate and valuables for the need of her country, with a poor prospect of any repayment, and in a sense Lady Harley might be said to have died a martyr to the cause of freedom, for the anxieties caused by her house being besieged by the King's party probably hastened her death. Her eldest son and her husband were with the army elsewhere; and for six weeks did Lady Harley, assisted by her servants, defend Brampton Castle until Sir William Vavassour and his men drew off, their services being needed at Gloucester. She had scarcely rallied a little ere tidings came that she and her family would be again attacked. In October, 1643, having taken cold, her weakened frame gave way under the malady which terminated her life. "Though surrounded with drums and noise of war," says Froysell, "yet she took her leave in peace. As long as God preserved her, He preserved the place where she was."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

A NEW BEGINNING.

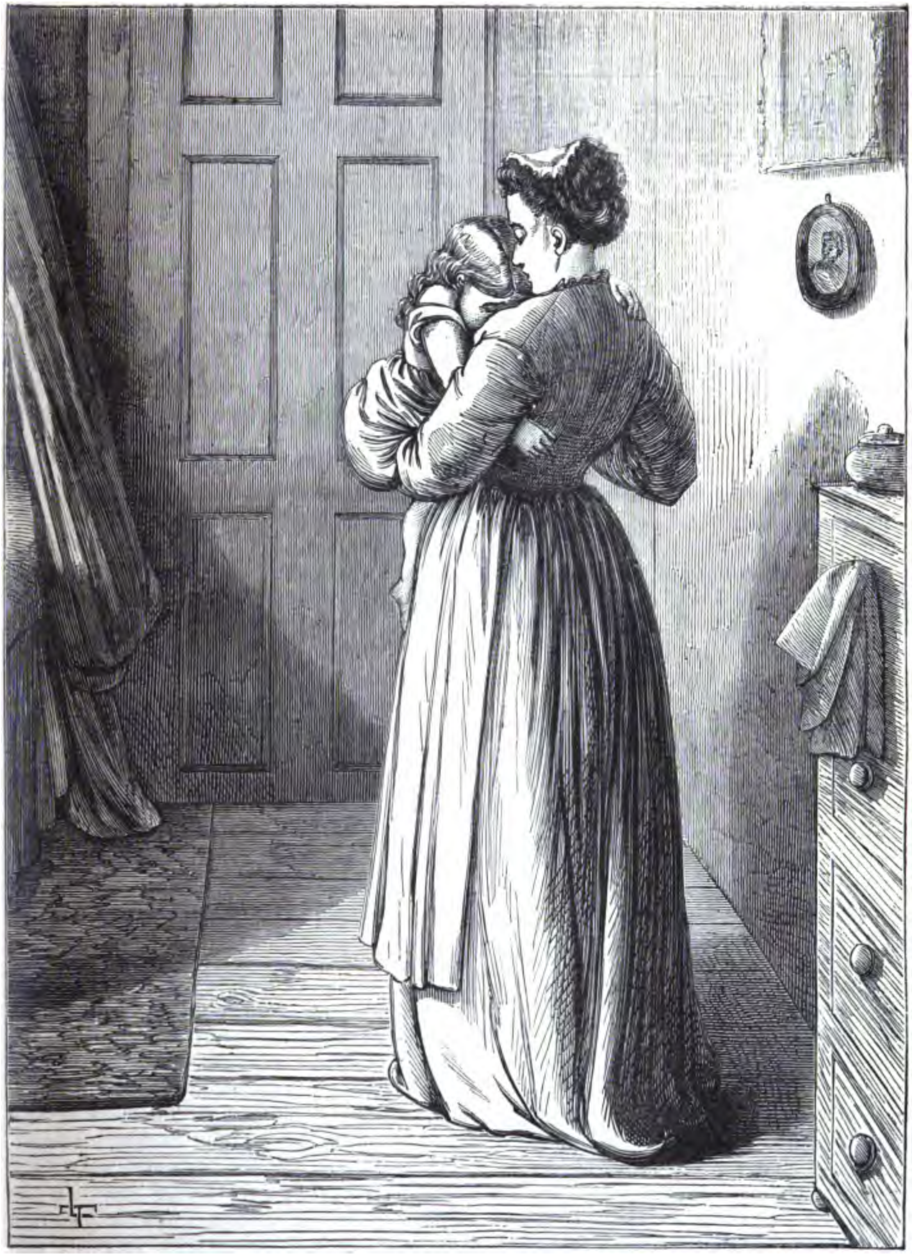
"HOW beautiful everything looks! Isn't it lovely?" "Splendid! Just see how the old brown branches are all covered with the dearest little green leaves; and everything looks so fresh and new! But come, Frank, I'm in a hurry to go in and get through with my dinner. I noticed all this when I got up this morning, and it has put an idea into my head." "An idea! What is it?" asked Frank, as they went into the house. "Oh, you'll see by-and-by," she said. "Now guess, can't you?" "Let me see—you're going to work at your flower-bed, and plant your seeds right away. Is that it?" "No; I may do that, of course, but that isn't it exactly. I know you're laughing at me, Frank, because I planted my seeds too early last spring; but never mind, I'll have it right this time, see if I don't." "Well, I don't believe I can guess what your idea is—you do have such funny ones sometimes." Milly laughed and shook her head; then leaning both elbows on the table, and looking at her brother with a very determined glance in her black eyes, she said, "I'm going to make a new beginning." "A new beginning, Milly! what are you going to begin at?" Frank did not laugh as she had expected him to do, but looked quite grave as he asked this. "Oh, I'm going to begin new at everything. Let me tell you. I was up quite early this morning, you see, and while I was waiting for breakfast I opened my window and looked out. Everything was so beautiful,—all the old winter look was gone, and it seemed just like a new world. All the trees and bushes were budding out, and everything seemed to be making a new beginning. And then—I don't know exactly how—but all at once I thought that it was a good time for me to make a new beginning too." Frank was listening very attentively, and Milly went on eagerly, "I'm going to make a new start in everything. First, there's my room—I must put it in good order, and clear out all my drawers, and tidy my bookshelves; and, Frank, I'm going to begin a new journal, too, my old one looks so badly, and some days there's nothing written in it at all." Here Milly stopped to take breath, and Frank looked as if he wanted to laugh outright, but would not for fear of hurting her feelings. "How long do you think they'll all keep in such good order, Milly?" "Oh, that's part of my new beginning—to *keep* things in order. No more scoldings about my room being in disorder; no more lost books. I'm going to begin new at my lessons too, and have them always perfect. And then my work-basket, I must finish off all the work that I have begun." "About half-a-dozen quilts, aren't there? Dear me! it'll take you a long while." "Now, Frank, there are only three, and of course I don't expect to do it all at once; but I mean after this when I begin one thing to finish it, and get it out of my basket before I commence another. But come, I'm going to begin right away; and I want you to help me lift out my drawers, will you?" "Yes; I think your idea is a very good one, Milly, if you only stick to it." "Only stick to it! what does Frank mean?" Milly thought as she followed him up-stairs. "I thought he'd be so interested in it, and he doesn't seem to care a bit. I would rather he'd laugh at me than act so." Milly was disappointed, but her brother was so occupied with his own thoughts, that he did not even notice that. He lifted out the drawers, and watched her for a few minutes as she began her work; then walked to the window, and stood silently looking out. It was beautiful, just as Milly had said. The sweet spring had opened so suddenly, as if by magic, and covered over all traces of the dark, cold winter. Frank noticed it as he stood there, and he thought, "God has done it all—God who loves us, and wants to make us happy; and how many springs I have lived without loving Him or trying to keep His commandments. Oh, I must make up mind and go to Him now. It is such a sweet time—in this beautiful spring—to turn away from sin and give my heart to God." Here Milly interrupted him, saying, "What are you so quiet for, Frank? Why don't you talk?" Frank turned towards his sister. "I think I will make a new beginning, too, Milly." "Will you? I'm glad. But how solemn you do look about it! Why, I think it's real fun;" and she stepped gaily around among the piles of things she had put together. "But I don't mean your kind of new beginning. I am going to begin to put away all wrong actions and sinful thoughts, and to live every day as the Bible tells me. I mean, Milly, to *begin to be a Christian.*" Milly dropped the patchwork she was folding, and looked at her brother in surprise. "You, Frank, are you in earnest?" "Yes, Milly. I don't want to live on and enjoy all God's blessings without giving Him my heart and taking Jesus to be my Saviour.

I want to feel sure that when I die I shall go to a land that is more beautiful than this, where it is always spring, and the flowers always bloom. I made up my mind last Sunday that I would try to be a Christian, and to-day when you told me about your new beginning I thought I would tell you of mine." Milly's eyes grew sorrowful as she looked into her brother's earnest, happy face, and then down at her afternoon's work. "I thought *my* new beginning was a good one, but *yours* is best," she said. Frank went over and stood by her side. "Must I begin it alone, Milly? Won't you make this new beginning with me?" "I? Oh, Frank, how can I? Is that what you were so busy thinking of? I thought something was the matter, for you never seemed to care for my new plan at all." "I *do* care for it, Milly, but I care a great deal more to have you make this other new beginning. See here!" and Frank took up a Bible from the table, and opened it. "See here, what beautiful things a Christian has to put on, just like the green leaves the trees are putting on now—'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' They are better than the leaves too, Milly, for they grow in the heart where Jesus sends His sunshine, and there is no winter to kill them." How earnestly Frank spoke, and how happy and hopeful he looked! Milly was sure that those beautiful "fruits of the Spirit" must be growing in his heart already. The tears gathered in her eyes. This dear brother, who had always been her playmate and friend—who had shared with her all the joys and sorrows of life so far—was he now to have a new happiness which she could not share? "Must I begin to be a Christian *alone*, Milly? Won't you give your heart to Jesus too?" "Oh, Frank, I've often thought of it, but it is so hard to do right. I should forget and do wrong, just as I forget to keep my things in order." "But Jesus will help you to remember if you go to Him, Milly; and then when we do wrong He will forgive us—that's what He died for, you know, to save us because we couldn't save ourselves. It will be such a happy year for us if we only take this dear Saviour to be ours." Milly sat silent awhile, thinking of this loving Redeemer, and of all He had done for her; then, with the resolute look again in her eyes, only more gentle and thoughtful now, she said, "Frank, I *will* begin to be a Christian." "Dear Milly, I am so glad. And we will ask Jesus to accept us and help us." And there, with the sweet sunshine coming in upon them, they knelt and gave their young lives to Jesus, and prayed Him to guide and help them in this new beginning they had made. Jesus, who loves little children, listened to their prayer. God wrote their names in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the angels in heaven rejoiced and were glad.

Young friends, will *you* not try to make this new beginning? J. H.

THE SUNSHINE OF HOME.

ALAS! that Mr. Sinclair had so little love for children *as* children, that he so little understood the secret springs which move the human heart. As it was, he had a sort of consciousness that the child was more grieved than angry, and more to be pitied than blamed. He did not reflect that the manner of the refusal had wounded more than the refusal itself; and so he turned to his newspaper again, and tried to forget it. Mary did not dare to follow Ella to try and comfort her, and she sat mechanically swallowing the food which almost choked her. Bridget, the Irish servant, with whom the child was a favourite, hearing her cry, stole softly up-stairs. Lifting her gently from the floor, she held her in her arms, and, soothing her, soon drew from her



"Lifting her gently from the floor, she held her in her arms, and, soothing her, soon drew from her the story of her new distress."—*P.* 66.

the story of her new distress. "Och! darlint, now don't be afther frettin'," said she; "it's cross enough yer aunt is, to be sure, and more's the shame on her, and you a poor little orphan like; but Biddy 'll look out for ye at Christmas, and bring ye home candy and all, only ye mustn't let yer aunt know, or she'll take it from ye intirely." "Oh, Biddy, you're very kind, but I don't care so much about the candy or seeing the fine things and the Christmas-tree, if they will only love me. I know you love me, and so does Mary; but father says, 'Go away, child!' when I go to him, and aunt Martha scolds me, and tells papa how naughty and bad I am; and sometimes I don't care if I *am* naughty, and I want to be dead, and down in the ground with my own mamma;" and she burst into another fit of hysterical weeping. Bridget kissed the child, and would have escaped to the kitchen, for she heard aunt Martha's tread upon the stairs; but the door opened, and the girl stood confronted by her mistress. "What are you here for?" demanded the latter. "Sure, ma'am," replied the girl, "I heard Miss Ella crying, and stepped up here just to see if it was hurt or sick she was." "Go down to the kitchen and mind your work!" The girl obeyed. Two lessons of deception were given to Ella that night in the ignorant but well-meant kindness of Bridget. A smart whipping succeeded Bridget's departure, and the child was then sent to bed with every angry and malignant feeling roused to its utmost extent. Aunt Martha went downstairs satisfied that she had done her duty, and sent Mary up to bed. Mr. Sinclair could not utterly forget the occurrence, and it opened his eyes to observe other little things which had hitherto passed unnoticed. He observed that the children's obedience, though uniform and implicit, was not the obedience of a cheerful will, but of fear, or harsh or cold restraint. He felt that there was a wrong bias somewhere in the government of them, yet he knew not how to correct it. They were well clothed and fed, taught order, morals, and religion; and that, he thought, ought to be enough; he did not see that the sunshine of love, that makes dark places light and rough ones smooth, was wanting for the children, though he felt its want himself as keenly as the very week his beautiful Mary had first gone home to the angels. Occasionally he brought home a toy or a book to the little girls, and they were gladly received, but not with such sunny faces as he would have seen had he taken them upon his knees, laid his cheek to theirs, and talked lovingly with them of their hopes and disappointments, their plans and successes. Weeks and months passed on, and most of the time Mr. Sinclair was away from home. A change was to come, for he had seen and loved a gentle being, and was soon to make her his bride. Aunt Martha was indignant. "It was a shameful thing," she said, "for John to forget his wife and bring home a step-mother to his children; for who would do for them as she had done, and train them up in the way they should go? She'd never stay a day in John's house to be under a mistress—a young upstart, she dare say—and she guessed John would see the difference when she was gone!" He did. It was Christmas week again. A year had rolled by, and we will look again into Mary and Ella's room. The two little girls were kneeling side by side. Mary repeated her prayer in solemn, gentle tones. "Mary," said Ella, when the "Amen" was spoken, "I'm going to say 'Our Father,' and then I'm going to thank God for taking away aunt Martha and giving us such a darling mamma." And she did, in her own childish words. The door opened in a few minutes, and the "darling mamma" entered. She saw the little ones safely and warmly covered; and, sitting down on the bedside, she heard them repeat a beautiful hymn they had voluntarily learned, and talked to them of the gentle and meek Saviour, whose mission and teaching were love. Many were the questions asked, and the telling of childish thoughts lovingly listened to, until the conversation turned upon Christmas. "What is Christmas for?" "Is it wicked to keep Christmas day?" "Does Santa Claus truly come down the chimney and put presents in little girls' stockings?" were eagerly asked, and almost in a breath. The origin and present observance of Christmas were briefly and satisfactorily explained to their eager ears, and the promise made that on Christmas-eve they should hang up their clean stockings, and in the morning they should find them filled with gifts, though Santa Claus would not descend the chimney to bring them. Many a good-night kiss was exchanged, and then the little ones were left to their quiet slumbers. They could scarcely go to sleep on Christmas-eve; and oh, such joy as came with the morning as they who have never been harshly restricted and deprived of childish delights can little imagine. No Christmas gift, however rare or beautiful, could have carried such pleasure to that mother's heart as the exclamations of joy which reached her already wakeful ear in the dim light of that Christmas morning. And when evening came, and little invited guests played merrily with Mary and Ella in the sitting-room, and the parlour door was presently thrown open, and the group ushered in, and the Christmas-tree with its pendant gifts and coloured illuminations seemed to their enchanted senses like a vision of fairy-land, the father was almost as happy as the children. "How animated Mary has grown!" said he, "and how lovely Ella looks to-night!" as his young wife stood beside him. "It does children good to make them happy," she replied, "Love and sunshine are as necessary to them as light and air to plants."

"I think Sundays have grown shorter," said Ella to Mary one Sabbath night not long after; "they used to be such long, dull days, and now I wish Sunday came twice a week instead of once." The secret of this lay with the "darling mamma." Beautiful illustrated books on the table were no longer forbidden fruit; the Sunday-school welcomed them each Sabbath morning, and delightful volumes from the library offered them a rich feast; and when evening came, and mamma listened to their prayers and hymns, and talked with them, and told them beautiful and true stories as they lay in their little bed, it was no wonder Ella thought that "Sunday would make it seem happier in heaven." There are more homes and families, it is true, where the children, like Eli's, are not restrained at all than where they are restrained too much; but there are some even now where a mistaken sense of duty shuts out all the sunshine. Those homes are happiest where most of order and religion reign, directed by the hand of affection.

H. W.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.

"YEARS ago," says a minister, "it fell to my lot to visit a dying saint. She was the wife of a country pastor, the centre of many fond hopes and loves, a young mother, who in the bloom of early womanhood had received her summons to depart. She was not terrified; for years before she had renounced the pomps and vanities of this world, of which she was naturally fond, and found peace and life in Jesus; and now during many weary months of decay and suffering she had been watching and waiting for the unseen messenger. All was serenity and joy in her soul. The work of personal preparation was all done. The struggle of parting with life and the world, with husband and children, with an affectionate and large circle of friends was ended. But there was one burden yet on her heart—one work still to be accomplished. That burden pressed heavily, and cast the only shadow that fell on her unhappy soul; and, summoning all her remaining strength, she was enabled to lift off that last burden and do her last work. She had a father whom she dearly loved, and who doated on, and was proud of, his daughter. But he was an ungodly man; if not an infidel, he had little regard for religion. He was all engrossed in the world; and there seemed little, if any, hope for him. The prayers and example of her mother (now dead) were lost upon him; child after child had been torn from him, but his proud heart seemed to grow more stubborn; grey hairs preached to him, but he was deaf to all appeals, and was a man that could not be approached by the ministers of religion. During her illness she had often entreated him to make the journey and see his dying child once more. But in this she was disappointed. He was afraid of death,—afraid of his own dying child! It was a wide waste of waters, but that emaciated and trembling hand cast the bread of faith upon it, and Heaven saw and rewarded the act. With her own hand she wrote a long, affectionate, and faithful farewell letter to her father. The effort cost her great suffering of mind and body. Bolstered up in bed, with a tearful eye and a trembling hand, she day by day, as her strength would allow, went on with her work till it was finished, and then the burden was felt no more; she had nothing to live for longer. The peace of Heaven filled and overflowed her soul; she laid her head upon the pillow, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"But that farewell letter! Of its contents I will not write. It was such a letter as an affectionate, pious, dying child would naturally write to an irreligious, worldly, and aged father whom she should not see again until the judgment-day, and who had hitherto withstood all appeals and hardened his neck under the severest chastisements. The letter was signed and sealed in her presence, to be forwarded as soon as she was dead. This was done, and the mail carried it safely to the bereaved father. What impression it made on his mind at the time is not known; but it had no effect on his outward life. The solemn and deeply affecting farewell appeal of his child was unheeded amid the cares of business and the pursuits of the world. The letter was read and put away from sight in his desk among other letters and papers of little or no interest. The faith of God's dear dying child seemed to be void. The bread had been upon the waters a long while, and there were no signs of good to come from it. It seemed to all who knew him that that hardened and aged sinner would die as he had lived; but stop! A thousand years with the Lord are but as a day. There is yet one unseen tie holding that sinner within reach of mercy. *The promise is sure.* Years wear away. Twelve summers have fled since the hand that feebly traced that letter lay mouldering in the dust; and during all those years that father continued his course of ungodliness and all-engrossing worldliness. But suddenly the hand of disease is laid upon him. Wearisome days and nights are appointed unto him; his strength gradually fails him; he begins to feel that his days are numbered. Confined to his room, he at length endeavours to arrange his worldly matters with reference to the fearful change which he saw was inevitable and nigh. In examining some papers one day he drew out the long-forgotten farewell letter which a beloved child's love had dictated and a dying saint's prayers and tears had embalmed. With a trembling hand he takes it and with a bursting heart he reads it—every word of it. The Spirit of God had dictated that epistle, had inspired it, and the hour has come for it to do its work. Oh, that letter! it is as one sent from the dead to warn him. The image of his loved lost one is before him bathed in tears, silently beseeching him to make his peace with God. There comes a voice from that letter so familiar and so loving that he cannot but listen, and at the same time so solemn and so in earnest that he is startled and made to tremble. Death is preaching to him now, and conscience is preaching as never before. The promise of God is being verified: 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' That bread which a child, twelve years before, had cast forth from her death-bed, now brought life and peace to her father's soul. Alone in his chamber, with only that letter to admonish and entreat after all other means and instrumentalities had failed, that aged father prostrated himself before his God, opened his heart to religious truth, and gave evidence before death that he had found forgiving mercy." J. M. S.

A MOTHER'S FAITH.

JANE L—— belonged neither to the great nor to the wise of this world, and she scarcely ever saw God's word opened without expressing the regret of not having learned to read. Notwithstanding many wants, this woman possessed a fervent faith. Her circumstances were far from cheering, her husband was careless about religion, and all her children had, contrary to her wishes, been brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. One promise of the Bible especially had forcibly struck her mind, and had an abiding place there. It was this: "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God." (John xi. 40.) Jane's trust and cheerfulness were admirable, even in circumstances which would have cast down many others. One evening, for instance, the prayer-meeting had ended later than usual, and, finding her door locked, she quietly said, "When my children are converted, they will leave off behaving in that way, and I believe that I shall witness in them the glory of God." A pious clergyman visited Jane frequently, and marvelled at her faith, for years succeeded to years, and matters seemed almost to grow worse: her sons were more and more opposed to religion. Such cases sometimes occur in pious families, and may be explained thus: the conscience of a child brought up under a Christian influence is never quite asleep, but he carries along with him a sting of which he cannot get rid. To quiet this conscience and to escape its appeals, he tries to plunge more deeply than others into sin, but he gives himself needless trouble, for sooner or later his parents' prayers will reach him. Such was Jane's hope. However, very often whilst her pastor was praying with her in the kitchen, sounds of laughter and jesting were heard in the next room. One day the eldest son, who was taking his meal as the minister left the house, said to him, "For my part I prefer a good dinner to your long prayers." A week after this the pious mother stopped her pastor after morning service, asking him to visit her son, who was ill. He replied, "But he will not receive me; you know that he does not like me." "Come all the same; if he won't see you to-day, return to-morrow, and the day after, until he relents." "But I have not the time; I have other people to see, and pressing work to do." A tear shone in the poor mother's eyes as she said, in a tone of tender reproof, "You have no time to do good to my son?" The minister promised, and called the next day, but what a change he found! There on a bed of sickness was stretched that young man; now he had done with laughing; he wept, and at intervals screamed. He held his mother's hand tightly, and could bear no one else beside him. Sometimes he rolled on his couch in the anguish of his soul, crying "Mercy, mercy on a poor sinner!" As soon as he saw the minister he moved as though he would spring to meet him, but he was already too weak. "Pray for me!" said he immediately. A prayer was offered, but hardly terminated when he said, "Pray again; I am not pardoned yet!" The mother and her pastor prayed by turns, but it was never enough. It seemed as in the time of Israel's fighting in the desert, when no victory could be obtained without constant uplifting of hands towards the throne of the Almighty. At last the patient sank into a calm sleep, and the minister went home full of hope in God's promises. His last thought that night was for the poor young man; but hardly had he gone to rest when a little messenger knocked at his door, saying, "Pierre L—— is dying, and wants to say good-bye to you." No time was lost. It was a cold, bright night in February; across the country could be heard the shouts of several recruits who were going to take the place of their comrades, fallen a few months before on the battle-field. What a contrast between that noise and the silence of a death-scene! Pierre's bed had been carried into the large kitchen, for there had been lack of air in his room. The whole family were kneeling; even one brother enlisted that morning, holding in his hands his hat with its coloured ribbons. The sick man said to them, "I wish to speak once more to you, for we have have all been very guilty. The only Christian among you is our mother. We might have known it long ago, and yet how we have troubled her! Oh father! oh brothers! turn to our mother's faith. How could I die if her Saviour was not my Saviour? Ah! if ever again in this house that dear mother is annoyed for her faith—" and he lifted his arms threateningly from under the coverlid. Here his strength failed him, and he fell back exhausted. That night were parents kneeling and children sobbing in that same room where so often they had mocked. The day was dawning when the minister returned to his house. A child of God, a humble peasant took his place by the sick man. Just as the first rays of the sun shone through the windows Pierre awoke, looked around him, put his arms on the neck of his Christian friend, who was bending over him, and called out, "My Saviour, I come;" then the arms fell back. Pierre had died embracing a child of God, and was henceforth and for ever united with the saints in glory. After the funeral the minister returned home with the afflicted family. All, but especially the father, were deeply moved by what they had heard. "And you weep too, dear Jane," said her pastor. "Yes, I do; but it is with joy. Have I not told you that I should see the glory of God?"

Ah! mothers, who read these lines, many of you suffer; you have godless husbands, and children careless of their souls. You weep to-day; do not doubt; hope against hope, do not cease praying; should you pray twenty years or more without evident result, one day joy will fill your heart. Many, many experiences have been to that effect, and our dear Saviour Himself has said, "If thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God."

A. R. DE V.

Notices of Books.

Our Duty to Animals. By Mrs. Bray. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A profusely illustrated little volume for the schoolroom, a useful help to the teacher in inculcating lessons of kindness to the dumb creation.

Poor Little Charlotte; or, the Evils of Intemperance. London: S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row.

A very interesting account of a little girl whose trials began in very early life, but who was made the instrument of much good to her intemperate father.

The Fight Ended; or, Mother Nature's Call on Dame Europa, and the Talk they had. By the Rev. J. H. G. Price 3d. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "Agatha"—"R. R."—"A. W. G."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

MARY HAMILTON'S EXPERIENCE.

> "Perhaps the dreaded future
> Is less bitter than I think;
> The Lord may sweeten the waters
> Before I stoop to drink,
> Or if Marah must be Marah,
> He will stand beside the brink."

IN some life-histories there are times when prayer is not alone a privilege, but a stern necessity, but for which the sorely-tried spirit would sink beneath its burden—when such experiences have to be passed through that if the heart could not pour itself out in prayer it would break under the tension put upon it. Such an experience had come to Mary Hamilton, and she stood quietly by the window lifting her heart in prayer to God for strength ere she turned to meet her husband, whom she heard approaching the kitchen-door, speaking in loud angry tones to the servant. Mary left the window then, and stood in the doorway waiting to welcome him, but Gilbert Hamilton pretended not to see her, and continued to address himself to Margaret, the stout maid-of-all-work, who by a strong effort kept down the tide of angry words roused in her heart. One look at her mistress's pale face was sufficient. Margaret bit her lips, resolving that she would *not* retort, "though to be sure," she said to herself, "he is enough to urge a flint, and if it warn't for missis, I wouldn't stop in the house another minnit, that I wouldn't! but it grieves me to see her, poor thing! a-growing so thin and shadder-like, and to think how patient she is with that tyrant of a man, even when he goes and gets in them awful tempers of his. I'm sure it's amazin'; if it warn't for the grace of God in her heart she couldn't stand it like she does, I know!" Having arrived at this conclusion, Margaret went off to the dairy, taking no apparent notice of her master's last remark, which was "that it seemed to him as if there had been nothing done since he left home in the morning," adding sarcastically, "except, indeed, you've been holding a prayer-meeting." A flush came to Mary's face at this sneer, and Margaret's tongue ached to reply that her mistress had been working like a slave all day, but she wisely refrained, and left the husband and wife together. Mary poured out the tea which Gilbert usually took with his evening meal, and placed the cup and saucer at the side of his plate, but he dashed it to the ground, and with a muttered oath pushed back his chair, and strode from the house. With a sad heart the weary wife watched him cross the fields towards the village, knowing that it would most likely be midnight ere he returned; and as she turned again to her household duties her aching heart could only grasp the one promise, "As thy day thy strength shall be." Yet it was powerful to comfort her, and to nerve her for coming trial, and over and over again she repeated the words as she sat far on into the night awaiting her husband's return, and when at last his unsteady footstep sounded in the passage, and she met the unmeaning gaze in his eyes which told her he was the worse for liquor, even then the ejaculatory prayer which went up to God for strength was answered, and the weak woman was nerved with strength of will and heart to keep calm, and collected courage to persuade him to go at once to bed. He did not offer resistance, and she guided him upstairs quietly, lest anyone should hear, and soon his heavy breathing told he was asleep. From Mary's eyes sleep had fled, and wrapping a shawl around her, she kept a night's vigil by the side of her intoxicated husband, and thought sadly upon the past. Only four years ago she had come as a bride to this farmhouse with glad hopes of a bright future, and now her dreams had faded into nothingness, and hope had well-nigh turned into despair, so far as earthly joy went. Yet Mary possessed an inward peace now amid all this, which she had not possessed in those old days of joy and glee. She could say—

"A holier hope is mine, than lit my sunny days;"

and though at times life was to her a burden almost too heavy to be borne, yet she found God's strength made perfect in her weakness, and as yet had been enabled to hope on in spite of outward circumstances. When she married, both she and her husband were unconverted, both were the children of worldly parents, who had trained them without a thought of their eternal welfare, and as a consequence they, too, lived without the fear of God before them. On their wedding journey they one evening entered a crowded church, more from curiosity than from any other motive, but the sermon as an arrow struck home to Mary's heart, and from that hour she rested not until she found rest and peace in Jesus. Then it was that the system of persecution set in, not only did her husband turn against her, and endeavour to shake her faith, but the families on both sides were bitter in their animosity, and instead of the joy she expected to find in her new home, the young wife of six weeks had to stand alone and endure slight, coldness, and even harshness, from the quarters where she had hoped for sympathy, love, and protection. Mary was bitterly disappointed to perceive how thoroughly her husband resented her "new opinions," as he called them, and she shrank from the torrent of angry words which he poured forth when she told him that she felt it her duty to unite herself with some Christian Church. He swore a dreadful oath, and declared he would not have her a canting methodist, that he wished he had never seen her, and many other unkind speeches. Earnestly Mary prayed for guidance, and then, feeling it still her duty to profess herself a follower of the Lord, she quietly joined herself to a band of Christians in the village near. From that time Gilbert openly showed his annoyance, and on any excuse would prevent her from attending public worship either on Sunday or week-day. For two years Mary endured this, hoping that better days would come, and when a little daughter came to gladden her life she fondly hoped that the baby might win back for her her husband's love. Alas! the little flower only bloomed on earth for six weeks, ere it was transplanted to a fairer clime, and the mother's heart was left desolate, for Gilbert became more and more unkind, and day by day seemed more embittered than ever against Christianity, until four years had passed and brought the patient wife to this evening, when she watched the slumber of him who had vowed to love, honour, and protect her, but who, instead of so doing, made her life a wearisome state of bondage. This night she wrestled in prayer, and entreated for herself and her husband better days. "Let the morning break, O Lord; change his heart and bring him to Thyself," was the burden of her prayer, and when the next day dawned it found her still a watcher in that room, still pleading with God for the blessing. When the household began to be astir, she quietly took upon herself her usual duties with a calm spirit resting in God. She had rolled off her burden, and over and over again she repeated, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Eighteen months passed on, and the looked-for blessing came at last. God proved faithful to His promises, and Mary Hamilton, out of a full overflowing heart sang a song of thanksgiving. In the sanctuary where she had so often sat alone praying for her husband, she now sat down to witness his reception as a member of the Church. He acknowledged his wife's influence as he stated, "I owe my conversion under God to the prayers and consistent life of my dear wife. She has been the instrument to lead me to the Cross!" Mary wished she had been more trustful; how could she have doubted God's promises ever! she might have known that He would be true to His word, and she wished also that all who like herself had to pass through dark days and cloudy experiences could know how God had hearkened to her prayer and given her the desire of her heart, for Mary knew how the heart is apt to despair and grow weary of waiting. To all who are in similar circumstances she would say most earnestly, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee;" "O rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire." There is no sorrow much harder to bear than the knowledge that those dearest to us cannot enter into or understand the inner feelings of our hearts. Still harder is it when subjects that are life and joy to us are made matter for scorn, ridicule, and persecution; yet even this trial God's grace can enable the heart of woman to bear, as we see in Mary Hamilton's case, and though the blessing tarry long it will come at last. Waiting ones, who have prayed for long years for some dear one, who have borne patiently scorn and slight, but are ready to give up, look up to the hills from whence cometh your strength, and remember, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

L. St. C.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

I HAD a dream of heaven, that land of dazzling light,
Its streets of golden pavement and its walls of jasper bright;
The myriads of redeemed ones, who 'mid its glories roam,
The saints' much longed-for resting-place, his bright eternal home.

Oh, there were very many there whom I had loved below,
O'er whose dear memory many tears will oft in secret flow;
They're resting from their labours, their trials now are o'er,
In Jesu's likeness satisfied, and with Him evermore.

I thought I saw my Saviour, upon His great white throne,
I thought He looked on me with love, and claimed me for His own;

Interpreting the hidden thoughts, my yearning heart would speak,
"My child, I know thy little ones thou wouldst in glory seek."

And then with tenderest sympathy He bid me pass along,
Amid the rows of shining ones, the choir of endless song;
And safe amid the fadeless flowers, among the children's band,
My little girl and boy were there together, hand in hand.

I thought of them as last on earth, their dying heads we pressed,
And when beneath the grassy mound we laid them down to rest,—
But, oh, they were so lovely now, free from all tears and pain,
And yet so like they used to be, I knew them both again.

But while my throbbing heart beat high, I heard my Saviour say,—
"My child, thou must not linger here, but back to earth away;
No more to murmur at My will, no more to weep and grieve,
But these sweet folded lambs of thine, safe in My keeping leave.

"For they are safe; but those below still need thy tenderest care,
They yet must tread life's thorny path, do thou their feet prepare,
By daily watchfulness and prayer, by loving counsel given,
Train thou those noble boys of thine to join these two in heaven.

"Remember 'tis not mighty acts I ask thee to perform,
But in thy quiet, peaceful home, a lowly lot adorn;
And I will keep a place, a crown, a robe in store for thee,
And thou shalt dwell in endless bliss with these sweet babes and Me.

"Then go, my child, and labour on, for fleeting is thy day,
I'll cheer thee in thy weary hours, and help thee on thy way;
The journey may be steep and rough, but it will not be long,
Thy cross will then become thy crown, thy weeping turn to song."

AGATHA.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MARTHA REED.

MEMORABLE for many years to come will be the name of Dr. Andrew Reed, the founder of various charitable institutions, and one whose life was full of labours for the benefit of others. Less known by the world at large, his sister, Martha Reed, has a place even yet in the hearts of some who, though now hoary with age, remember her kindly ministrations to them in days of childhood. From the beautiful and tender "Life," which flowed from her brother's pen, we may quote some parts which may be deemed of interest to mothers. One of the earliest incidents noted by Andrew Reed respecting himself and his sister is that when they were quite young, for the benefit of their health, their parents sent them from London, which was their home, to Highgate, where they were placed in charge of a nurse. Here the deep attachment which brother and sister had already shown to each other was in danger of being broken, through the indiscretion of this person, who chose to pet the little girl and act harshly towards the boy. "We were constantly put in opposition," he says; "I was uniformly made subservient to her; if she cried I was forced to amuse her; if she desired my toys I was obliged to surrender them; if anything was to be enjoyed she was to be chiefly consulted, till I was in danger of concluding that in order to make her happy it was necessary to make me miserable." No doubt many mothers as well as nurses act thus, still, in this case, Martha's naturally affectionate disposition prevented the evil which might otherwise have occurred. At a very early age she was quick in applying to real life those precepts and truths which she heard from her parents, and it seems that in giving religious instruction to their children they were very successful in so conveying it that it should really touch the conscience, and not be a mere dead form learned by the head only. Martha Reed watching, as children will, the sayings and doings of those around her, would often come to her mother asking, "Is *that* right?" or "Can so-and-so love God?" yet there was nothing of the little Pharisee in this, a character which occurs sometimes amongst children, and which disgusts us even more in them than in older persons. Though generally obedient, diligent, and loving, Martha was of small account in her own eyes. Ere she had reached her twentieth year, through her brother's acceptance of a pastoral charge, he needed the services of his sister as his housekeeper. Here Dr. Reed remarks upon the fact that so few girls at home receive any sort of information, not only about home management, but also regarding the right use and expenditure of money. Anxious to deal honourably with all tradesmen, his sister was also careful to see that they did not, even in trifles, depart from what was just. "She took pains, therefore, to acquaint herself with the quality and quantity of articles delivered before they were used." But while acting, though thus young, the part of a good housewife, Martha Reed was constantly engaged in the work of mental improvement. Diligence in domestic affairs was good, but she had also to be her brother's companion, and in a sense his helpmate. This she truly was, and for years, until his marriage took place, Dr. Reed gratefully records how greatly her sympathy and her counsel helped him in his pastoral work. The heart of Martha Reed, however, was too large to be limited in its love. Going beyond her own immediate connections, she devoted herself to various works of usefulness. In these neither ill-health nor occasional discouragement caused her to relax her efforts, and towards the young she was especially drawn. Beginning with the Sunday-school, where her example soon had a notable influence upon her fellow teachers, she proceeded to set on foot a week-day working school, comprised of the senior children. These she took with her in small parties when she was engaged in visiting the poor; often on such occasions they carried with them articles they had themselves made; thus they were led to feel how many advantages they enjoyed which others did not possess, and also were taught to minister by their own efforts to the wants of the needy. As the years passed on, it became evident that her health, always delicate, was giving way. She was taken to Cheshunt, and here when a partial improvement took place, she employed herself in visiting the cottages for miles around. Sometimes a whole day would be employed in distributing tracts, instructing the young, and conversing with the old. Returning to London, she again engaged with heartiness in various duties connected with her brother's congregation; and one of her first employments was to renew her acquaintance, as far as she could, with those she had formerly taught, who were now engaged in the duties of life. The disease, however, returned, and increased in force. Again withdrawn from active work for Christ, she had a class of children brought around her couch, while she, propped up by pillows, gave to them that instruction which thus received could hardly fail to impress. Martha Reed died unmarried at the early age of twenty-eight.

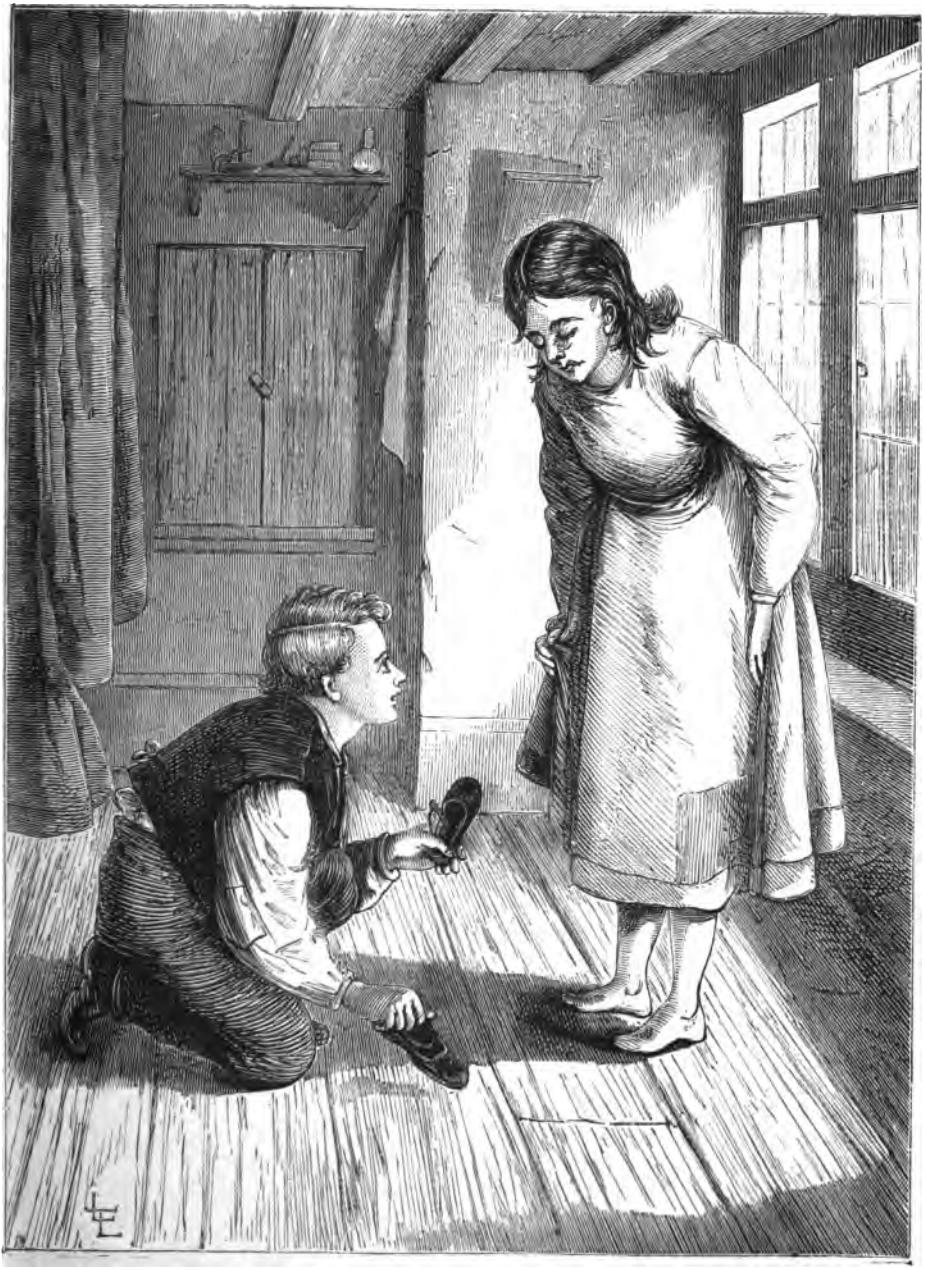
WHY SUNDAY-SCHOOLS FAIL SOMETIMES.

UNLESS parents, and especially mothers, do their duty, and co-operate with the Sunday-school, the best efforts of the teacher will be neutralised. The Sabbath-school is meant only to supplement home instructions. The parent is the first and chief religious instructor of the child, and is constituted such by the law of natural relationship and the law of God. There are no doubt many parents who cannot, and many who will not, train their families in the fear of God; and their children—orphans in religion—must find a father and mother in their teacher. Yet not even in such cases as these should the notion be tolerated that the Sunday-school flings the parent from his seat, or in any way releases him from the obligation to lead his child to the Saviour. The teacher's influence is weak compared with that of a parent, and when the more powerful force is antagonistic to the teacher, the Sunday-school instruction will fall on the child's heart like water on a rock. The sun must shine on the earth that the seed may germinate and bloom, and family religion must beam on the Sunday-school that it may blossom as the garden of the Lord.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JOE BLAKE'S TEMPTATION.

"WELL, I suppose this is a free seat," said Joe Blake, dropping down by the fence that fronted a fashionable drive. "I guess I'll just rest a bit; dear me, what a day's life I do lead anyhow, what with scoldings and hard work, and not half enough to eat then. I wish I'd never been born, I do." Joe was seated on the foundation of a strong iron fence; a gay throng of carriages, with liveried coachmen, and gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen, were passing up and down, and Joe continued his soliloquy. "Just see there now, it's mighty easy being good when a fellow lives like that; see that chap driving his pony-carriage as big as anybody, and there's another one not a bit bigger than me in the cutest little basket-carriage, and a pretty little girl with him that I s'pose is his sister. They haint nothing to do but ride about, with lots o' money in their pockets; and here sets a poor ragged, barefooted chap, without a halfpenny. Now, if that's right, I can't see it," said Joe, shaking his head slowly. "The teacher at that school last Sunday says God is everywhere, and sees all we do; if that's so, I wonder why he lets some of us have such heaps o' trouble." "Holloa, Fred, here's Parson Joe. Do you know he's turned saint, and goes to Sunday-school?" said a stout, coarse-looking boy, that just turned the corner to another boy. "I wish I had, there's need enough of it," said Joe, soberly. "What's the use," said Dick, with a laugh; "being good won't help us any, we may as well cruise around and take all the comfort we can." "Comfort, that's just what I'm looking for, and I want to be sure and get on the right track," said Joe. "Looking out for number one is the only way I know. Do you see that splendid brown stone front down there," and Dick pointed to a house a little way off; "well, that chap made his money by stealing." "Stealing," echoed Joe, opening his eyes in wonder. "Yes, I reckon it ain't anything else to cheat a man out of all he's got, is it?" exclaimed Dick, "and then folk think just as much of him as if he'd done something for his country; I tell you, it don't make much difference what a fellow does if he only has plenty of the ready to cover it up with. Being poor is the greatest crime there is now-a-days." "May be so," replied Joe slowly, "if there wasn't any God, and we hadn't got to die and answer for it all; the man at the school told us all about it last Sunday, and I can't help thinking about it all the time." "Well, I ain't a going to bother my head about that," said Dick, carelessly; "I don't think I shall die right off." "But we know we've got to die sometime, and it's just as likely to be to-morrow as any, so I guess it's as well to be ready." "Why that Sunday-school has given you the blues, Joe;



"Now for my shoes," said Elsie.—P. 80.

what's the use?" and Dick Duncan moved off, whistling for his comrades, not at all pleased with the turn talk had taken. Joe sat awhile and thought over the events of his past life; he tried hard to remember something about his mother, but he only had a vague sort of idea that she was very good and very beautiful; his father, he never cared to think about at all, for what child could love a drunkard, so that when he died, and Joe and his little sister came to live with an aunt, he could not mourn, for in reality they were better off than they had been for a long while, although his aunt was poor, and a little cross sometimes. "I wonder," thought Joe, "if Aunt Hannah will let me and Elsie go to that Sunday-school. I don't care what the boys say, I won't be laughed out of it; I'll ask her, anyhow." Full of his new project, Joe started for home on a run, and, much to his aunt's astonishment, bounded into the room where she was ironing, quite out of breath. "So you've come, eh! I didn't look for you this two hours yet, because there's something to be done; come, now, get some coal as quick as ever you can, and then I want these things carried round to Miss Oakley." Joe wisely concluded to do the work before asking the favour, and sped quickly on his errand. "Well, Joe, what is going to happen? I never knew you to do anything so quick before," said his aunt, as he came back. "Well, you see, aunt, I want to ask if Elsie and I can't go to Sunday-school." "Go to Sunday-school!" exclaimed Aunt Hannah, in astonishment. "What on earth put that in your head? How do you expect to get clothes to wear? I'm sure it's more than I can do to fill your mouths, let alone getting Sunday fineries." "Oh, we don't want any fineries, we can be clean and decent, and that's enough." "Well, suit yourself, but I don't see what you want to go for, for my part." Joe did not wait to hear any more, but bounded off to tell Elsie the good news. "Elsie! Elsie!" called Joe the next Sunday morning, bright and early, come, don't take another nap now, there's lots to do, and we must be there early." Elsie's sleepy eyes suddenly grew bright, and she was soon applying cold water pretty vigorously to her little person; this over, there were sundry strings to be tied, and pins to be placed, that Joe's clumsy fingers were not used to, for Aunt Hannah's morning nap was not to be disturbed. "Now for my shoes," said Elsie; "but they look worst of all; ain't they awful, though?" "I don't see anything the matter with *them*," replied Joe, holding up a new pair. "Oh, these ain't mine, Joe." "Yes they are, though, Miss Elsie. I earned those myself," Joe answered, a little proudly; "so you can put them on just as quick as you've a mind to." Elsie obeyed with considerable haste, and, after a scanty breakfast, they started off in very good humour.

(To be continued.)

HASTY WORDS.

"WELL, I'm sure, friends, in the first place, you'll say what right have you to speak, especially when you know I'm only a poor hard-working washerwoman, as had no edication to speak of when I was a little gal. Still, the story as I've got to tell may do you good, and may check many words as is angry and spiteful when you're tempted to speak rough to your children. Mind, I've seen a deal of evil through it; yes, I say, a great deal o' sufferin'; if there had only been a few kind words spoken, there would have been many as would have been led back to the right track again. Ah! there was a poor young thing I knowed of, not long ago, as had gone wrong; she was a lovin' sort of a body, as unkind words would sting to the heart, and it only wanted her parents to speak a few words that she was yearning to hear, but they wasn't spoken, only sour looks and unkind treatment, poor dear! I remember she come to me one night, soon after she'd come home, and she says, 'Oh, Mrs. Green, I know I've done wrong, I don't want to be always told that; my conscience tells me that; but it grieves me most of all to think mother won't love me as much as she used. I didn't expect as anyone else would care for me any more; but oh, I did think there would have been a little love left for me, even me. No one loves me; no, no one,' and the poor girl burst out crying. I tried to comfort her by saying how there was One who wouldn't in any wise cast out the most wretched and sinful as came humbly to Him, and told her of the poor woman that was brought before Jesus that He might, as them that persecuted her thought, tell her how greatly she'd sinned, and how great a punishment she deserved; but no, He didn't. He says to them, 'You that's without sin first cast a stone at her,' and, like sneaks as they was, they couldn't say nothing, but shrink quietly away; and when they was gone, Jesus said He didn't condemn her. 'Go in peace,' He says, 'and sin no more.' But it wasn't no use, the poor creature wouldn't be comforted. 'You sleep here to-night,' I says; 'you shall sleep in poor Katie's bed, as is under the green turf now, and in the morning I'll go and see mother, and ask her to forgive you, and it 'll all come right.' So I got her quietly off to sleep, and in the morning I goes and sees her mother, and do you think she would forgive her? No! 'Mrs. Payne,' I said, after trying to persuade her to act like a mother to her own flesh and blood, 'if you go on in them ways, as is so unforgiving, how can you expect God to forgive you? Doesn't He say, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses?"' After leaving that woman I went home and prayed as how she might know what it was for God to forgive her. The next morning her daughter was dragged out of the river dead. And now, in beginning my own story, I says to all mothers, when your children go astray and are overcome by evil habits, try to win 'em back by kind words, and, above all, pray for 'em. My husband was proud of our boy, seein' as he was the only one we had left, and I'm sure I don't know who wouldn't have been proud of that beautiful dark hair, and them dark eyes; and then the help he was to me, too, in bringing the washing for me; and then he'd turn the mangle for hours. When I used to ask him if his arm didn't ache, he would turn round and look at me with such a lovin' smile, and say, 'Nothing tires me, mother, if I'm doin' it for you,' Poor Fred's great fault was his strong, ungovernable temper. When he was a little boy I used to try and curb it a bit, but I couldn't, and all I felt as I could do was to go to Him as is so strong and mighty, as could help him to rule it. One day there was a few words about a very simple little thing between him and his father, and that was about a clothes-basket. Gradually one got hot, and at last they both came to very high words, and I heard Fred say, 'I shan't stand it any longer;' then he went out of the manglin'-room and slammed the door behind him, and we didn't see him any more till supper, when he looked as if he had cooled down a bit; but his father wouldn't say 'good night,' and when he kissed me before goin' to bed, I noticed his eyes fixed on me that wistful-like as he was a leavin' the room, as much as to say, 'Well, I'll take a good look of you now, for it is a long time before I shall see you again.' I couldn't think he meant leavin' his home by what he said, but all night long these words would come rushin' into my head, and I couldn't sleep. It must have been about four o'clock, I should imagine, that I heard the front-door latch turn, and the thought came into my mind, 'Perhaps that's Fred;' but I tried to think it was nonsense, and to go to sleep, and soon after I sank into a nice little snooze. Something seemed to prompt me to go to his room to call him earlier than usual; but there was no one there, and when I looked at his pillow there was a little note pinned to it, addressed to me, telling us how he was uncomfortable with his father, and he had gone for a sailor aboard the 'Ocean Queen,' as had set sail for India at six that very morning. Well, in course, my husband went down to St. Katherine's docks, as the vessel was to set sail from, and when he got there he found the vessel had left about six or seven hours before. So all we could do was to wait till we heard from our poor Fred. That night we kneeled down together and prayed, as the kind and loving God who'd watched over him so long, would protect him on the water; and when there came a great storm, that He'd say as on the Lake of Galilee, 'It is I, be not afraid,' 'Peace be still.' After we'd finished prayer I rose up from my knees, so trustful and calm-like, because I felt He would answer my prayer, though afterwards in a way I did not expect. Well, God's ways aren't like our'n. I should think it must have been a year afore we heard from him, and then it was such a letter; oh! I shed tears of joy readin' it, when it told how grieved and sad he was he'd left us both in such a tiff, and beggin' forgiveness for all his past unkindness, saying, too, that if God willed, the 'Ocean Queen' 'ud be in port, they expected, that day three months. But the best news was to come; Fred said how there was a good army chaplain aboard as asked him if his vessel was chartered for the great port, and was his name written in the great log book; that's Fred's words. 'He was no how sure,' he said; then the good man begged him to think of the place as he was bound for; he couldn't get rid of them words, and at last the angels rejoiced over one repentant sinner, and said, 'Behold he prayeth.' Now, my boy said, he felt he could say where he was bound for, he knew his sins, though many, were forgiven by the mercy of the Sinless One; 'then, mother, if the vessel should go down,' he said, 'we shall all meet in the great harbour above, where there are no storms nor tempests.' About a month after that, one evening I'd bought a paper, but hadn't looked at it 'cause I was waitin' for my husband to read it to me after supper; he'd just finished, and was folding the paper, when my eyes caught these words, in great large letters, 'Loss of the "Ocean Queen" and all hands aboard.' He was only a minute dashing it down under the table, but too late, it had caught my eyes, and I felt a kind of mist comin' over them, and a thickness in my throat, and didn't remember no more for three weeks; when I first come to, I heard some one praying by my bedside, and a sort of tinkling of bells, all the muddle seemed to go away, and there was Jem a sayin' how I was the only one he had left, and beggin' so hard, too, that God would spare my life. Well, I got well, but never was quite the same woman again. I seemed to be more bent, and the rheumatiz' troubled me more; as for my poor old man, why he looked twenty years older, and often used to say, if it hadn't been for him, perhaps, Fred 'ud have been alive and well now. I never could say nothin', but used to walk to the window as he shouldn't see my eyes was full of tears. Just under the date of his birth, in the old family Bible, I wrote these words, 'Lost at sea in the "Ocean Queen," June 25th, 1862.' Ah! I often think as I lay awake of a night, if you'd laid under the green turf in Old England, I should have been able to have planted flowers on your grave, but God sees fit as it shouldn't be so; and, after all, what He wills is best, though we mayn't be able to see it. And now I am childless, waitin' for the summons to come for the sea to give up her dead, or the still, small voice sayin', 'Friend, come up higher,' that shall unite me with my son, not lost, but just gone before."

A. W. G.

EFFICACY OF A MOTHER'S TEARS.

WILLIE was a bright blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little boy, three years old, when his mother, during a conversation with him, wished him to say, "Yes, mother," in reply to her. He sullenly refused. She reasoned and persuaded, but all to no purpose; for he repeatedly refused. The mother, taking the advice of the wise man, applied the rod, but seemingly to no purpose. Again and again did she remonstrate, and again and again apply the rod. In this way she spent three hours, and he still remained stubborn. The mother feeling the awful responsibility then resting upon her, and foreseeing the train of evil consequences that must follow a failure on her part, fell upon her knees, and before God wept bitter tears for her darling son. It was enough; his heart, before so stubborn, was melted; embracing and kissing her most affectionately, he feelingly said, "I will say 'Yes, mother,' I will say 'Yes, mother.'" Then sobbing, he kissed her again and again. Ever after she had but to make a request, and his hearty response, "Yes, mother," was immediately heard.

Mothers, never despair! Your influence over your little ones is mysterious and powerful. In the midst of temptations and sorrow it is like a guardian angel, and may guide them through life.

TOO LATE AT SCHOOL.

"SMITH! why do you always come late?" This was the question put one morning by the master of a busy school to a boy who generally made his appearance about twenty minutes after the regular hour. "Please, sir, mother couldn't get me ready sooner," answered the boy. "And why not?" "Please, sir, mother's always in such a hurry of a morning." The master knew the cause well enough; for he had made a point of calling at the homes of his late-coming scholars, and there he saw that want of order not only created much discomfort, but threw everything behind for the rest of the day. He knew that a word in season could often be communicated to parents through their children, and after a pause he looked round and inquired, "Can any boy tell me how to make sure of being in time at school?" No one answered, though several of the scholars looked as if they could have told, but had not courage enough. "Listen, boys," said the master, "the way to keep proper time through the day is to begin early. If you begin late, then there is nothing but hurry and drive to make up for lost time, or else you must be late for the rest of the day. If, instead of getting up at half-past seven you would rise half-an-hour earlier, you would be able to get yourselves washed and to eat your breakfast without any hurry, and have plenty of time to get punctually to school instead of coming with half a breakfast, with uncombed hair, or unwashed hands and face, as many of you do. Half-an-hour gained before breakfast is worth an hour at night; and what is more, by not having to hurry much ill-temper is avoided." "But how can we help it, master?" asked two or three of the boys. "You can do something; although getting breakfast early may not depend on you. Perhaps if you begin to get up an hour sooner in the morning others will follow your example. At all events, you could brush your clothes, clean your shoes, and wash yourselves. At seven years of age boys ought to be able to do those things. They would learn industry and self-reliance, to trust to themselves, and so avoid giving trouble to others." Many of the boys had never before thought that they could be of use at home, and some of them made up their minds to try and follow their master's recommendation.

He is a wise teacher who knows how to make even the example of children useful.

LIFE IN HEAVEN.

PERHAPS God saw how hard the life of the little child might be,
And so in tenderness He said, "Bring the little one to Me;"
And thus, ere scarce the baby-feet the path of life had pressed,
Before the little heart could know the warmth of mother's breast,
A bright angel swift descending, bent with a smile of love,
Over the little new-born babe, born for the world above;
And with a mother's tender care it laid it on its breast,
And on the little forehead fair, a warm kiss softly pressed.

Then by the mother unseen stood and very gently said,
"God calls the child to go to Him, your darling is not dead,
And very, very carefully, with love in my strong arm,
I'll bear your babe to carry it beyond all reach of harm."
Then spreading wide its snowy wings up through the sky so blue,
Leaving the dim earth far behind, with joy the angel flew;
Right onward through the golden gates, which open wide were thrown,
Until before the throne of God it laid its burden down.

And the angels gathering round it, looked with a deep delight
Upon the little gathered flower that was to bloom in light:
And as they gazed with loving eyes upon the tiny child,
Life dawned upon the little face, for lo! the baby smiled.

Then to one angel was the babe given with gentle love,
That she with all a mother's care might cherish it above,
Until the one, to whom on earth this little one was given,
Should come through the same golden gates and meet her child in heaven.

Then from the happy angel-throng a hymn of thanks arose
For the pure little soul now saved, free from all earthly woes,
And all the little children there, a shining happy band,
Welcomed with joy the little babe into the happy land.

J. E. B.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

A CHEAP BREAD PUDDING.

Collect together any quantity of pieces of bread, both crust and crumb. Pour over them cold water just enough to cover them, and let them remain all night or several hours. When ready to bake the pudding, grease a dish with dripping. Put the soaked bread through a colander, and add, according to the quantity of bread, an egg or two, skim-milk, some sugar and dripping, and a little spice. Less than an hour will bake it.

Notices of Books.

Clarie's Little Charge. London: J. F. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

A little book which cannot be read without deep interest. It is well suited for nursery and Sunday-school libraries.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our best thanks to the author of "Old Peter Pious," &c.—"L. St. C."—"J. R. S. C.," "Ernest."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

JENNY AND HER CHARGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS," &c.

"NOW Jenny, my lass, I've come to my last hour, take care of poor grandmother; you've done your duty by me, and more than your duty." "Nay, grandfather, not more than my duty. I thank God He has helped me to do my best." "Ah, it *has* been your best; you've kept me alive by your loving care; this has been the Lord's reward to you, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish will be upon you. It will be well with you, Jenny, for you have honoured your parents and your grand-parents; you've had a long, weary time of it, but it will soon be over now." "Oh, grandfather, when warm weather comes you may mend." "Yes, Jenny, I shall be made over again, and be young and fresh, but it will be in the better land where 'the inhabitant shall no more say I am sick.'" Jenny tried to speak, but her voice was choked with tears, and her grandfather said, "Don't fret, Jenny; we shall meet again, for the blessed Saviour's sake. He is precious to us both I know." "Oh yes, grandfather—you taught me to love Him, when father and mother died, but I don't know what I shall do without you; how shall I comfort grandmother? She will take on so when you are gone." "Read to her out of the Holy Bible, and the Lord's precious consolation will comfort you both." Jenny kissed her grandfather and wept upon his neck. The old man entered into his rest a few days after this talk with Jenny, and remembering her grandfather's charge, the poor girl roused herself from her sorrow to cheer and help her grandmother. The aged widow was bowed to the earth, her spirit was sorely stricken, but the thought of her grand-daughter made her look up, and she said, "Thank God for sparing you to me, Jenny; poor grandfather was sure you would not leave me, and it won't be for long that I shall want you. I mustn't break your young heart by making *over*-grief, for we know where he is gone, and we know where we are going; we know we shall meet again, and the parting won't be for long. I'm so glad, Jenny, you stayed with us, and did not go to service, though you would have learned a vast deal." "True, grandmother, but I've learned far more here, and I've seen what I might not have seen elsewhere,—I've seen holy living and happy dying, and I've learned the way to heaven." "Ah, my child, that you have, and thank God for it; but you've lost your teacher and your pattern." "I've lost one, but while you live, grandmother, it will be my own fault if I don't go on learning." "Ah, Jenny, you'll be but a poor scholar if you wait for my teaching; I never could talk like your grandfather, though folks do say a woman's tongue is more ready than a man's." "Oh, grandmother, as long as you try to act like the Lord Jesus Christ, I can see the right pattern, and I can learn if you talk ever so little, and I have learned from you what grandfather told me you had taught him." "Why, whatever was that?" "To be content with such things as we have." "Well, Jenny, I do hope that lesson I have learned for my own comfort. It is a good many years now since I set myself to the task, but the Lord was a patient teacher, and He taught me in the school of trial the blessedness of contentment, and then came the promise true again and again, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" "Yes, I remember grandfather showed me that I must first practise the precept to be content, then I should find the promise would follow." "To be sure, they both go together; you will find it, if you look, in Heb. xiii. 5; and there is nothing like being content with our daily portion for making us happy. It keeps us from fretting and coveting. Besides, when we know it is our Heavenly Father's ordering, we ought to believe it must be right; though it may not be always savoury food, it will be always wholesome diet, and perhaps a bitter draught, now and then, as medicine. Ah, Jenny, and this last *has* been a bitter draught, the stomach loathes it, but my God has mixed it; I won't rebel and dash the cup away; no, He loves me too well to give me any thing that will not work together for good." The old woman buried her head in her hands, and wept tears of meek submission. Jenny cried with her, and wondered to have heard so much from her grandmother, who was always known as a woman of few words. But sorrow had opened her heart, and her feelings found vent in speech: the thought of Jenny having no one left but herself, urged her to speak more freely than she was accustomed to do. "Let us pray," said she to Jenny, as soon as she recovered herself from that outburst of grief. They knelt together, and silence was at first the prayer that brought comfort from above. Then the words came, "O Lord Jesus, who wept for Lazarus, Thou canst feel for us; comfort us in our sorrow, and teach us lessons from it." A pause followed, and in silence the heart sent up its petitions to the Throne of Grace. When they rose from their knees they felt helped, for had they not laid their trouble before Him who is mighty? and though Jenny had often heard long prayers, she never felt more comforted, and she thought of the lines—

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye
When none but God is near."

Prayer is really casting our care on God, whether we offer few words or many. It is the heart going to God. Many a prayer is without speech, but no prayer can be without heart.

(*To be continued.*)

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

JOE BLAKE'S TEMPTATION.

IT is needless to follow Joe and Elsie to know how well they were taught from God's Holy Word, but at the close of the school you might have seen two very bright happy-looking children wending their way towards the old tenement, and when they rushed in with a New Testament which their teacher had given them, even aunt Hannah's frostiness melted before their sunny smiles, for she was not naturally an ill-tempered person. She did not seem to notice them much, but couldn't help hearing their chat, as they sat looking at their books on an old lounge by the window. "Well," she muttered, "it won't hurt 'em anyhow, and if they're only still and out of mischief, that's worth something." Now, if the truth must be told, Joe, like most boys of his age, was a great "teezé;" and if no way of bothering aunt Hannah or Elsie suggested itself to his fertile brain, he was pretty sure to pounce upon the cat and keep up a commotion in some way; so it was no wonder his aunt felt relieved. From that time Joe began to improve; he was regular in his attendance at school; before this he had been very fond of playing truant and roving about the streets, now he was up early helping his aunt, and after school-hours he ran errands for shop-keepers and earned many a copper that was now carefully saved to buy comfortable clothing for the winter. Autumn faded, and winter came with its icy blasts, bringing privation and suffering to many a humble home; and aunt Hannah, work hard as she would, saw pinching times. One morning, after a particularly scanty breakfast, Joe proposed to his aunt to stay at home and try to find some work. He thought he could get some odd jobs and help a little: his aunt did not oppose him; so, taking his cap, he dashed down the street at a break-neck pace. As he reached the corner, he halted a moment to watch some boys that were hanging on behind a passing coach; the driver happening to spy them, cracked his whip backwards, and the boys ran off rubbing their heads. "You got it that time, didn't you?" shouted Joe as he turned to go up the street. Just then he looked down and saw something black lying just off the pavement; he hit it with his foot first, and then stooping down saw it was a well-filled pocket-book. How his heart bounded as he slid it into his pocket and walked slowly on. "What shall I do?" thought Joe; "some rich man has lost it, and never will miss it; what lots of good it would do us, though; wouldn't we have good times! and nobody will know it!" And then came a second thought: "It is not mine,—have I any right to keep it? God sees me too, and I never could look my teacher in the face again, never. I can't keep it," ejaculated Joe earnestly. "But what shall I do? I can't show it to aunt Hannah." Joe thought a moment, his face brightened, and he ran on. Now children that have always had enough of everything, can scarcely form any idea of Joe's struggle. What would have been a simple act of justice in such an one, was perfect heroism in Joe. He found something to do, and before noon had earned enough to buy a loaf and a bit of meat; with these he ran off home, and giving them to his aunt, slipped into his bedroom and safely hid his treasure; though not before he had discovered that it was well filled with bank-notes, and that, in one side, was a letter addressed to Simon Archer, No. 14, —— Street. "There, that must be the man's name," thought Joe; "I'll ask my teacher what to do." Full of this idea, he started off down the street, slowly for him, for he was thinking what to do next, when some one clapped him on the shoulder, and a pleasant voice said, "How are you getting on?" Joe looked up, it was his teacher. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you, I want to ask you what to do;" and he told him all about his finding the pocket-book, and the name in it. He did not keep back anything, not even his temptation to keep it. "Well, my boy, you've done nobly; now I would advise you to take it to this man, and see if it belongs to him, and if not, I will advertise it for you. Here is my address, if you wish to see me at any time, so good-bye for now." It was late in the afternoon when Joe started for Mr. Archer's, as he knew most business men were not at home until then. He was not long in finding the place, and felt a little timid as he rang the bell. "Can I see Mr. Archer?" he asked of the servant. "What can you want with him, I'd like to know?" said the girl crossly, glancing down at his patched clothes. "I want to speak with him, if you please," replied Joe, with some spirit. "Well, I'll see." Joe waited on the steps, and in a moment a pleasant, elderly-looking man came out, and inquired his errand. "Have you lost anything, sir?" asked Joe, cautiously. "Well, I should rather think I have; but what do you know about it, boy? Have you found a pocket-book?" "Yes, sir, I have; will you please describe yours; I think this must be it," said Joe, grasping it tightly in his pocket. "Come in, and we'll see about this: where did you find it? I want to know all about it." Joe told his story in a straightforward, manly way, and Mr. Archer listened in silence. "Now, my boy, what sent you here? Was there a letter in it directed to Simon Archer, and a number of bank bills?" "Yes, sir, it's all right," and Joe handed it over. Mr. Archer counted the money; not any gone: then he glanced at Joe's torn cap and patched clothes. "Well, I am glad to see you are an honest boy, and if you will come to my office, in —— Street, I can give you a place where you can do better than you seem to be doing now; and here is something for your present wants" (handing him a piece of gold). "Thank you, sir, I didn't expect any reward; I only did what I thought was right." "That's it, always stick to that and you will be sure to prosper," said Mr. Archer briskly. "Now, my lad, I shall look for you in a day or two." Joe carried a light heart home that night, and when he told the story to his aunt and Elsie, they could hardly credit it; the gold was quite a little fortune to them. The result of it all was that Joe got a good situation, and is now in a fair way to make an active, upright business man. Aunt Hannah and Elsie are seeing brighter days, and all are learning to put their trust in the Giver of all these mercies; while Dick Duncan is now spending a few months in prison. E. L.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN ANNE OF DENMARK.

NOT many people know much about Queen Anne, the wife of King James the First; though everybody has heard, at least, the name of the Queen Anne who reigned over these islands after William and Mary. Yet the Anne we are about to speak of is an interesting character, as being the first queen who reigned with her husband over the whole of Great Britain, and there are several particulars in her life-story worth remembering. Her portrait represents her with a hat, resembling those called Alpine hats, now sometimes worn, wearing ear-rings and having a profusion of short curls. Again, of late years, we have formed a royal connection with Denmark, and the Princess of Wales is deservedly ranked high in the regards of our people. But how did James the Fifth of Scotland come to make choice of a Danish Princess? it might be asked. He and his mother, Mary, had long been on friendly terms with that land, and the king had done his best to clear Mary of the accusation thrown out against her. Still she wished her son James to marry a Swedish princess, and our Queen Elizabeth, who thought she ought to have a voice in his affairs, wanted him to choose a Swedish lady. However, he preferred to choose for himself, and as the King of Denmark promised the Orkney and Shetland Islands as a wedding gift, the Scottish people were also well pleased. The marriage was by proxy (an odd fashion in those days), and the newly-made queen started for Scotland, in August, 1589, her husband anxiously awaiting her. The weather being bad, the vessels were twice driven back, and at last she had to land at Upsala, in Norway, not a very agreeable place in which to pass the winter. When he heard this, James resolved to fetch her himself, and after various perils he brought her home in triumph. There are many things about King James which we must blame, but we cannot but admire his regard for his wife, which was certainly one redeeming point. In a letter to her, on one occasion, he says, "I thank God I carry that love and respect for you which by the law of nature I ought to do to my wife and the mother of my children, but not for that ye are a king's daughter, for whether ye are a king's or a cook's daughter, ye must be alike to me, being once my wife." She had, rather unwisely, in a letter to him, insisted upon her grand descent, when he refused to grant her some request. On her arrival in Scotland, the people received her joyously, and the townsfolk of Edinburgh presented her with a box in purple velvet, on which was embossed an A in diamonds, and it contained jewels worth 20,000 crowns. One of her first trials seems to have been after the birth of her eldest son, Henry. She was most anxious, like a true mother, to have him always near her; the king, however, for state reasons, said that the infant should be brought up by the Countess of Mar. She was allowed to see him now and then, but he naturally at those times treated her as a stranger, and caressed those who had the care of him. Then she, very unwisely, tried to take away her boy by some stratagem from these people; the plan, being found out, was stopped, and her husband persisted in his refusal to let her have him, though Anne reminded him that she had left all her dear friends in Denmark to come to him. Her next child, Elizabeth, lived to become a very famous Protestant-queen in Bohemia, and one of the ancestors of our own good monarch. Then Anne had a second son, afterwards Charles the First, and another named Robert Bruce, who died early. In 1603, when her husband James of Scotland became also King of England, Anne had to leave the North, and though she was sorry to leave behind her her son Charles, she had then the privilege of having her eldest, Henry, restored to her. Charles was then in bad health, and the doctors thought at that time he would not live to become a man. In a letter which those who had charge of him wrote to the Queen, they say, "Although yet weak in body, he is beginning to speak some words. He is far better yet of his mind and tongue than of his body and feet." Poor little prince! and he was not much to be envied when he became a king. After the Queen came to England, she gave birth to a princess, Mary, in 1605, and another who was called Sophia, was born the next year, but died in a day or two; the Princess Mary lived until she was three years old, and then died after a short illness. Queen Anne, considering her naturally excitable temperament, bore this bereavement very patiently, so much so, that a nobleman in the court wrote about it to his wife, who was then in some trouble, remarking, "Other ladies take crosses with more resignation, as my mistress, the Queen, though she felt her loss, yet now it is irrevocable, beareth it well and wisely." She acted, however, with less discretion at the fatal illness of her son Henry, when she first avoided his sick-bed, for fear of contagion, and afterwards fell into violent transports of grief. Anne herself was not spared to reach old age; she became very unwell in the year 1617, and after lingering some months, died at the age of forty-six. This took place at Hampton Court, and her husband, the king, being himself ill in London, was away from her death-bed, as was also her daughter Elizabeth. But beside it stood Prince Charles and the Bishop of London, and to the latter, by holding up her hands when speech was gone, she was believed to signify that she was willing to depart.

J.R.C.S.

GOING HOME.

"I'M tired father; I wish I were at home," so said plaintively a little child, who, weary and footsore, was walking by the side of her father along a desolate and unknown path. The way was rough, and the shadows, rapidly stealing over the earth, told that night was approaching; sombre clouds hung in the air, through which the sun's rays penetrated fitfully and with a feeble light; and, as if to render the uninviting aspect more cheerless still, the wind suddenly rose, and with a doleful sound, swept round the hill-side up which the travellers were toiling. The tender feet of the child were chafed, and the keen, piercing blasts made her shiver as she went. Frequently she stumbled so, that had it not been for the strong hand of her father, she would inevitably have fallen. Tired with the long and difficult journey, she at length looked up piteously into his face, and gave expression to her heart's wish in the simple words given above. The father looked down compassionately as she spoke, and the tone of his reply was very gentle: "We have not far to go, dear; we shall soon reach home now." Presently an abrupt turn in the pathway brought them in sight of a cottage, nestled in a sheltered nook, to which noble trees and many-hued fragrant flowers imparted an indescribable beauty; and, at the same moment, a rift in the western clouds revealed a golden glory where the sun was sinking to rest, and flooded with resplendent light the little homestead. The sight inspired the child with fresh courage; clasping her father's hand tightly, she sped on with eager steps, and soon, in the delight of home joys, her weariness was forgotten.

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Nearly twenty years were carried down the stream of time into eternity's measureless ocean, and meanwhile the child grew up to womanhood. Through strange and perplexing experiences, known only to herself and the all-knowing One, she passed, hiding sorrows deep down in her heart, away from the world's inquisitive gaze and insufficient sympathy, until at length the tangled threads of life were unravelled by a Divine hand, and woven into a golden tissue of bright hopes. Then followed an interval of peace, during which the joys and responsibilities of wifehood and maternity became hers; but when a few more brief years only had thus passed, there arose a cloud so dark and impenetrable, as to exclude all the sunshine of her life. One beautiful evening in the month of May, while the sun was slowly sinking below the horizon, she, keeping vigil by the side of one dearer to her than life itself, witnessed the departure of his spirit from a world of shadows to the home above. Very lovingly she tended him, ministering with kind thoughtfulness to his every want, and bearing her weight of grief quietly, lest by its betrayal she should disturb or distress him. Soon the last fond words were softly breathed, the last lingering kiss and look of love given, and then, with his head pillowed on her faithful breast, he, like the sun going peacefully down, passed gently away into that world where all life's mysteries are revealed and made clear. Thus the light faded out of her life, and as she knelt in agony by the dear inanimate form of him she loved, the cry which escaped her was this: "I'm weary, *so* weary, take me home, my Father!"

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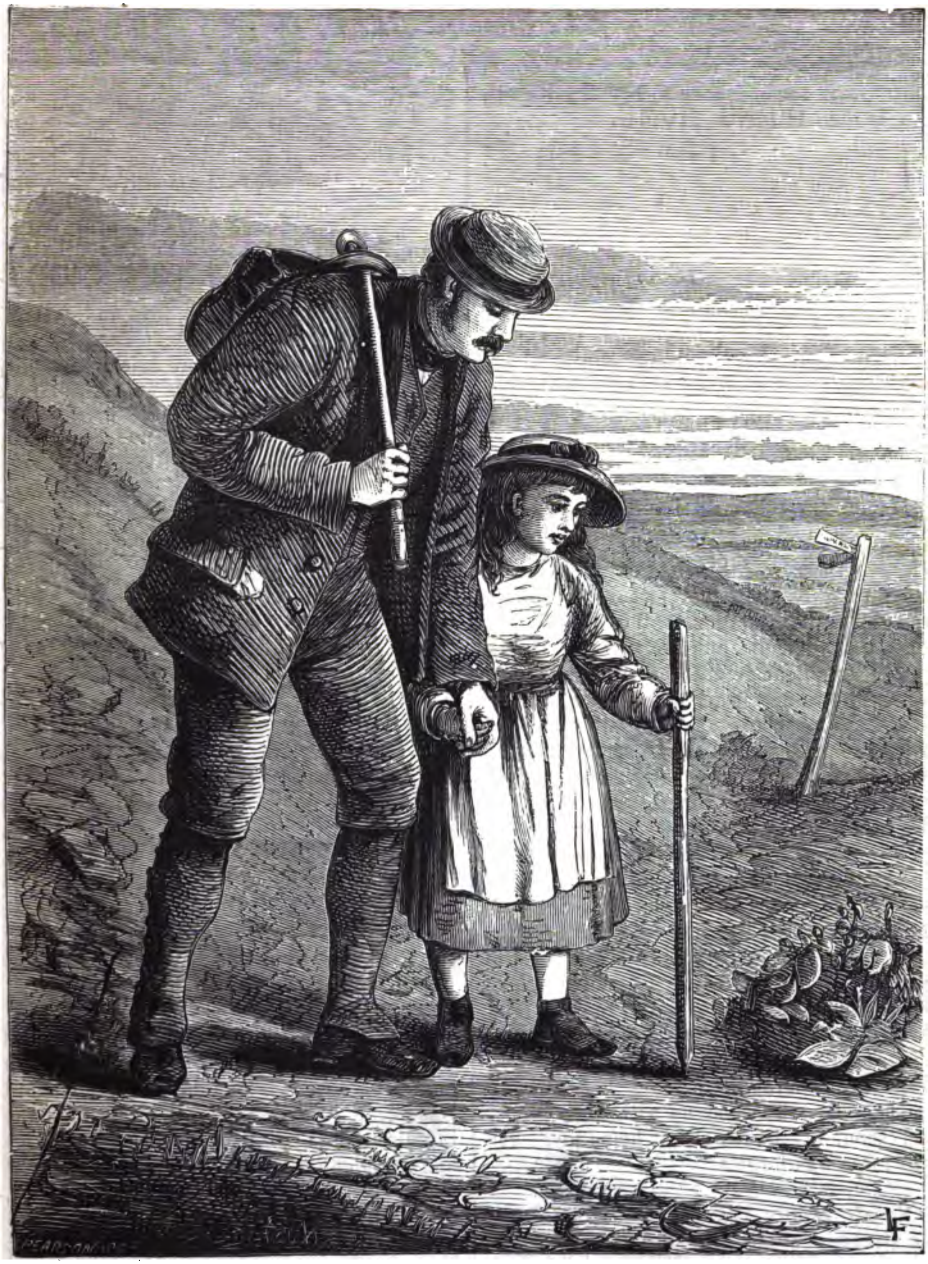
Time, ceaseless in its motion as the waves of the sea, again rolled on, and ten more years were added to the past; again Nature, in a glow of fresh young life, was rapidly unfolding her wondrous beauties and gladdening all hearts by the display of her unrivalled loveliness. While the soft breath of spring wafted sweet odours into the house on the hill-side, the widow died. Arrived at last at the end of the wearisome



"I'm tired, father; I wish I were at home."—p. 90.

journey, it seemed easy to her to lay down the burden of life, and even as she awaited the call of the messenger, there shone on her wasted features, a brightness more of heaven than earth, and a smile such as angels might wear. "Lead me to Thee," had long been her prayer, and now the beautiful mansions were in sight, where "there is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain." Resting in Jesus, whose merits alone were her passports to this blissful abode, she felt no fear, but waited calmly until she sank into a quiet, child-like sleep, and so went home.

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Home, *sweet* home; its doors are wide open now, and angels stand beckoning to all the tired ones of earth to direct their weary steps thitherward. To those whose hearts are sad with the thought of sin; to such as are bowed down by grief and suffer in silent anguish, for which they find no relief, to *all* who from any cause are weary and heavy laden, the voice of Jesus is speaking now in tones of grace and tenderness, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." ERNEST.

A MOMENT'S ANGER.

"FATHERS, PROVOKE NOT YOUR CHILDREN TO WRATH."

SIXTY years ago lived in Hamburg a numerous family. It might have been a happy one, for the seven children were healthy and intelligent, and the father's business and profits increased with each year. Alas! that father's tyrannical and quarrelsome temper was destined to mar the comfort of the whole household. If his wife had not been possessed of that meek and quiet spirit which is of great price in the sight of God, most disgraceful scenes and constant domestic storms would have rendered it impossible for anyone to live under that roof, for Mr. W., though an active and upright man, was as obstinate as he was bad-tempered, and the clearest evidence would never have brought him to confess that his over-prompt judgment had been wrong. Mrs. W. spent her life in trying to move out of her husband's way all that could exsite his anger, but she did not always succeed, and there were times when the whole family trembled with fear. As Leonard, the eldest son, grew up, it became evident that he had inherited his father's obstinacy, and as he became old enough to find out how often the father pretended to be right when he was wrong, Leonard feared less and less to contradict his parent flatly. His boldness brought awful scenes, which ended with Leonard's being severely beaten. Blows only tended to strengthen the unhappy child's obstinacy, and now began, indeed, severe trouble for Mrs. W. Leonard loved his mother dearly, and yet her entreaties that he would bear with his father, and remember his duty to him, were in vain, for each day brought a new source of quarrel, and the rent seemed to become wider and wider. At last, when Leonard came home rather late one evening, having joined some companions whom his father disliked, he was thrown out of the door and forbidden, with horrible threats, to come in again. The neighbours stared, the mother fainted, the younger children, cried whilst the father stormed and screamed as if he were beside himself, and Leonard fled. Many years elapsed before he beheld his father's face again, but whilst their paths lay so distant from each other on the wide world, still both reached the same end, both walked through deep adversity, which, sanctified by Divine grace, taught them at last to bend their haughty spirit. The anxiety of the family, as day after day passed without bringing back Leonard, may be easily imagined. Mrs. W. sent trustworthy friends to search all the surrounding country, but in vain. Her grief would have turned to despair if she had not sought, in fervent prayer, the succour and strength which God is so ready to give to His afflicted children. She neglected none of her duties, but moved about, the picture of intense sorrow. Mr. W.'s violent anger having subsided, he was still too proud to confess aloud his deep uneasiness for his firstborn; his wife's pale and subdued face was a continual reproach to him. His outbursts were much less frequent, but he became morose, taciturn, and sulky with everyone. God sent him a fresh blow, which aroused him at last to a true sense of his guilt. A quarrel with his partner in business brought about a rupture which proved hurtful to Mr. W.'s interests. Another important house in Hamburg, with which he did business, failed almost at the same time; Mr. W.'s affairs became greatly reduced, and a severe illness helped to bring him almost to poverty. Then, at last, he saw the finger of the Almighty, and said aloud, "I have deserved it all." He left his pleasant house, and hired a small one outside the town. He was only too happy to obtain a book-keeper's situation at a merchant's office in Altona, and his wife and elder daughters gained some money by sewing and knitting. Now, though they were really poor, and saw with trembling that their scanty earnings would scarcely suffice to bring up six children decently, yet this family were happier than when they lived at Hamburg. They blessed God for having found an affectionate father, a gentle, patient husband. One great sorrow bowed down their hearts, but they bore it in common, and together laid it daily before the Throne of Mercy. At last, misery stared them full in the face. There came a day when the owner of their little house threatened to put them out if they did not pay, in a short time, three terms of rent which were behindhand. In their deep anguish they united in prayer, and, indeed, help and the greatest joy were at hand.

Let us return to the poor young wanderer He fled, but at first he hardly knew himself whither he was going. Happily it was summer time, and during four nights Leonard slept under the immense piles of wood which were in the yards for the construction of ships; but on the morning of the fifth day he saw that his little funds were almost exhausted, for he had spent half of them to buy a cap. His attempts to find work had been fruitless. There he sat, leaning his face on his hands, while big tears flowed between his fingers. A sea-captain passed by, and, struck by the gentlemanly appearance of the forlorn youth, he thought that he might perchance take the place of his secretary, whom he had lately lost. Leonard, it may be easily imagined, caught at the idea, but his countenance fell when the captain required testimonials. He told frankly all his sad history, whereupon the honest captain earnestly exhorted him to go home and seek his father's pardon. But all his entreaties fell as on a hard rock, for Leonard declared that he would rather starve. At last, the captain, having exhausted all his persuasive power, judged rightly that the least of two evils was to take the youth on board his ship and give him employment. He had no reason to regret his determination, for Leonard fulfilled his new duties to his entire satisfaction. The ship was bound for St. Croix, and soon Leonard's master became a friend and a father to him. This great favour excited envy and a secret hatred among all the officers on board, and when the good captain suddenly sickened and died, Leonard's position became dreadful. The first mate took the command; he had always disliked the new-comer, and took pleasure in giving him work for which he was not fit. Thus Leonard became the laughing-stock of the whole crew, and when the common sailors saw that they could ill-treat him, without incurring the displeasure of the officers, poor Leonard had to bear from them all the tortures imaginable without daring to utter a word of complaint. Then at last, the young man began to listen to the voice of his conscience, to reflect on his past conduct, and to acknowledge that his behaviour to his father had been very undutiful. In his sleepless nights he sought and found pardon and peace through his Saviour. Contrary winds and frequent hurricanes had retarded the ship's progress, but at last they arrived at St. Croix, where she made but a short stay. Leonard was barbarously abandoned on this foreign shore, with nothing left him but the worn-out clothes which covered his emaciated body. The first days he knocked in vain at many doors, no one would give employment to such a wretched-looking being. The fourth evening, as he was lying almost starved on the pavement in front of a church, in the anguish of his spirit he cried aloud, "Lord, have mercy upon me a poor sinner," and in a fervent prayer he poured out his whole soul before God. He was forgetting all that was around him, and just then a wealthy German merchant, settled some years before in St. Croix, whose heart was not hardened by riches, passed by. Surprised to hear his own native accents, he listened, and thus becoming aware of Leonard's misery, he approached and consoled him. He took him to his house, gave him food and work, and, astonished to find under such a miserable appearance, a well-informed youth, he soon raised him to higher employment. Leonard's turn had always been mercantile, and his patron found his aptitude so great that he trusted him with several important journeys. The business prospered remarkably in Leonard's hands, and Mr. S. was glad to take him as partner. Thus our young hero acquired a little fortune, but when ten years had elapsed since his departure from Hamburg he began to long immensely to see once more those who were so dear to him, and of whom he had not received the least tidings. Europe was then ravaged by war, and several letters that Leonard had written home had never been received. His feeling of home sickness became so strong, that he could no longer conceal it from Mr. S., who kindly, though against his own interests, urged him to follow his heart's dictates. Thus it was that Leonard reached his parents' home on that very day when they did not know where on earth to look for help. Little remains to be told. The maternal eye was the first to recognise the beloved features in the full-grown man, in the handsome traveller's bronzed complexion. Father and son both felt in that blissful hour that they had forgiveness to seek from each other, and from those who had suffered so much anxiety through their hot, obstinate tempers, and pardon to ask from Him against whom their hearts were so long hardened. Leonard hastened to settle his beloved family once more in their old home in Hamburg, and the father and son began business afresh. Their united activity and perfect honesty in every transaction was abundantly blessed, and with love, peace, and gentleness, happiness and prosperity became theirs. In after years God permitted Leonard to meet with the first mate who had treated him so badly. He was in his turn sick and wretched, and young W. did him all the good he could, thus heaping coals of fire upon his head.

A. R. DE V.

IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

OVERCOME by the heat of the weather, little Harry has laid him down,
'Mid the tangled grass and stubble of the harvest-field so brown.
Of what is my little one dreaming? of his kitten or last new toy?
Of the birds that are singing around him, their anthems of praise and joy?

Does he dream of the life before him? the struggles and cares of men?
Of these he is all unconscious; of what is he dreaming, then?

A light on his dimpled features, a smile on his face doth play—
Does he dream of the dear little sister whom our Father hath called away?

Oh, dearly she loved to nurse him, to fondle and kiss his brow;
Can it be as his guardian-angel she watches and tends him now?
Is the veil so thin that divides us? yet so thick that we cannot see?
Can it be that my sweet little daughter is hard by with Harry and me?

But these tears that unbidden are flowing! oh no, they dim not her joy—
No cloud is unconsciously shading the face of my sleeping boy.
He oft points with his little finger, "up there" to the bright blue sky,
And tells me she's gone to live yonder, with brother and God on high.

Oh, the faith of these little children, how it falls on my weary heart!
How I wish we were all safe in heaven,—safe, never again to part!
Come, Harry, wake up my darling; we must back to our work; our feet
Many weary miles must journey, ere dear sister again we meet.

Oh, I tremble to think of the sorrow that may darken thy cloudless brow,
But in heaven that dear little sister is free from all suffering now.
Mayst thou follow her bright example, and tread in the path she trod,
Thy heart be as early devoted to loving and serving thy God.

May her Saviour as tenderly fold thee in His own loving arms to rest,
May thy life ebb away as gently as did hers on her mother's breast;
And if to old age He should spare thee, may He tenderly lead thee along,
And shield thee from sorrow and suffering, till thou join in the seraphim's song.

AGATHA.

HOME MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

"PARENTS are too apt to let children romp away their existence, when they are out of school, till they get to be thirteen or fourteen years of age. This is not well for the purses and patience of parents, and it has a still worse effect on the habits and morals of the children. 'Begin early,' is the great maxim for everything in education. A child six years old can be made useful, and should be taught to consider every day lost in which some little thing has not been done to assist its parents and benefit itself. In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything, not for their own use, that would make them selfish; but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their brothers and sisters or playmates, but never allow them to destroy anything."

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

AN old author says, "There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock—keep time with regularity; yet she should not be like a town clock—speak so loud that all the world should hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent and keep within her own house; yet she should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—always answering when spoken to; yet she should not be like an echo—determined always to have the last word."

DO WE LOVE OUR CHILDREN.

"MY dear wife, do you think we love our children?" "Why, what do you mean.? Does not our labour and self-denial for them prove our love?" "Just as they do in the birds, who toil to feed, and die to protect their young. Their love is instinctive, and so is ours; it is only natural affection." "But is not our love proved to be more by our anxiety for their moral training, and by our grief for their wrong doing?" "Alas! many who are not Christians show anxiety and grief as great as ours. Do we care for the souls of our children as becomes Christians?" "What more can we do, than give them good instruction, and pray for them?" "We give minutes to religious teaching for days devoted to worldly education; and then, I fear, we teach words more than thoughts, and appeal to the memory rather than the heart. We teach more theory than practice, and besides, what is our personal influence? Our children see us diligent in business, but not fervent in spirit; they hear our conversation lively and cheerful upon worldly subjects, but cold and dull when turned to religion. They know that we spend very little time in studying the Bible or in prayer, and do they not learn from our daily conduct to prefer temporal things to spiritual? Do we not thus virtually teach them to neglect their souls, and thus prove that we do not love them?" "Well, my dear husband, I believe you are right, and, to tell you the truth, I have long feared that we are not bringing up our children in the nurture of the Lord. But what must we do?" "We must repent, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. We must confess our sin to God, and to our children. We must teach them religion by showing in our daily conduct how to live to God. We must show them that we regard them as committed to us by God, to be educated for Him, and that we cannot rest till they are truly His; and we must pray and labour, expecting success through the blessing of Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

TO PRESERVE RHUBARB.

The following recipe will make a most delicious preserve. To one pound and a quarter of rhubarb put one pound of loaf-sugar, half-an-ounce of bitter almonds, and about half of a lemon-peel chopped fine. Boil all together. It will require as much boiling as any preserve, and still more if the rhubarb be rather old. In the latter case also the sticks must be peeled. Care must be taken to wipe the rhubarb perfectly dry, if not so when gathered.

BAKED APPLE TOAST AND WATER.

Cut a slice or two of apple; toast it till it becomes quite black, then make your toasted bread, and pour upon the apple and bread a quart of water that has been boiled. Cover it up and let it stand at least two hours before you use it. Some persons may like a little sugar with it, if so, it may be added according to taste.

BREAD AND SUET PUDDING.

Soak one pound of stale bread in a basin with a quart of water; let it stand an hour; strain off the water but not very dry; beat it up well with a fork. Add a quarter of a pound of mutton suet chopped fine, two ounces of salt, an ounce of caraway seeds, and a little sugar; tie it up in a cloth and boil two hours, or bake for one hour and a half.

Notices of Books.

Mamma's Echoes for the Little Ones, or Reading by Sound. By E. Smith. London: Houlston & Sons, Paternoster Row.

A very simple and interesting way of teaching the little folks to read. The volume is illustrated from beginning to end, and contains much amusement, even for those who are too young to begin its lessons.

Words of Consolation, Pardon, and Hope. Price 1s. London: W. Mackintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

Twelve well-known pamphlets in large type, put into the form of a neat little volume, suitable for presentation to the tried and sorrowful; indeed, there is a message for almost every condition in life.

George W. Childs. A biographical sketch. By James Parton. Philadelphia: Collins.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "J. R. S. C."—"Ernest."—"A. R. de V."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

JENNY AND HER CHARGE.—No. II.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS," &c.

"NEVER mind Jenny, rubbing my leg, it is my arm pains me the worst, and it *will* be a thing if I can neither knit nor sew! Ah, well! you can work for yourself, and my dear old man is better off than to need my stitching," but it passes the time to busy one's fingers." "So it does, and my feet are as warm again in your stockings as in any I can buy. You shan't give up knitting if I can help it, grandmother." "Jenny, you are a good girl; and you always cheer me, and make me fancy I'm a bit of use." "Use! of course you are, grandmother; why, it was only this morning our neighbour and I were saying that if you only lived to show people how to bear affliction cheerfully, it was more than many can do. She says it is not every Christian who has grace to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in sickness, though many do so in health; but it is harder to glory in tribulations, and to take pleasure in infirmities, than to work in the Master's service with health and spirits. She says the Lord must be pleased with you, and a weight of glory is reserved for you, she is sure. I like hearing her talk, she is such a good Christian. She wishes her boy's master possessed a religion like yours; but, poor lad, he has a sad time of it; the captain is a great sufferer, very hard to please, at times everything goes wrong. He gets vexed with the doctor, and the weather, and the food, though he has all that money can buy." "Poor gentleman! he is to be pitied if he has nothing more, for money cannot buy health, or peace, or happiness." "No; that's what Tom's mother says, and she fears the boy will learn no good." "Oh, as to that, I should say he was in one of the Lord's own training-schools, and the Lord Himself being his teacher, it will be Tom's fault if he does not learn patience, and forbearance, and long-suffering, for the Holy Spirit will perfect him in his lessons, if Tom seeks His help." "Dear! I never thought of that; I'll tell his mother what you say." "Yes, and tell her besides, that if Tom does his duty, he'll have a better reward reserved above, than any earthly master would ever give, for all his patience, and love, and attention will be remembered, if he does it as to the Lord." "Oh, grandmother, one cannot expect him to love such a crabbed gentleman as the captain." "God's grace can enable us to love every one for His sake; not to love all alike, but a loving, feeling, pitying, kind heart will be open by Christians to all the world. Does not our Saviour say, 'Love your enemies, pray for them that despitefully use you'? and did not He show His love, by dying, to save even the greatest sinners? and did He not pray for His very murderers as He hung upon the cross?" "Yes, grandmother; but then He was without sin." "True, Jenny, but we are told to let the same mind be in us that was in Christ Jesus, and the Bible never bids us do impossibilities; 'all things are possible to him that believeth;' and if we are joined to the Lord Jesus by the power of the Holy Spirit, we shall have His light shining through us; I mean, His peace will make us work to will and to do His pleasure." "I suppose it is so, grandmother, and that is why we can see religion making people bear up under what would break them down if they had no religion." "Yes, Jenny; it is the power of Christ which rests upon His people, that makes them able to glory in tribulation, for when they are weak in themselves, Christ's grace appears, and it is *that* they glory in, 'For his strength is made perfect in weakness.' But there is some one knocking; run down, Jenny, and see what is wanted." "Oh! Mrs. Bright, it's you! walk in, please; grandmother is not so well, leastways she's full of pain, and cannot leave her bed." "Dear! I'm sorry for that, what a sufferer she is at the best of times, and now to be fast to her bed; *that will* fret her, poor thing!" "Nay, Mrs. Bright, it doesn't; she's as content in her bed as she is in her chair, and she'd like to see you, I know." "Just ask her, Jenny, first, for I don't want to disturb her." Jenny ran upstairs, saying, "Grandmother, here's the Biblewoman; can she come up?" "Of course, Jenny," replied her grandmother, who greeted Mrs. Bright with a smile of welcome. "Dear heart!" said the worthy woman, "why, how this hot weather has taken hold of you; I see you are a cripple; never mind shaking hands, we've done that often enough to know the warmth of the heart, and I am sure *that* beats as it ever did, stirred by love to God and man; right at the main point, by your happy looks I can tell." "Well, neighbour, it would be strange if I had not a happy look when our loving God is so good to me. His promises seem to shine brighter than ever, now I am a lone widow, for I have put in my claim to many I never needed before, and the Lord is true to them." "Of course He is; His compassions fail not. But it must be hard work to you to lie still and do nothing, when you used to be always stitching and doing." "The Lord can make all things easy, if we lay them before Him, and I have more time now to count up my mercies. You cannot think what a comfort Jenny is to me." "No doubt she is, and you are the same to her." "Nay, I fear I am only a trouble." "Trouble is to those that take it, but Jenny never does anything for her grandmother but what's a pleasure, so she says." "Then she takes pleasure in infirmities, for, poor dear, she has many of mine to bear with, aye, enough to weigh her down, if she did not cast her burden on the Lord. But as she does, the power of Christ rests upon her; He carries the weight of trouble, and enables her to 'show mercy with cheerfulness.'" "You've just hit it! she does show mercy, day by day, and night by night, aye, and not as if it were a hardship, or as if she were wearing out with the trouble, but with such loving cheerfulness, that it does one good to look at her, and I almost forget at times what work I make for her; God grant it may add to her weight of glory. It comforts me sometimes to think I may perhaps do so by my affliction, for does she not share it?" "Yes, neighbour, and I believe with you, she will share the reward of all the meekness and patience it calls forth; but dear me, if your clock is striking eight, I must be off. I was to be at the Rectory at a quarter-past five, and I must go pretty quick if I am to reach it in time. I'll tell the Rector that you are quite laid by, and no doubt he'll pay you a visit." "Right welcome he'll be, Mrs. Bright; for now I cannot go to the house of God, I'd be thankful for some holy words to help me by the way." "Ah, well! I'll tell him, and no doubt he'll look in, for he's an excellent gentleman."

(*To be continued.*)

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

CAN YOU SAY "OUR FATHER"?

ONE pleasant morning in August, Charlie Norton, with his little sister Grace, started for a pasture half-a-mile from their home, to gather blackberries. "What a nice morning it is," said Grace. "Yes," said Charlie, "it is very pleasant." "Did you say 'Our Father,' this morning, Charlie?" inquired Grace. Charlie reddened a little as he replied, "What made you think of that, Grace?" "I don't know, unless it is because everything is so pleasant. Mother says God makes all the pleasant things, and they should remind us of Him. Did you say it?" she continued, after a little pause, suddenly recollecting that her brother had not answered her question. "No," said Charlie. "How could you forget it *this* morning?" Grace emphasised the word *this*, because she felt that on a morning so full of blessings, the great Giver should not be forgotten. "I did not forget it," said Charlie. "Why didn't you say it, then?" "I thought I had better not." Grace looked up in surprise. She could understand how her heedless, thoughtless brother might forget to say his prayers, but she could not see how he had come to the deliberate conclusion that it was not best to say them. "What do you mean, Charlie?" she asked. "Do you remember what mother said last Sunday night?" "Do you mean what she said about 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?' Yes, I remember that very well. Yesterday when Stephen Corson knocked my book out of my hand into the mud, I did wish I was big enough and strong enough to kick him into the ditch, and I have felt so ever since, so I didn't say 'Our Father' last night or this morning." "Oh! Charlie, it must be wicked to feel so that we can't say our prayers." "I suppose it is, but how is one to help it?" "If you ask God to help you not to feel so, I am sure He *would* help you." Charles looked doubtful. Perhaps there was in his heart the unbelief which is too often found in older hearts, and he questioned if he should get help if he asked it. Perhaps he did not really wish to part with his angry and wicked feelings, but on the whole preferred to keep them. A great many prayers are hindered in one or other of these ways; and a great many which the lips do utter are rendered insincere. When they reached the field they found little Willie Barton there. He had started early and had been there about half-an-hour. "I am glad you have come," he said. "I am almost afraid to be in the field alone with that bull." "He won't hurt you," said Charlie. "Mother says he won't hurt us if we pick quietly, and take no notice of him." "There comes Stephen Corson," said Willie Barton, after Charlie and Grace had been in the field about an hour. "I don't want to see him; I wish he would stay away," said Charlie. Stephen had not been in the field long when he contrived to upset Willie Barton's basket. Willie had left it near the edge of a large flat stone while he picked some berries. Stephen made it in his way to go across this stone, and he gave the basket a little touch with one foot, just sufficient to overturn it. "Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Willie; "I wanted to keep my berries so nice for mother, and now they are all spilled in the grass and dirt." "You should not leave your basket in my path then," said Stephen. "It was not in your path," interposed Charlie, indignantly; "you went across the lock on purpose to knock it over." "You had better be careful what you say," said Stephen, turning defiantly towards Charlie. As Charlie was not a match for Stephen, he thought it prudent to say no more, but his heart was burning with indignation and anger. As Stephen could find no other mischief to do, he began to throw stones towards the spot where the bull was quietly feeding. "Don't," said Willie Barton; "if you do that he will come at us." "You had better go home to your ma-a-a, you little chicken," said Stephen, contemptuously. "I am afraid to stay here, let us go into the next field," said Willie to Charlie. "I will agree to that," said Charlie; "I would rather stay in the field with the bull than with Stephen Corson; but to have them both is a little too much." Stephen, finding that the bull took no notice of him, grew bolder and drew nearer, shouting and throwing stones, though still keeping at a considerable distance. At last the animal seemed to consider himself insulted. He stopped feeding, and stood for some time looking at Stephen. The bold boy was not alarmed until he saw the infuriated animal coming towards him. He then ran and leaped over the fence into the field to which the other children had retreated. "I don't like to stay here," said Willie; "it is a low fence, and now the bull is angry, he may jump over. Let's go into the next field. The wall is high there, and we shall be quite safe." "There are no berries there worth picking," said Charlie. "If we can't find any we will go home," said Willie. "I am quite ready for that," Charlie replied; "Stephen has spoiled all our fun, and I don't care how soon we go." Willie's fears were not groundless. The animal soon knocked off one of the rails with his horns, and jumped over. Stephen was now thoroughly alarmed. "See how frightened he is," said Willie, who was watching him on the other side of a high stone wall. "What if he should not get away?" "It would be good enough for him," said Charlie. "Don't talk so, it is wicked," said Willie. "I suppose it is; I don't want anything so bad as that to happen to him." "I am really afraid he won't get away," said Willie; "I fear that he trembles so he can't climb the wall. If one of those bars were down he could get through in a minute." So saying, Willie ran to the bars, let down one of them very quietly, and then ran to hide behind the high wall, where the animal could not see him. "How you tremble," said Charlie; "you were afraid to go to the bars." "Yes, a little, but it took only a minute." "And you did it for *him*, when you were so frightened." Stephen ran directly to the bars and darted through. "It was well you thought to let down the bar," said Stephen, as he joined the boys. "What a fright I have had." There was a short silence, and probably a short struggle also, and then Stephen again spoke. "Willie," he said, "you were a good boy to let down the bar for me. I am sorry I overturned your basket. I will never do so again." After parting with the boys, Charlie was very thoughtful and quiet as he walked home with his sister. "I think Willie can say 'Our Father' to-night," he said, after a long silence. "I think he can," said Grace. "Can't you say it too? Do you feel now as if you wanted to kick Stephen into the ditch?" "No; Willie has made me ashamed of those feelings. He acted nobly, and I wish I were like him." "I am very glad," said Grace; "I think you, too, can say 'Our Father' to-night."

Dear young friends, have you not something to do before you can say "Our Father" to-night?—a kind service to perform for some one who has *not* been kind to you, or feelings of anger and resentment to subdue?

C. M. T.

LEAVES FROM HELEN GARRET'S DIARY.—No. 1.

Oh! who can calmly see depart
The precious idols of the heart,
Nor murmur nor rebel?
They who are taught by Christ their God,
Meekly to kiss the chastening rod,
And answer, "It is well."

"JANUARY 11.—I am sitting here to-day solitary, for she who was wont to be ever at my side, has been sleeping seven days 'neath the churchyard turf. I don't think I fully realise my loss yet, for the dull aching pain at my heart seems to stupify me. I dare not look forward, I dare not look backward. Just now I only live in the present, dreading every day which I enter upon, and feeling intensely thankful when the night closes in, and I forget myself in sleep. I am far away from God; I am not resting on Him, I seem to be dwelling afar off, and have hardly any inclination to be near Him. My heart is hard and cold, apathy seems wrapping me round, save when some remembrance of other days darts through my mind. I have been trying to picture the future, but all seems chaos and confusion. Oh! mother! mother! what shall I do without your ever ready counsel and sympathy? To whom shall I go for comfort and help? I remember her dying words; oh! shall I ever forget them? or the touch of her hand, which she laid on my hair, as she said, 'I commit my child, in full confidence, to the care of a covenant-keeping God, praying and believing that He will keep her unspotted from the world'? Those words—that touch—will ever live in my heart while memory lasts; and, God helping me, I will try to tread in the footsteps of my mother. Oh, what an influence her life has been! what hallowed memories cluster round it! what inspiring courage and patience were hers! and with what Christian zeal she fulfilled all duties that came in her path! If I would be like my mother, I must not sit down and weep over the ashes of buried love, but arise and strive to do my work in the world, and take up my cross and follow Jesus. By the help of my Heavenly Father, I will try to do this.

"*February* 10.—Have said farewell to my old home, and obtained a situation as companion to a lady, in the manufacturing town of Horton. All seems strange to me, but I committed my way to God, and asked Him to direct my steps, and I believe He has done so.

"Mrs. Bruce has lately lost her husband, and is left with seven children to bring up and educate. The two elder ones, Lucy and Edwin, are away at school, and the rest, three of whom are high-spirited boys, are at home; and my work, or at least part of it, is to assist in their instruction. My task will be no light one; but it may be, I trust, a useful one, and already I love the children. Mrs. Bruce is the very opposite of my own dear mother, though about her age; she is very warm-hearted, impulsive, and fickle, and also, I think, exceedingly passionate. She seems to have no control over her children, and has to bribe them to be good when visitors are here. They do not respect her, though they love her very much, and I fear for the future; for I think when a mother is not firm and judicious in her treatment of the children, evil consequences are sure to follow. Last night, Alick, the eldest son at home, asked his mamma to go into the garden to see a small kennel he had been making for his dog. Mrs. Bruce replied that she was too tired to go that evening, but that she would in the morning. 'But I want you to go *now*, mamma,' said Alick. I looked at the boy, and said, decidedly, 'My dear, you heard what your mamma said: you should abide by that.' He took no notice of me, but went up to his mother and commenced pulling her dress, saying, 'Come along, ma, I want you.' 'Go away, you tiresome child,' replied she, pettishly; 'I have told you I am not going.' Alick still continued standing by her, and saying, 'Yes, do come, I must have you come, mamma!' till at length, to my dismay, she rose from her seat, and exclaimed, 'Oh, you little plague! you always get your own way—there, go along—I am coming!' and in triumph, Alick led the way to the garden. Of course I could not remonstrate then, but when putting Alick to bed, I told him how sorry I was he had not acted differently, and obeyed his mamma at once. 'Oh, she doesn't mind,' was his reply; 'mamma never does mean just what she says, you know.' The child's words sank into my heart, and I thought how different it had been with my mother—her word was law, for she never said what she did not mean, and I knew that to attempt to alter a decision she had once announced would be impracticable. Oh, that her lessons and example may help me to be a blessing in this household! I have only been here one Sunday. Mrs. Bruce told me I could go out to church or chapel twice if I liked, but that she herself seldom went. I suppose I looked my surprise at this announcement, for she laughed languidly, and said, 'I suppose you are very much shocked at me, are you not? Well, my dear, there was a time when *I* had good impressions, as they are called, but that was long years ago, and when one gets past forty, and has lived twenty years in the whirl of the world, it is difficult to survive them, and I have really lost all taste for church-going, and it is not worth while to be a hypocrite!' 'But think of the example to your children,' I said, gently. Her face changed, and a look of genuine feeling passed over it; she caught my hand, and exclaimed, 'Ah, take the children with you. I should not like my girls to grow up into such careless, worldly women as their mother. But, Miss Garrett, when one gives oneself to the world in early life, the chains get rivetted round the heart, and a distaste for religion grows stronger and stronger every year!' My eyes were full of tears, and I asked, 'What will the end be?' She turned abruptly and left me. I took three of the children with me to the house of God, and when we returned, Mrs. Bruce was waiting dinner for us. She was quite herself again, and rattled on with a strain of talk quite unfit for Sunday. I was so sorry the children heard it."

(*To be continued.*)

"DON'T TELL FATHER!"

"BUT recollect, you mustn't tell father!" said Mrs. Smith to her children. "Mustn't tell father!" whispered the elder ones to the younger, holding up their fingers mysteriously. "Mustn't tell dada!" cried a girl of seven, swelling the family chorus, to a baby of a year and a half, under whose weight she was staggering.

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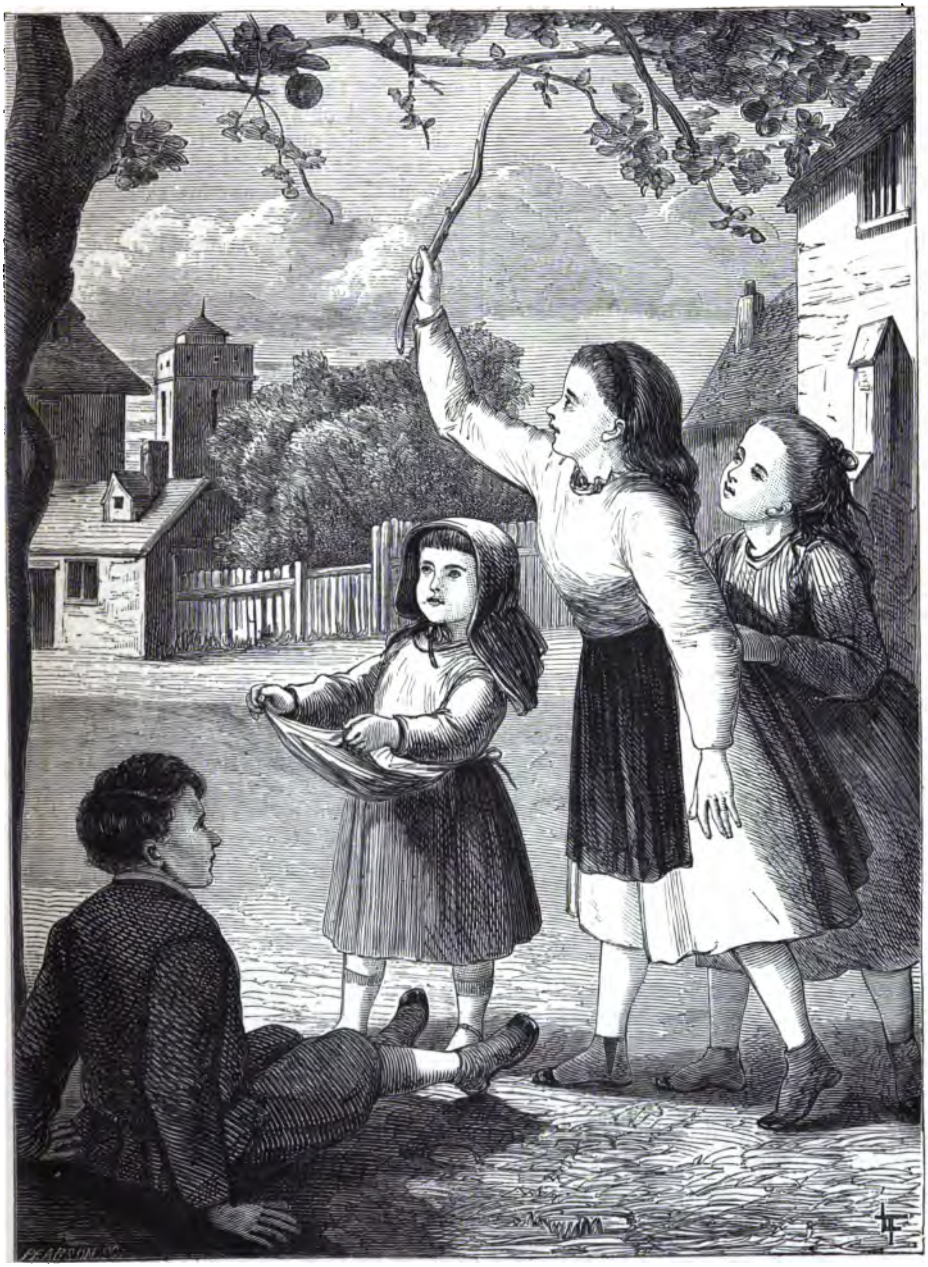
James Smith was foreman in the workshops of a jeweller. He was a superior workman, and a trustworthy person. His cleverness and his faithfulness secured him the position he held, which was worth about three pounds a-week. He had, therefore, a snug little house in the outskirts of the town, with a kitchen-garden in the rear, and a flower-plot in front. He had a young, good-natured, handsome wife, and a numerous family. His wife, however, was good-natured without much firmness of character. She loved her children in a foolish, indiscriminating way, and to screen their faults, would often hide the truth from their father. Strange to say, she was not *always* lenient herself. She was rather capricious with them. She was so kind to them, that she was sometimes disappointed in an adequate



"Mary, too, must give it a touch."—p. 105.

return, and so, becoming incensed, she used to wreak vengeance on them; for the same child that she beat one minute, she was sure to hug, to fondle, and soothe the next. The father was somewhat too stern, and too much inclined to expect his family to act with the exactness of machines, making little allowance for the buoyancy, the irregularity, the thoughtlessness, and the inexperience of children. He loved Martha; but many a grave lecture, many a serious admonition, was he constantly giving her on the subject of rearing children in accordance with his notions. Truth to say, both the mother and her children were somewhat afraid of the father, and they were more hushed and guarded in their conduct when the master of the house was at home. This was not as it should be. But the fault did not entirely lie at her door. He had too harsh a way with him, certainly; still, if his wife had been less timid, if she had modified, instead of evading his injunctions and arguments, by recourse to a petty duplicity, it would have been better for her, for him, and for the children. James had some taste, and having saved a pound or two, over and above what he was in the habit of placing monthly in the saving's-bank, he had ornamented his mantel-shelf by a handsome vase. He had given many directions to his wife not to allow the children to play at ball or at shuttlecock in the parlour. Poor Mrs. Smith sat in the parlour surrounded by her numerous progeny, brawling, and shouting, and pulling one another about—this one laughing, that one crying. The mother sat in the midst, with the infant peeping out upon the scene from the shelter of her wing. "Now John, you naughty boy, you know what your father says—'no battledore here.' Ellen, I'm astonished at you, lay down that ball this instant. Bless me, children, you'll drive me distracted. Mind! if your father does not hear of this to-night, you shall suffer for it!" Poor Mrs Smith! her whole conversation throughout the day was in this style; she thought she was worried and plagued out of her life by her children; but she was quite mistaken. She was in her natural element, and would have been miserable without these same urchins screaming and racing constantly about her. "Now, John, you naughty boy," she would begin again, elevating her voice into a screech, above the distracting din,—when, crack! John's ball struck and toppled over the vase, the precious vase! Then there was alarm in the camp—the very little ones being awed by the looks of their elders, and the distraction of the mother. *Her* first impulse was to set the child down, seize her son John, and thrash him soundly, all of which she carried into effect. Presently the mother relented, and she said she would see what she could do, though he did not deserve it. It was found that in its passage from its place to the hard floor, the vase had been interrupted by a chair, on which was a cushion, and that it had rolled from this chair to the ground without much damage, except that it was broken quite through into two pieces at its small and fragile waist. A council was held. A cement that James Smith had made for the repair of broken china, was put into requisition. The broken surfaces fitted each other admirably, the fracture being straight through, and without any fragments. The cement was applied. The result called forth the cheers of the infantine group as the vase was re-established over the fire-place, and the "mustn't tell father" passed from the one to the other. James Smith little dreamed either that, or the next, or many days after, that any such petty deception had been practised against him. One fine afternoon, Mrs. Smith had retired to an up-stairs room, to overlook her little museum of baby-linen, and the children were at play in the back-garden. Having exhausted their meagre sources of interest they sat in a row lazily against the house-wall, with minds unoccupied, and ready for mischief. An apple-tree spread itself out before them, and tempted them with its mellow clusters. John rose and passed it a time or two, he then ventured to point at a rosy apple with the end of the stick he carried, looking at the same time knowingly and wickedly at his brothers and sisters. At this the others interchanged with him and each other glances of recognition, while their countenances expressed a fear of the consequences of disobedience. John now tapped the apple, and they laughed, he repassed it, and tapped it more forcibly, and they laughed more loudly. Richard started up, and said *he* must strike it. Mary, too, must give it a touch; at length, John, emboldened, gave it a knock, which brought it down. The juvenile delinquents gave a shout, the gladness of which was marred by a sense of guilty fear. They nestled together in a group; one bit out a piece, and another cluched the apple for a morsel, the little one holding up its tiny hands, and whimpering for a share. They laid their heads together, and the mother, made suspicious by the lull in their noisy gambols, popped her head out at the window. She spied them in deep conspiracy, and heard nothing but "Don't tell mother!" "Don't tell mother!" echoed in whispers from one to another. It was but an apple, to be sure! But it was from the one apple-tree in the garden; the one which had been planted, too, by the father on the birthday of his hopeful son John. The tree was yet young, and unable to bear a great deal, and the children were forbidden to touch the fruit. They knew too well how distinctly John had transgressed his father's orders. Wroth was Mrs. Smith, I can assure you, to think that her own children, of whom she was so fond, and to whom she was so kind, could thus deal so deceitfully with her. Out she ran, seizing, as she went, a stick, which had once formed the shank of a birch-broom. Armed with this, she flew after John, whose conscience made him flee before her round and round the gravel-walk. At length she overtook him, and struck him on the back of one of his legs, when down John rolled and screamed. It turned out, that in the end of the broom-stick was a rusty nail, this penetrated John's leg just behind the ankle, and made a wound. The affair proved serious; the doctor had to be sent for; and, of course, the father had to be informed of the whole affair, of which he might otherwise never have heard. "Don't tell mother!" repeated Martha, feelingly, to her husband; "it broke my heart, James, to think that they could say it." "Had I heard them, Martha, instead of yourself," said Smith, "you would have expected me to have been as much hurt with the words, 'Don't tell mother,' as yourself." "Certainly, James, if they would deceive the one, they would deceive the other." "Perfectly correct, Martha; and when you taught them to say, 'Don't tell father!' you put them in the way of cheating yourself." "I taught them!" ejaculated Mrs. Smith, blushing deeply.

"*You*, my dear," replied the husband, "when the vase was broken. Yes, Martha, that matter has come to light; you taught the little things to mend it up, and to conceal the fact from their father; and you then not only gave them a lesson in the art of cheating yourself, but gave them a kind of instruction, that, being persevered in, might easily lead them by-and-bye to commit fraud, forgery, or embezzlement." "Bless me, James!" exclaimed the wife, colouring still more deeply, and becoming emboldened to defend herself, "what a dreadful, serious way, you have of talking about things! Now, the fact is, that because you are such a hard-thinking man, James, and too severe with the children when they do wrong, I dare not be candid with you sometimes." Some further conversation ensued, and the result was, that James saw there had been fault on his side too, and he resolved to amend it.

The trials of life are the tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

TO MY MOTHER.

BELOVED mother, thou'rt gone;
Thy name revered shalt be;
Thy person shall in memory dwell;
My tongue, howe'er, must fail to tell,
How dear thou wert to me.

Thou laidst me on thy gentle breast,
In days of infancy;
With tender care, and anxious fears,
Thou wast my shield for many years—
Because thou didst love me.

When I a thoughtless youth had grown,
And ill requited thee
For all thy care, I know full well
Sincerely thou didst love me still—
Nought weaned thy heart from me.

When suffering from affliction then,
The purest sympathy
Flowed from thy heart; nor tongue can tell
How thou didst grieve till I was well—
So great thy love for me.

'Twas the desire of thy fond heart,
I truly blest should be;
Should give the Lord my youthful days,
And early walk in wisdom's ways—
And hence thy prayers for me.

Belovèd mother, while life lasts,
Thy name revered shall be;
Kept in my heart's most sacred place,
Nor ought from thence shall e'er erase,
Thy name so dear to me.

J. D.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

HANNAH MORE.

EVERY time, it has been said, is a remarkable time to those living in it, yet we are apt to think that our age in many things is quite in advance of all those we read of in the past. Amongst other singularities which we now see, is this—that there are a number of women who have formed new ideas regarding woman's right place in life, and are anxious that our maidens, wives, and mothers, should prepare themselves to occupy more prominent positions in society than they have as yet. To such we would commend the study of such a character as Hannah More. Thoroughly feminine and unobtrusive, she was enabled by God's grace to exercise a very extensive influence upon her sex, and by her books and her tracts reached many thousands that could never know her personally. Not only did she employ her pen with readiness and skill for women's welfare, but she gave, through many years, aided by her sisters, much of her time and strength to the instruction and training of both children and adults, who had been hitherto neglected by those who should have helped them. Her circumstances were peculiar, it is true, and though it is given to but few to pursue the course she did, still her life's story is rich in lessons which address themselves to mothers. Hannah More's career during those years, which were principally passed in London, amidst the gaieties of life, we need not dwell upon; keeping herself, as she did, pure from all sin, she had long seen the vanity of those trifles which delighted most of her friends, and as her religious convictions strengthened, she decided to retire from town scenes to a place where she could dedicate herself to employments for which her nature especially fitted her. Even when amongst the thoughtless or the vicious, Hannah More had shown more courage than might have been expected in speaking in defence of Scripture truth, and she had also written several poetical pieces, which were so managed as to convey in pleasing words such practical lessons as were needed by the maidens of that day. It was in 1786 that she took up her abode at Cowslip Green, where her friends prophesied that she would be so dull that she might be glad even to see the doctor ride up to her door. She found, however, that to those determined not to be idle, and who are anxious for the welfare of others, no place can be without a sufficiency of occupation, which shuts out all melancholy. To Hannah More's sensitive mind the scene presented to her in the country around, was extremely sad, the land, she said, almost pagan. Ere long she succeeded in setting on foot schools and other agencies scattered over a district of ten or twelve miles, and had, as she reported to a friend, about five hundred children in training. The expense, as well as the work, fell upon herself and her sisters. She was greatly interested in the mothers, and though with them it was not easy to supply the lack of early education, in other ways, which suggested themselves, Hannah More benefited them greatly. One of her plans was the introduction of wheels for spinning wool, by which means the women were able to produce yarn, which they sold in part, and spun the rest into stockings. Before, they had many of them starved upon the work of spinning linen, which, with many hours of close application, only yielded about eighteenpence a week. Yet so ignorant were many of the mothers, and so little inclined to be grateful for Hannah More's exertions, that some of them refused to let their children go to school unless they received a fixed payment for allowing it, and others had a delusion that if their children went to school for seven years, they could at the end of the time be sold beyond sea. In one parish the usual morning congregation was about ten persons; there was only one Bible to be seen, and that was placed to support a flower-pot! Much patience was needed, and by God's help Hannah More was enabled to show it, and proceeded in her good work year after year. In several parishes clubs for mothers were founded, the payment being only three-halfpence per week; meetings were held on Wednesday evenings usually; and an anniversary tea given, when she says, "We wait on the women, who sit and enjoy their dignity." They were by these clubs provided with suitable clothes to attend public worship. In 1792, when the French Revolution had affected some evil-disposed individuals in this country, much as the late commotion there has, though then to a greater extent, Hannah More wrote a little book called "Village Politics, by Will Chip," and in the course of a few days after its appearance it was circulated throughout the kingdom. Large editions of it were printed in London and elsewhere, and the Government circulated gratuitously thousands of copies. A regular plan was formed for the distribution of this and other cheap tracts, particularly some adapted to the household, and intended to show wives how to manage home affairs with prudence. While busy writing, Hannah More still maintained all her other schemes for the benefit of young and old. Teachers were trained by slow degrees, for at first their deficiencies gave much trouble; evening readings were originated for parents and the elder children, which were eagerly resorted to, the books being selected by Hannah More and her sisters, while her house was always open to those who needed advice or consolation. Living in the country yet, as she said, "she saw more people, known and unknown, than she did in her gayest days." So she continued to persevere year after year, ever helping others with hand, pen, or the spoken word of counsel, until the close of her long life, in 1833, she having survived her four sisters. The extent of her usefulness will only be known in that day which shall disclose all human secrets.

"HERE AND THERE."

HERE the toil and labour, *there* the rest is found;
Here the din and battle, *there* the harp's sweet sound;
Here the heartfelt sorrow, *there* the tearless eyes;
Here the mist and darkness, *there* the cloudless skies;
Here fond hearts are severed, *there* they meet again;

Here the pain and sickness, *there* the joys remain;
Here the mighty conflict, *there* the calm and peace;
Here the care and trial, *there* the sweet release;
Here the darkness gathers, *there* is known no shade;
Here the flowers wither, *there* they never fade:
Here the weary burden, *there* the crown is given;
Here the broken accents, *there* the songs of heaven.
E. E.

THE AGE OF IMPRESSIONS.

How very quick is the child's eye in the passive age of infancy, to catch impressions and receive the meaning of looks, voices, and motions! It peruses all faces, colours, and sounds. Every sentiment that looks into its eyes looks back out of its eyes, and plays in miniature on its countenance. The tear that steals down the mother's cheek, caused by suppressed grief, gathers the infantile face into a responsive sob. If the child is handled fretfully, scolded, jerked, or simply laid down, not affectionately, in no warmth of motherly gentleness, it feels the sting of just that which is felt towards it; and so it is angered by anger, irritated by irritation, fretted by fretfulness, having thus impressed upon it just that kind of impatience or ill-nature which is felt towards it, and growing faithfully into the bad mould, as by a fixed law. There is great importance in manner even in the handling of infancy. If it is unchristian it will beget unchristian states or impressions; if it is gentle, even, patient, and loving, it will form a mood of temper like its own. There is scarcely room to doubt that all most crabbed, resentful, passionate, ill-natured characters; all most even, lovely, and true, are prepared in a great degree by the handling of the nursery. To these, and all such modes of treatment and feeling as make up the elements of the infant's life, it is passive as wax to the seal. How important, then, is the first chapter of a child's life—the age of impressions!

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

BREAD AND APPLE PUDDING.

Soak a pie-dish full of stale bread in cold water, crust and crumb together. When the bread is thoroughly soaked, squeeze it out, but not too dry; have ready a deep pie-dish or tin, well greased. Put a layer of bread at the bottom, then a layer of apples, pared and cored, then sprinkle over the apples a little coarse brown sugar and a little spice; put a layer of bread over this and a layer of apples, and so continue till the dish is full. Cover it up very closely to keep the steam in, and bake for three or four hours in a slow oven. Let it stand till cold, and it will turn out a nice pink glazed pudding.

CARROT PUDDING.

Grate raw carrots, about four, mix it with double the weight of bread crumbs, half a pint of milk, sugar, and a little nutmeg. Bake half-an-hour.

Notices of Books.

Nurse Ellerton. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

A volume of the Family Friend Library series. A thoroughly domestic, as well as an interesting tale; written in a pleasant and homely style.

Young Men and Maidens. A Pastoral for the Times. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Price 1s. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

Brief addresses entitled "Our Young Men," "Our Young Women," and "Our Elders." They bear the impress of the earnestness of their author.

Arthur's Home Magazine. Philadelphia: J. S. Arthur & Sons.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "Earnest."—"J. R. S. C."—"L. St. C."—"G. M. A."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

LEAVES FROM HELEN GARRETT'S DIARY.—No. II.

"Whatever Thou seest best,
That let my portion be;
If sorrow be my guest,
Closer I'll cling to Thee.
Should wealth and comfort crown my future days,
To Thee be all the glory and the praise."

MAY 16TH.—Three months have passed away since my last entry, three months of busy work, which I trust will not be entirely thrown away. Mrs. Bruce leaves the education of the children entirely to me, she says, but I do wish she could see that her example and influence are forming important parts of their education, and instilling into their young minds principles of action, which after years will not be able to root out, even if they grow up to see things in a different light. The little girls Elsie and Clara are gentle little creatures, the one seven and the other nine years old; Herbert, the youngest, is five, and Charley and Alick are in their teens. 'I shan't go to chapel this morning,' said Alick, last Sunday; 'I'm like mamma, I feel too tired!' Mrs. Bruce looked a little confused, and said decidedly, 'But I wish you to go, Alick!' The boy's eyes twinkled with fun, and he seemed about to make some retort (for he stands in no awe of his mother) when suddenly he exclaimed, 'Well, ma, I'll go if you will take me.' I looked at her, and to my great surprise she replied, 'I will go this morning,' and left the room to prepare. I followed in a few minutes, and found her ready dressed, seated in the children's room. She looked at me as I entered and said, 'Are you not surprised at my sudden resolution?' I replied that I was very glad, and wished she would keep it up for the future. She shook her head and said sadly, 'No, I shall not, but I will, as far as I can, have my children trained in the right way—they shall not have any cause to say I was the means of leading them into the world.' I could not help replying, 'Dear Mrs. Bruce, forgive me, but the children cannot help seeing that your heart is in the world, and the world in your heart, and while that is the case, I am afraid it is of little use for you to try to induce them to believe that it is best not to tread in the same path. Oh, if you would but give yourself to God and God's service, and then lead your children with you in the narrow way!' She rose from her seat, and shook her head sadly. 'It is too late now!' she said significantly, and before I could answer, she was gone downstairs. We went to church that morning, because she wished it, and I almost started when the text was announced, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' It was an earnest thrilling sermon; even the children were compelled to listen, and I saw the tears falling beneath Mrs. Bruce's veil; but when we left the house of God, she made no remark at all. After dinner, she went to her own room, and did not appear until tea-time, when she said she intended to go to the evening service. I glady offered to accompany her, and we heard from the same minister another Gospel sermon from those words which Joshua uttered to the children of Israel, 'See, I have set before you this day, life and death, good and evil.' Mrs. Bruce seemed wrapt in attention, as God's servant told us that we were placed between two ways, one of which must be taken, the one conducting to endless life, the other to everlasting death. He pictured the joy of consecration to Christ, and the blessedness of the Christian's latter end, and also the misery of living for the world, and the unspeakable wretchedness of the worldling's end, and concluded with an earnest appeal to all present who were undecided, to stay no longer, not to wait another day ere they entered upon the narrow way where Christ stood with open arms to receive them. Again we walked home in silence, and that night, as I was in my own room preparing for rest, Mrs. Bruce startled me by opening the door and standing before me. She held out her hand and grasped mine tightly. 'Pray for me! pray for me!' she whispered; 'I want to give up the world, but I have stifled conviction so many times, and the world, as you said, lives in my heart, that it seems as if I cannot give it up.' I looked into her face; I saw there traces of a terrible struggle, and I felt instinctively that this crisis would either leave her at the foot of the Cross, or more deeply in the snares of the world, so I said, 'Let us pray now, and, oh, pray for yourself, that the mist may be dispelled from your eyes, and that you may see worldly things in the light of eternity.' We knelt down and I prayed with her, then she sat down and talked for a long time, and her careless, worldly manner was quite gone—she was in earnest, and I felt very hopeful for the future. Alas! on Monday she was her old self, all traces of the feelings of Sunday had disappeared, and when I ventured to allude to them, she told me it was no use; it was too late in life for her to alter now; that she would rather I never alluded to the subject again, and that I forgot what had happened on the previous day, adding, 'You see, not having been to the house of God for so long, the sermons quite unnerved me!' I risked her displeasure, and said, with all the earnestness I felt, 'Oh, Mrs. Bruce, do let me speak to you this once; God's Spirit will not always strive with you; do not let this pass; you have had a message from God; oh, listen to it for your own sake, and the sake of your children, I entreat you!' She bowed in a light mocking way, and replied, 'If you have finished, I shall be glad of your advice about these little dresses, and now, once for all, let me beg you not to refer to the subject again!' My heart ached sadly; I gave her the suggestions she needed, and went upstairs to my pupils. They were talking as I entered, and I heard Alick say, 'Well, both of them can't be right, and I think mamma's way is the easiest, so I shall go in for that!' 'But, Alick, Miss Garrett tells us always to pray to Jesus to help us through the day,' said Elsie. 'Mamma never does,' said Alick, decidedly, 'for I have slept in her room, and she never says her prayers in the morning, nor yet at night—no more shan't I—it must be right to do what your mother does!' and he marched round the room triumphantly.

July 4th.—Mrs. Bruce has been to my room this morning, to tell me that as she has decided to leave the house, she shall no longer need my services. I cannot help thinking this is merely a ruse to get rid of me, for, since that eventful Sunday, she has always seemed to avoid me. I must go, however, and trust my future to the care of my Father; I am quite content to go just where He pleases. I feel leaving the children very much. Poor dear little ones, what will become of them, if they follow their mother's example?"

(*To be continued.*)

JENNY & HER CHARGE.—No. III.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS," &c.

"GOOD afternoon, Jane; how is your grandmother?" "Oh, sir, she's dreadful; she was took with a fit in the night, and she has known nothing since." "Indeed, I'm very sorry; have you had the doctor?" "Yes, sir; but he says she is past his help, he poured something down her throat, and he thought she might come to, but she hasn't. I never was so set by in my life, for I hardly like to leave her, and yet I am half afraid to stay with her; she lies pretty near as if she were a corpse, and yet she breathes. Oh, sir, I don't know how I shalll bear it, if she goes on like this! It was no trouble to me when she could speak and look at me, but now—" "Now, Jane, you know what it is to want a strength beyond your own; only seek it, and you will find it. Let us kneel down now, and ask for it." The minister prayed, and Jane's heart went with his words; she felt he was taking her where she ought to have gone first, when she was sinking under her sorrow, and she found that she had yet to learn that "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." She rose from her knees with fresh strength imparted, and as the clergyman sat down he said, "Keep this verse in your mind, Jane, 'In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.'" "I will try, sir. I believe I did get a great way from the Lord all last night, for I fretted when I ought to have prayed, and I seemed to be far from help." "Well, Jane, remember 'in returning and rest ye shall be saved;' return to the Lord, who is ever ready to receive and comfort you; take your trouble at all times to the Saviour, and you will find He will give you rest. Whether it is sin or sorrow that is the burden, His gracious invitation is always, 'Come unto me,' but we don't hasten to Him till human help fails." "True, sir; I used to look to grandmother more than to Him, though I thought He was first in my heart." "Ah! Jane, we don't know what our idols are till God breaks them; and we don't know the full preciousness of the Saviour till He has the chief place in our heart. Then we see all our salvation and all our desire; and when that is the case, we find that inward peace and source of joy, which refreshes the soul as we draw water out of the wells of salvation; 'in quietness and confidence is our strength;' for, resting on the Lord, we lean upon Omnipotence, so we cannot fail—like the seaweed clinging to the rock, we are secure. The Rock of Ages is unchangeable and immovable, Jane; it can never be overthrown; there we have a firm footing; there we may rest in quietness and in confidence, when the storms of affliction dash their waves of tribulation on the beach. They may alarm and perplex us, they may terrify and agitate our trembling nerves, but they cannot harm us,—on the Rock we are safe. Let us look round for one of the secret clefts, and hide from the stormy wind and tempest." "Oh, sir, I see what you mean; I believe it has been there that grandmother hid in her great trouble, for she was quiet in her sorrow, while I was always fretting and thinking we should never get on without grandfather." "No doubt, Jane; she knew she should be alarmed when the waves rose mountains high; she knew she could not bear the roar of the tempest, so she ran into one of the clefts and found shelter, rest, and peace. Ah! and in these she could raise her heart in prayer, and even tune her feeble voice to praise." "So she did, sir; she would sing of mercy, as well as judgment, till I have wondered at her." "The strength, the consolation, the hope, and joy, which the Lord Jesus gives His beloved are indeed wonderful, and yet, Jane, it would be more wonderful if they were to fail, when these are treasured up in Christ Jesus for His people. Like the honey hid in the rock, there are precious stones in the Rock of Ages, which those know well how to find who dwell there; for it is not the one just secured from a watery grave, and saved on the Rock, that always sits on the favoured spot, where the sweets of refreshment are hid, but it is those who have gone up and down on calm days, finding honey here, and berries there, green moss, and a lovely flower, tiny pools, where water has lodged, medicinal herbs for wounds and bruises, high points from which to catch Pisgah views of the Promised Land. Yes, Jane, only those on the Rock are able to take a just estimate of present and future, and thus are happy for time and for eternity. If your grandmother never recovers consciousness, you know she is safe; and all will be well with you if you cling to the same Stronghold." "I will try, sir, but when I am alone and no one to talk to, I am afraid all my fears will come back, that you have quieted." "Speak to God, Jane, and you will never feel that you are alone." "Oh, sir, but, perhaps, it is about such trifles—whether I should try and wake grandmother, or what I should try to make for her, or who I should ask to come to the house, and such things." "Jane, what do you think is the meaning of the inspired words of St. Paul, 'Be careful for nothing, but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God,' if it does not include all that you want?" "Well, sir, I suppose that it does; but I should not dare to pray about such trifles." "Then you don't know the full love of your Heavenly Father; you don't believe that He who gives you free access to Him through His own dear Son, has adopted you for His child, by His Spirit, and would like you to show the confidence of a child with a parent. He would show you how He could supply all your need; He would suggest the right thing to your prayerful, seeking, though anxious, mind: He would soothe your trembling nerves, He would calm your troubled heart, and give you that rest and peace which passeth all understanding. Your prayers might be answered by denials, for often a wish granted might prove injurious, but the very denial proves we have been heard, and the removal of the desire from our hearts, is a sign whether we have prayed with submission, really wishing God's will should be done rather than our own." "I believe, sir, I have often made up my mind and set my heart too much on one thing, and expected the Lord would give it if I prayed for it; but I see it has been a proof of His love that He has often denied my request; for already I know many things I wished which would not have been good for me, and the very denial has told me my own will wanted subduing, for I could not give it up. Excuse me, sir, for opening my mind to you." "I am glad to hear all you like to tell me, and I shall be always pleased to help you by any advice, but I would say—flee to 'the Rock that is higher than I.' There, Jane, I will give you that text, as my last words. Good-bye—I shall ask old Mrs. Huggett to come and keep you company for the night; if your grandmother should be worse, you will need assistance, and Mrs. Huggett has had experience in a sick room, so she will be a comfort to you." "She will indeed, sir; thank you very much. I did pray that I might not be alone another night." "And your prayer is answered, Jane, for the Lord is full of compassion and tender mercies, and if we only put our trust in Him, we find He supplies what He knows is for our good at the right time. He does not send it beforehand, and often keeps us waiting that we may ask Him. Those who can say 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' may also add, 'I shall not want.'" With these words the clergyman left, and Jane poured out her heart in grateful praise to God.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE RIGHT PLACE.

"WELL, auntie, it is of no use trying to find a place for *this* fellow," said little Oscar, holding up a piece of his picture-puzzle; "he will not fit; he is just in the way everywhere." And Oscar gazed dolefully at the offending piece, which was the upper part of the figure of a boy. "Try again, Oscar, try again; I am sure you will find just the right place for him if you persevere." Encouraged by his aunt's tone and smile, the little boy studied his puzzle carefully again, and presently exclaimed in great glee, "Why, sure enough, he belongs here! Here is the end of the rod he holds in his hand! There, see, auntie, I have got it all right now." "Yes," said Miss Hilton, look-at the completed picture, "I was quite sure there must be a place where he would not be in the way." "What makes you smile, auntie, and look so at me?" "Well, Oscar, your troublesome boy-picture reminded me of something I have seen in real boy-life. Do you want to hear about it?" "Oh, yes, please, auntie," responded Oscar, and giving his dissected picture a push, which scattered its pieces widely, he threw himself down by his aunt, with his arms resting on her lap, all attention. "Pick up your puzzle first, and put it carefully in the box, or my story cannot begin." "Oh," sighed the impatient boy, "I wish things would put themselves in place. There, now I have put it away, auntie, please begin." "One morning, not long since, I saw a boy with bright eyes and nimble hands and feet, that seemed as if they might have been very useful if their owner had been in the right place. Indeed, I think those same eyes, and hands, and feet might have been the means of giving a great deal of pleasure to their owner and to others also. But, strange to say, instead of helping matters along, and aiding to make the home-picture all complete, this little boy appeared to be in everybody's way. As I passed through the kitchen, I saw him at the cook's elbow and, busy as she was, he was teazing for this, that, and the other thing, until she was out of patience, and I heard her say, 'Oh, do quit the kitchen, and leave me in peace; this is no place for you!' A little while after, this little boy was chasing a top through the hall and the rooms which Mary was sweeping. Just as she was ready to take up the dust in her pan, 'whiz,' went the top into the midst, scattering the dust and annoying the sweeper. 'There!' she cried, 'that is the second time. Now do please find another place to play in.' Then, again, this boy's sister was in the parlour with some young companions, who, evidently, had some private matter to discuss. But there, on the sofa sat this out-of-place boy, with his bright eyes fixed upon the group. His sister gave him two or three hints, and then she became provoked, and declared to her young friends that he was 'such a teaze,' and always in the way." "Well," interrupted Oscar, with flushing cheek, "I think they were mean! They needn't have tried to drive me away; I was not meddling with them. Girls always have secrets." "So you claim acquaintance with my boy," said Miss Hilton. "Well, do not get angry, perhaps they were girlish and silly, and all that; but, perhaps, again, they might have had something to speak of which it was not proper you should hear. I think it would have been better to have slipped away quietly when you found yourself in the wrong place, where you were not wanted. But now what do you think, Oscar? Was there no place for my story-boy this morning? No place where he could have just fitted, without jostling anyone? no rod for his hands to hold up? What might he have been doing, for instance, when he was hindering Mary in the hall?" "I know," replied the little boy honestly, "Fred was calling me to play horse with him in the yard." "Yes; what a nice place that would have been, out of the way of the housework, amusing little Fred, and so helping mother!" "And when the girls didn't want me, I suppose, I might have been doing my sum," continued Oscar. "Capital!" said his aunt, "what a nice picture that would have made! A boy, with his slate and pencil, doing his work when others were busy." "But I had nothing to do when I went into the kitchen, auntie, and I only wanted Rachel to let me try to paste those labels on the jars, and she was so cross." "Why, Oscar, nothing to do? It was just then that I had been wanting a little boy to do an errand for me up the street; and, after looking all round, I sent Mary. I did not think of looking in the kitchen. Depend upon it, little nephew, there is a right place and a right work for everyone in God's world, if we only look for it in the right spirit." "Well, I mean to look out for the right place that I shall just fit, after this, auntie, see if don't; and I know where that is now," he added, with a sudden recollection, bounding from the room. And in a few moments Miss Hilton saw him from the window, diligently weeding a much-neglected garden-bed.

CONTESTS WITH CHILDREN.

THESE should be avoided whenever it is possible. If, for instance, a child disobeys you, you can simply punish it for the act of disobedience, and there let the difficulty end; it is not always necessary that you should require the thing at first commanded should be done. You direct a little girl to give a book to her sister; she refuses, and you take one of two distinct courses to maintain your authority: you may go and take the book yourself and give it to the sister, and then inflict such a punishment on the disobedient one as the offence deserves, or you may insist upon obedience, and to enforce it enter upon a contest which will be long and painful. In either case be firm and decided.

J. S. C. A.

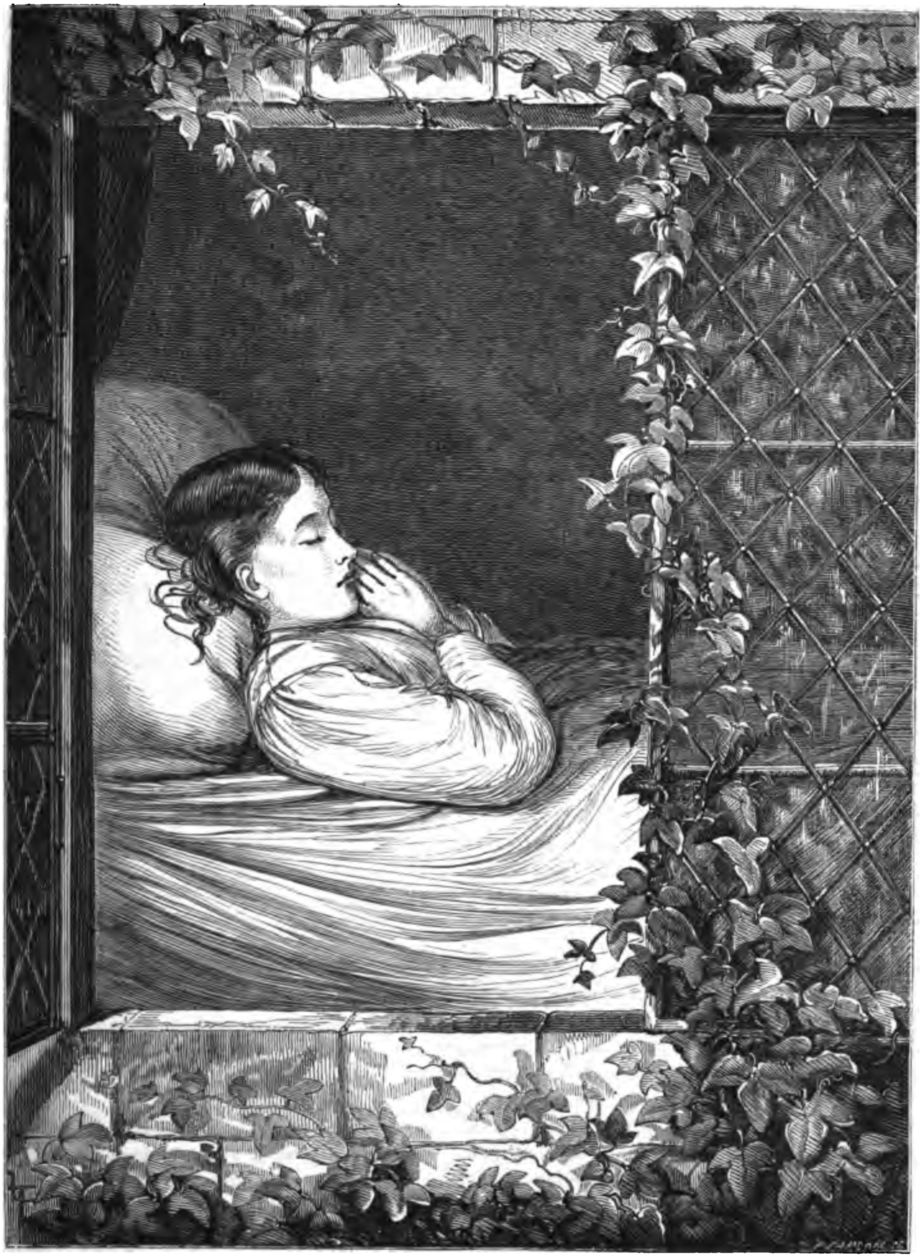
LITTLE AMY.

There was a little window—
With ivy curtained round,
Where, ever the sun's golden rays
A kindly welcome found;
For in that quiet chamber
Lay a little maiden fair,
Who used to watch the sunlight,
As it played and frolicked there.

She knew that she was dying,—
This child of seven years old;
But yet she had no fear of death,
She was safe in the Shepherd's fold.
Her heart was early taught to love
The children's dearest Friend;
And now she wished to go and dwell
Where all her pain would end.

Her mother held her in her arms
As the parting hour drew near
And whispered in a tearful voice,
"Does not my darling fear
To meet the great and holy God,
And she a sinful child?"
The little one forgot her pain,
Looked up and sweetly smiled.

"Mother," she said, "I'm not afraid,
For Jesus I shall see,
And I'll hide myself behind Him, then
God will not look on me;



"Mother, I'm not Afraid."—p. 114.

For Jesus is so beautiful
And He's my Saviour too,
And He'll take me safely to His home,
As He has said He'll do."

"Then one more kiss, dear mother,
Before I fly away;
I love you very, very much,
But I cannot longer stay."
The mother wept some bitter tears,
But now with joy can tell
To those around who mourn her child,
"He doeth all things well."

E. N. Y. H.

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

We surely ought, especially in these times when Popery, under different pretences, is making so many efforts to regain power in England, to regard with interest all that concerns the history of Elizabeth, sometimes called "Good Queen Bess." Though so named, it must be admitted that she had many faults,—faults as a queen, more still perhaps as a woman, yet, on the whole, she stood up nobly throughout her reign in defence of those Protestant principles which are dear to us, and unconsciously helped forward the growth of the liberties we now possess throughout the land. There is not usually much worth recording about the childhood of princes or princesses; but a page or two from the daily records about the maiden-queen tells us some curious facts, and gives us an insight into her character. The story of her younger days is, indeed, a tragic one; so early deprived, as she was, of a mother's care, and left to the guardianship of one of the strangest of fathers, who seemed devoid of all true paternal feeling. Elizabeth was born on Sunday, September 7th, at the favourite old palace at Greenwich, called the Palace of Placentia, where Royalty often resorted then, and which stood on a part of the ground where the Royal Hospital now stands. On the Wednesday after, as was the fashion, she was christened at the Fryer's church. So important was the occasion, that the mayor and aldermen came by barge from London. The former was clad in a robe of crimson velvet, and the aldermen in scarlet. A grand procession was formed, and moved from the palace to the church, over a path strewn with green rushes. Over the four-days-old infant's head a canopy was carried by four noblemen. So particular, too, were they, that during the waiting several gentlemen stood round the silver font with towels, lest any filth should come into it. After the ceremony she was confirmed, and received a variety of presents in the form of gold and silver dishes. Elizabeth was three years of age when her mother's head fell by the fatal axe—too young, certainly, to know the nature of her loss. About a year afterwards she appeared a second time in public, when her brother Edward was baptised. Afterwards she was taken to the chamber of his dying mother to receive her blessing. One thinks of the sad reflections which must have passed through the mind of Jane Seymour, as she looked upon the child of Anne Boleyn, whom she had supplanted in the king's favour. In the list of the New Year's gifts offered to Prince Edward in 1539, we find a shirt of cambric, from his sister Elizabeth, *of her own making*. She was then six years old. By a curious letter, which was discovered some years since, we find that Elizabeth was rather neglected by her father while living at Hunsdon. The lady who had the charge of the young princess writes to Lord Cornwall that, "she was put from that degree she was before, and what degree she is at now I know not how to say. I beseech you that she may have some raiment; she has neither gown, kirtle, nor petticoats; nor no manner of linen,"—an uncomfortable state of things! There was a Mr. Skelton in this establishment, who took too much upon himself; by his persuasion the little lady frequently dined and supped with the "board of estate"—whatever that may be. "Thus," says the writer, "she has divers meats, fruits, and wine, which are not meet for a child of her age. I cannot undertake to keep her grace in health, and she keep that rule." Also she adds with simplicity, "My lady hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come but slowly forth, which causeth me to suffer her grace to have her will more than I would. I trust, if her teeth were well *graft*, to have her another fashion than she is yet." How this ended we do not know, but ere long we read that Elizabeth was beginning to enter with eagerness upon her studies, and greatly delighted in the company of her brother Edward. He was wont to call her his sweetest sister. They worked together at their books, usually commencing their day's employment with the study of the Scriptures; afterwards they would play together in a quaint little garden at Hatfield, which was kept, until very recently, in the same old-fashioned style, as to its hedges and borders. Then Edward would go forth for exercise, and his sister returned indoors to play upon the lute or viol, or to busy herself in needlework. How different was the life led by Elizabeth the maiden, to Elizabeth the monarch of Britain! At twelve years of age, probably for some trifling fault, she fell under her royal father's displeasure, and was banished from court for a year, and not allowed to see him or her mother-in-law, Catherine Parr. This royal lady had always treated her with affection, and to her did Elizabeth apply, being afraid to address her father Henry, who behaved to his daughters with great sternness. The king was on his way to France, and on his arrival there he wrote a letter to his queen, in which he sent his hearty blessing to all his children, so that the reconciliation must have been effected through the humble apology the young princess made, having been presented in the right manner to her capricious sire by his prudent partner. In a general way, Henry took little notice of his daughter, except to contrive some matrimonial scheme, in which she was to be a puppet; however, none of these came to any result, the last being a proposal to marry her to Philip of Spain, in 1545. Her father's death may be considered as a turning-point in Elizabeth's history, and though only fourteen, she had from that time forward to take her share of the anxieties which beset the royal state. She took up her residence in the dower-palace at Chelsea, and had a proper retinue appointed her. It was during her life that these lines were penned regarding her:—

"Humble she was, and no degree would scorn;
To talk with poorest souls she liked well.
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states may in lowliness abound."

EFFIE MELVILLE'S FAULT AND REPENTANCE.

THE sun was illuminating the earth with golden splendour one evening in early summer. As it sank slowly down in the western sky, its mellow rays fell aslant a cottage pleasantly situated in one of the rural districts in the south of England. The cottage was built of white stone, and in the style of architecture known as gothic, and was nestled in a group of pine and chestnut trees, which in summer afforded a grateful shelter from the heat, and in the more inclement seasons proved an efficient protection against the winds and storms, which but for them would have beat mercilessly on the tenement. The front was ornamented by trellis-work, over which a profusion of climbing-plants spread their bright foliage, and mingled their blossoms with the rosebuds and honeysuckle, that filled the air with fragrant and refreshing sweetness. On either side was a large bay-window, which looked out on a sloping lawn, and commanded a view several miles in extent of some of England's loveliest and most striking scenery. At one of these windows, which was open, stood Frank Melville's wife. In a summer dress of simple white, her auburn tresses lightly moved by the gentle breezes, which played on them from without. She stood, in pensive mood, with a far-off thoughtful look in her brown eyes, waiting for the appearance of her husband. Gradually the shadows lengthened and twilight came on; the birds ceased their song, the more distant objects became veiled in obscurity, and one by one the stars peeped out, until the heavens were lighted by their gem-like glitter. Then from behind a tree-capped hill the moon rose in queenly beauty, and shed her silvery beams on the quiet landscape. Still Effie Melville lingered at the window, but now the pensive expression had deepened into a look of unmistakable grief, and there were tears in the sweet eyes upturned to heaven. She was unhappy. Not without cause was it that the tears came and her heart ached so sadly, for on the morning of that day, the first shadow of her married life had fallen. Frank and she had quarrelled, and words had passed between them which ought never to have been spoken. The cause was very trivial—a little matter in which she thought that Frank ought to defer to her wishes, while he considered she should give way to his. She, however, actuated by a wrong impulse, would not yield, and when her husband attempted to convince her that she was in error, she answered him hotly—so bitter, indeed, had her words been that Frank had turned on his heel and left the room, with a deeply-wounded spirit. No sooner was he gone than her anger gave way to regret, and had it been possible she would willingly have recalled her hasty expressions. Had she acted on the impulses of her better nature, she would at once have called him back and sought a reconciliation, but as she was about to do so, the demon pride crept stealthily into her heart, and whispered that it would never do to humble herself so completely. Let her husband speak first. So there was a period of indecision, during which the better part of her nature struggled with the baser for the supremacy, and while the conflict was going on, she saw her husband leave the premises hurriedly on his horse, in order to catch the train to the market-town of Netherleigh, whither she knew he was bound on urgent business, and thus the opportunity was lost. The day had passed very wearily to her. Times out of number during its slow progress, she had reproached herself keenly for the unkindness of the morning; and now she was watching for Frank's return, resolved at once to acknowledge her fault, express her contrition, and ask him to forgive her. She had no doubt as to the result, for did he not love her tenderly? and did she not too love him dearer than all the world beside? Nevertheless, her heart was very sad; Frank's last grieved look as he left, haunted her memory, and she felt that not only had she wronged *him*, but sinned grievously in the sight of Heaven also. Memories, too, of her dead mother, the dear, loving guide of her early years, came to her at this time, and again she seemed to hear the wise counsels and warnings, which she had received from that best of earthly friends. "Perfection," she had been told, "nowhere existed on earth, and days would be sure to come, even to those whose hearts were most closely knit together in love, when forbearance would be an absolute necessity, and concessions must be made." Her tears flowed fast, as she remembered her recent remissness in this respect, and as the evening wore on, she lifted up her heart in silent prayer to God, that He would mercifully remove the shadow that had that day fallen on her home, and that henceforth her life might more nearly resemble that of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose disciple she was.

(To be concluded next month.)

LEAVE TO THRIVE.

"A MAN must have his wife's leave to thrive." This saying was once quoted in the presence of Paul Hickson, such a testy little man, you would hardly meet his like. He bristled up, and maintained, whilst professing the utmost complaisance towards the fair sex, that it was a great indignity and insult to a man to suppose that he should ask his wife's leave to do anything that he thought proper. No, no! Paul knew better where the government was vested than to admit such a degrading idea. Ask his wife's leave, indeed! It was what he never did, nor never would do, that he was quite sure of. "Well," said his more placid neighbour, "be thankful if you have got it without asking for." "No, sir," replied the angry man, "I would not be beholden to my wife for it if she offered it to me. My wife is very well in her place, and nobody can say that I am not a kind husband to her, but to have her leave to thrive,—ha! ha! ha! it is too ridiculous to think of. No, no. If I have to wait for my wife's leave to thrive, I would rather do without thriving." "Well, Paul, you must take your own way, you shall please yourself, if you can." But, whether or not Paul Hickson would admit it, the saying is true. Look round on your acquaintance, reader, and judge for yourself. A glance amongst mine leads me to conclude that it is. For miles round, there is not a more steady, industrious, inoffensive man, than Reeves, the mason. Early and late that man may be seen at his work. He has a civil word for everybody, and is never too tired and too busy to do a kind action. He has, and he deserves, the good-word of every one in the parish. Such a man in the common course of things ought to be getting on in the world, living in plenty and comfort, and laying by money, either to avail himself of a favourable opportunity of rising, or to provide against the pressure of unfavourable circumstances. But such is not the case. Poor Reeves is one of those, who, as "Poor Richard" says, may "keep his nose to the grindstone all his life, and die not worth a groat at last." The thing is this: When Reeves set about to choose a wife he unfortunately did not use his wits, and chose not an active, thrifty woman who would, if need be, put her hand to the work and pull with her husband, or at any rate bestir herself to make the best of what he brought home; but an idle, helpless dawdle, a girl with a pretty face enough, if a face can be called pretty without a cheerful bright expression,—and one that very likely was smartly dressed when she was on her preferment, but indoors as idle a slattern as ever was seen; not only destitute of that household skill which every woman ought to possess, but without energy to attempt to acquire it. She cannot or will not bestir herself to get the meals in a comfortable manner, or in proper time,—often has not left her bed when her husband comes home to breakfast,—and in the evening may be seen lolling at the door with her arms under her apron, while the house is all at sixes and sevens with the litter of the day, the fire-place not swept up, the fire nearly or quite out, and, at least five chances out of ten, if matters above stairs were explored, the beds might be found just as they were quitted in the morning. The poor man cannot sit down in one bit of comfort. The clothes are worn out before their time by being left about in the dust, and by the neglect of that "stitch in time" which "saves nine," and everything about the house is left to go to ruin. Whatever needlework has to be done, is put out; for Mrs. Reeves is too idle and too notion-less to do it herself; and a woman is hired once a week to put the house a little to rights for Sunday. All these needless expenses run away with what might be saved, and if a great deal more were spent no comfort could be secured to a family, the female head of which is an idle slattern. It is to be hoped her husband will not be tempted to seek at the public-house what he cannot find at home, though that is the way in which many a decent, well-meaning man has been driven to bad courses; but as for thriving, that is quite out of the question, and poor Reeves has long since given it up in despair. *He cannot get leave from his wife to do it.*

HOW TO TREAT STAMMERING CHILDREN.

CHILDREN thus affected are the cause of considerable anxiety to loving mothers, and they are so much exposed to annoyance from the unkind or thoughtless that it is desirable to know how this affection may be cured, when curable. An organic defect of palate or brain calls for medical aid, but in a number of cases it is nervousness of some kind. Dr. Chevasse writes: "In this case the best plan is to exercise a little patience day by day, and whenever you can, make the child speak slowly, forming each word fully; if he speak quickly, stop him, and make him quietly go through the sentence again and again, until he has mastered the difficulty. Be patient and gentle with him, and endeavour to give him confidence. The cure adopted by many professors," he continues, "is getting their patients to recite pieces in a sing-song style, because stammerers seldom sing imperfectly, owing to the influence exercised upon the voice by the necessity of keeping time. So even children may be practised with advantage in singing short pieces where their articulation is imperfect."

RELIGIOUS DILIGENCE.

PHILIP HENRY says he "would blame those whose zeal in religion makes them to neglect their worldly business, and let the house drop through;" and he would tell, sometimes, of a religious woman, whose fault it was. She was convinced of it by a godly neighbour, who coming into the house, and finding her late in the day at her devotions, and the household neglected, children not tended, servants not minded. "What," said he, "is there no fear of God in this house?" which much startled and affected the good woman, who overheard him. Philip Henry would add, "Sometimes there may be over-doing even in well-doing."

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

DEVONSHIRE STEW.

Take onions, cabbage, carrots, potatoes, and parsnips, the two last-mentioned vegetables should be double the quantity of the others. Partly boil them, then mix them together, season with pepper and salt; set over the fire with two ounces of dripping, and a tea-cupful of water or liquor. When the dripping is melted, and the liquor absorbed, it is done. A few slices of bacon or pork may be used instead of dripping.

APPLE CAKE.

Crumble some stale bread, and slice about double the quantity of apples. Butter a tin, and strew in some crumbs and sugar; then lay in apples and bread-crumbs alternately; put a small piece of butter on the top. Bake till the apples are done.

Notices of Books.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.
Arthur's Home Magazine. T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

Answers to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "Earnest"—"L. St. —"J. R. S. C."—"S. M. L. T."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

LEAVES FROM HELEN GARRETT'S DIARY.—No. III.

"So I go on not knowing,
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than walk alone in the light:
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight."

AUGUST 30th.—Have left Mrs. Bruce, and am now in lodgings in Horton, waiting for an opening. I have advertised and answered advertisements, and now, quietly resting in God, am waiting the result. I cannot see a step before me, but I know He is with me, and will guide me aright. Oh, the blessedness of resting in Him!

September 5th.—Have received an invitation from an old friend of my mother (who has heard that I need a situation), to go and live with her as companion in her pretty home at Easton. She is a maiden lady of small property, who devotes her life to doing good. I shall gladly accept this offer, and my heart is overflowing with gratitude to God. I know dear mother would be rejoiced, for I have heard her so often speak of Miss Linden, and her quiet, active, Christian life. I go to her at once.

October 1st.—Am comfortably settled in my new home. I find Miss Linden has increased her family lately, and taken to board with her two orphan relations, who, strangely enough, bear the same name as myself. Hugh and Arthur Garrett are twin brothers, both studying surgery, and intending to set up in practice together. Of course, the work of the household is greatly increased by their presence, and the one little servant could not possibly get through with it; hence Miss Linden's need of a companion and helper. I am sure I shall be happy here. I had a long talk with Miss Linden last night about my mother; she told me incidents of her girlish days, which much interested me; she tells me that I am just like her in face and figure, and hopes I am like her too in heart.

* * * * *

'*June 11th.*—Six years have passed away since I came to Easton, and now, strange to say, I am Hugh Garrett's wife. We have been married fifteen months, and in this cradle at my feet, lies our dearest earthly treasure, a wee, red-fisted little fellow of four months old. I have thought so much of mother lately, since little Hugh came to me, for I have been so full of care, and felt so weak and anxious, that I have longed to lay my head on her bosom and tell her all. Hugh is very kind and thoughtful, but the best of men cannot quite understand how their wives feel. He comes in sometimes, and finds me crying, and asks kindly what is the matter. I cannot tell him that I feel weak and ill, and unable to nurse baby and manage the household affairs, for if I did, he would engage another servant, which I know we cannot afford; so I only lay my head on his shoulder, and cry more than ever. He of course thinks I am very foolish, as I know I am, but oh, I do so long for sympathy and comfort! Back to my memory comes that sweet verse, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee." Yes, I see how it is, I have been weak and nervous, and forgotten that I have such an ever sympathising Friend who will never, never leave me. Oh, I feel stronger already! Hugh has just been in to ask me to go with him to see one of his patients, a Mrs. Hyde, the wife of an officer who is staying here. Hugh says she is in a rapid consumption, but will not believe it, she seems so desperately resolved to cling to life. I don't know why he wishes me to see her, but I will go at once.

June 12th.—Strange to say, Mrs. Hyde is the Mrs. Bruce I once lived with. Poor woman! she is reaping the fruit of her own doings; she would have the world for her portion, and now, in the time of extremity, she is proving how hollow and vain it is. Her husband, Captain Hyde, must have married her for her money, for he neglects her shamefully. Her two eldest children will not visit her, but live away with some of their own father's relations. Alick, a fine youth of eighteen, is his step-father's associate in all that is evil, and does not scruple to tell his mother that she has herself to thank for having made him what he is. She has buried her youngest boy, Herbert, and it is evident that Charlie is in a consumption, though he is trying to excel his brother in all kinds of fashionable wickedness. Her only comfort is in Elsie, who attends on her day and night, and devotes herself entirely to her mother. "I do not deserve such a daughter," she said to me; "I am a most miserable woman; I have lived for the world, and it has deceived me, as you told me it would. Oh, Helen! tell me, have you found your religion sufficient to keep you happy? or has it failed you, as my irreligion has me?" I could not reply for a moment, for all my faithlessness rose up before me, and I felt how wrong I had been in giving way to depression of spirits, and morbid dread of the future, when I had given up my life and myself to God, to rule and arrange as He saw best. She saw my hesitation, and asked again, "*Is* the religion of Jesus Christ sufficient to enable a woman to meet her life, with its peculiar trials and duties, bravely and cheerfully?" I took her hand, and I know my heart spoke in my voice as I said, "Yes, it is sufficient, though with shame I own that I have been low and unhappy sometimes, because I have forgotten where my strength lies; I have dwelt upon myself and my own feelings, and lost sight of the infinite love that has ever been watching me, and appointing my lot; but it has been my own fault, and not the fault of religion." She looked up and said, "Yes, I see what you mean; I would that I had decided differently *that* Sunday night: it is too late now." "It is not too late for Jesus to receive a repentant sinner," I exclaimed earnestly. "I cannot repent," she said solemnly; "I tell you *it is too late;* my heart is hard and callous; I haven't the slightest desire for anything good now. I only wish to get well again and enjoy my life, in spite of my husband. Do you think I shall get well soon? does your husband think I shall? tell me!" I took her hand and said gently, "He thinks you are dying; he wished me to tell you." "Then I am lost for ever!" she said in a hollow tone. I sat by her for a long time, repeating all the texts and invitations I could remember, but she seemed insensible to them, and her only reply was, "It is too late now!" I could only leave her in the hands of my God, and come home and pray for her.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

LEAVE TO THRIVE.—No. II.

JOHN HUNT, the pastrycook, at one time seemed likely enough to thrive—indeed, was thriving rapidly, and it was often predicted among the neighbours that he would one day ride in his carriage. But at that time Hunt was going on in a steady, frugal way, employing as little subordinate help as possible. Mrs. Hunt often lent a hand at busy times, and always sat at her needlework in a little back parlour where she could overlook the shop. But as business prospered, Mrs. Hunt became proud and extravagant. She wanted to dress as fine, and keep as much company, and make as much display, as her neighbours across the road. Whether they were right or wrong in what they did, is nothing to the purpose. Mrs. Hunt, just in proportion as she set herself up to copy them, retreated from helping her husband to thrive. She worried or coaxed him into one expensive purchase after another, which put a stop to his good old plan of frequently depositing a few pounds in the bureau, a resource which had often enabled him to take advantage of a favourable turn in the markets. Nearly all the ready money of the shop was consumed as fast as received. Often a pound or two went secretly to the milliner or mercer, and many bills were left unpaid. Unfortunately—yes, though it was hailed at the time as the most fortunate circumstance that could have occurred, the result has proved it far otherwise—a distant relation left Mrs. Hunt a legacy of a few hundred pounds, and now she not only felt herself justified in enlarging her expenses, but even fancied herself called upon to do so. This and that, which did very well formerly, would not do now for people in their circumstances. To render personal assistance in the business, Mrs. Hunt was fully convinced, was extremely vulgar and quite out of character. Even the confinement of the back parlour she deemed prejudicial to her health and spirits. Tea-parties, public walks, and sea-side excursions were much more congenial, and she was satisfied that they could very well afford it. All this while how did business thrive? An additional journeyman became necessary to assist in the bakehouse and serve in the shop, not because the business had increased, but because the mistress was above rendering the assistance she formerly did. Besides this, it was found that the flour and other ingredients did not go so far as they used to, nor was the till so productive as when Mrs. Hunt kept her station in the back parlour. One and another of the servants was suspected, but nothing was proved, except that poor Hunt and his family were from day to day impoverished by imperceptible means. There is too much reason to fear that Hunt himself was beguiled or discouraged into a neglect of business and recklessness of expense. Certain it is, that he, who long acted on the principle of making no bargain except when he had resources in the bureau to meet it, and who seldom had to turn away from an advantageous offer, was driven to deal where he could obtain the longest credit, though furnished with inferior articles and on less advantageous terms. Old and respectable business connexions were broken up, customers displeased, business falling off, and ruin staring in the face the man who once bid fair to be one of the most prosperous tradesmen in the town. Was it not *his wife who would not give him leave to thrive?* How is it that Charles Wilson, a young man of integrity, ability, and good address, has been twice thrown out of a good situation? Just because he has got a prying, tattling wife, who has been unprincipled enough to listen to private conversation, and to possess herself of secret information by peeping into the letters and books in her husband's desk, and foolish enough to communicate to her cronies the knowledge she has thus dishonourably obtained. Thus the affairs of Wilson's employers have been divulged, and Wilson, to his amazement and distress, dismissed as a person unworthy of confidence, and so, without any fault of his own, a worthy young man is deprived of the hope of deserved preferment, and thrown out of employ, or compelled to take up something of an inferior order. No young man could deserve success or was more likely to obtain it, but *his wife would not give him leave.* The wife of Draper, the fishmonger, has done great injury to her husband's business by her haughty manner of stalking through the shop,—for lack of a private door—drawing herself up with a scornful air, as if she really fancied herself polluted or disgraced by having anything to do with the vulgarity of trade. More than one good customer has been offended and driven away, by hearing her, in a peremptory tone, answer the apprentice, whom they had directed to inquire when the master would be in the way, or what supply of fish was expected, "I know nothing about it." Did she not thus say, as expressly as in words, "*I will not suffer my husband to thrive?*" The wife of Sims, the printer, is a clever, active woman, and, in many respects, a really good wife, but her temper is hasty and resentful. She is far too ready to take offence, often when no offence was intended and no injury done. But not content with indulging her own angry feelings, she is continually getting her husband into petty broils, and setting him against his neighbours, by reporting to him some disrespectful remark or neglect of courtesy which ought to be resented, or some petty encroachment which ought to be resisted. Among her favourite expressions are these, "I would not put up with it." "You are a man of no spirit." "You have not the spirit of a worm to be trodden upon in this manner and not turn." "I would not shake hands with him, if he offered it, nor speak if I met him in the street." Under her influence, good servants have been hastily dismissed, angry letters written, newspaper squabbles taken up, customers offended, ill-will cherished among neighbours, and a man who is not naturally of a quarrelsome temper, comes to be looked upon with general dislike. It is very true that men should act upon their own convictions of right and wrong; but it is equally true that people are almost unconsciously acted upon by the influence of those who are always near to them, and are often led to take different views of right and wrong from what they would have formed if left to their own unbiassed judgment. A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are both alike. Such influence in a wife wears through the better feelings of her husband, and through his comfort and interest too, and *will not give him leave to thrive.*

SKETCHES FROM FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

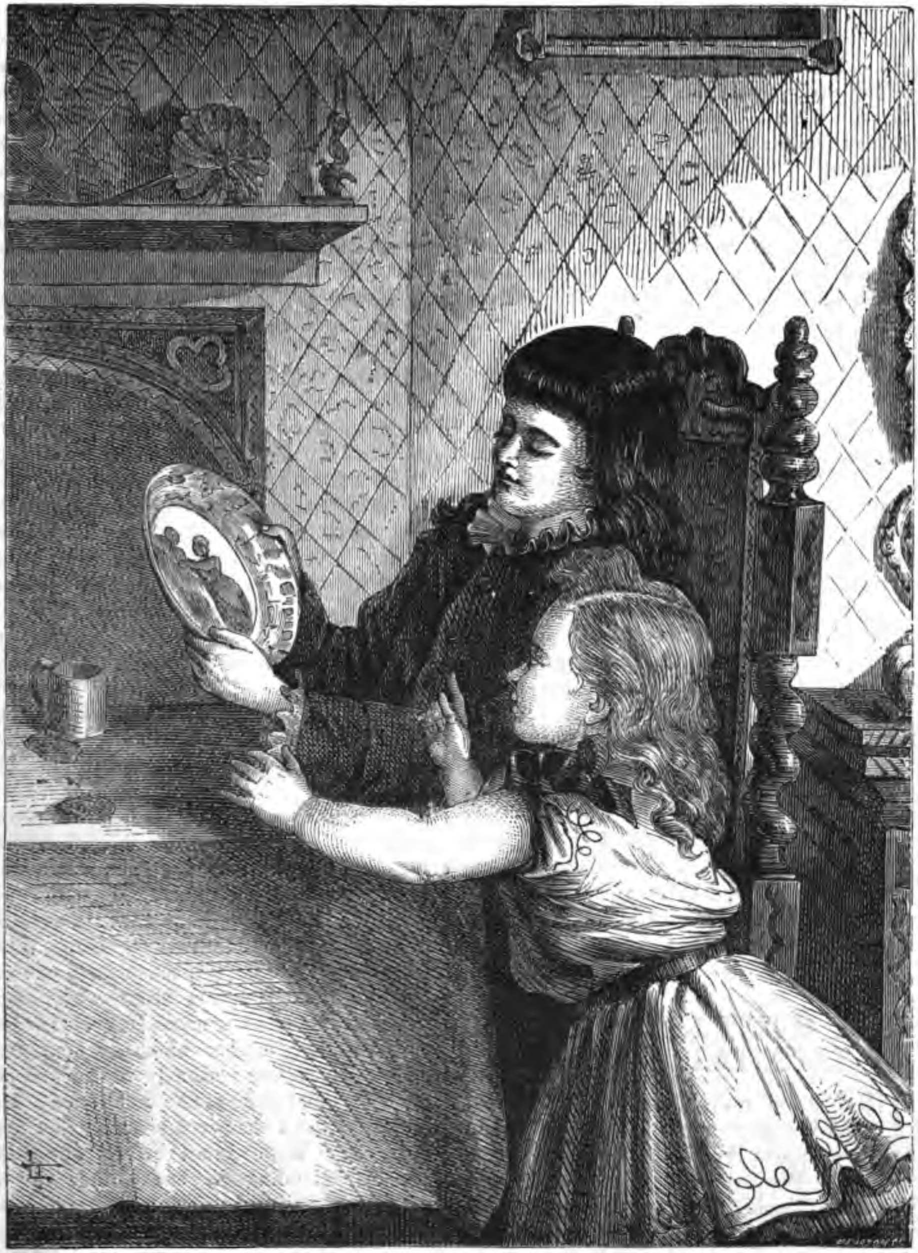
ALAS for Marie Antoinette! surely one of the most unfortunate of queens, as well as one of the unhappiest of mothers. What a difference between two memorable processions in which she bore the leading part. At the early age of fifteen, with prospects the most promising before her, she left the city of Vienna to be married to the heir of the French crown. All the people of the capital almost are in the streets, and tears and even cries give evidence how much they lament the departure of the royal maiden. We look on three-and-twenty years, and see the once famous queen of France now degraded—on her way to the guillotine, while the streets of Paris are alive with faces expressing either indifference or scorn. She was a woman whom even her bitterest enemies must have regarded with pity, if not admiration, had they known her aright. But the unhappy days in which she lived, blinded men's eyes and steeled their hearts. Marie Antoinette was noted, while yet quite young, for her mental abilities, as well as her bodily charms. Married, as we have said, to the young Dauphin of France, she became queen in 1774, and for a few brief years subsequently her life seemed bright and pleasant. The young monarch dearly loved his wife; she had a circle of friends such as are not usually found about a court, and though she lived in splendour, we are told that she "adopts orphans, meritorious maids, and delights to succour the poor." By-and-bye she became a mother, and yet again and again, and we might perhaps conclude that her cup of happiness was full. But a very few years produced a sad change, on the particulars of which we cannot dwell. Through various rumours which got into circulation, Marie Antoinette became the object of dislike and suspicion throughout France. Violent changes were taking place throughout the land, and ere long, the once gay court became dull, and the scene of many anxious discussions as to the future. The poor king Louis had little wisdom and no firmness, and his queen, though in some things superior to him, was not naturally fitted to pass through such difficulties. We see her on May 4th, 1789, at the meeting of the States-General. The royal party enters, she is hissed, while the king is only feebly applauded. Her hair, people remark, is already turning grey, and her elder son lies dying; she is voyaging upon a sea of troubles from which death only releases her. We look at her again at Versailles, on the 6th of October of that year. An insurrection has broken out, and swarms of the rabble surround the royal residence. His few guards can do nothing, and cries are heard that the king and queen should appear on the balcony. The king steps forth once, and again, but they shout for the queen; then we are told that "her majesty shows herself though there is peril in it, with her little boy and girl. 'No children,' cry the voices. She gently pushes back her children, and stands alone, her hands serenely crossed upon her breast. 'Should I die,' she had said, 'I will do it.' General Lafayette, with ready wit, takes that fair queenly hand and kisses it; at last a few shout, 'Long live the queen!'" Her remaining son, Louis Charles, was a most handsome boy, clever and most good-natured, and as great a favourite with all in the court as he was with his parents. As things grew worse in France, Marie Antoinette withdrew as much as she could from state affairs, and devoted herself to her children, assisted by their aunt, Madame Elizabeth, as she was called. At last, Louis was dethroned, and with his family sent to the Temple prison, August 13th, 1792. The place was dismal enough, but was soon made more so, by bars which were placed in the windows and double doors added to the rooms. Here they dwelt for weary months, the royal ladies being obliged to mend their own clothes and those of the king and prince, and as they had few garments to change, this had sometimes to be done while they were in bed. In December, the king was put upon his trial, and separated from his queen; he was told that he might see his children, only then they would be kept from their mother and aunt; this he refused to listen to. When condemned, he was allowed to bid them all a sad farewell.

After Louis had been executed, as a favour, his family were allowed to put on mourning. With tears, the queen said to her children, "You will wear it long, but I always." She would hardly ever leave her prison-room, not even for needful exercise, because she would not pass the door of the chamber where her husband had been confined. In the July following, Marie Antoinette had her son taken from her and confined separately, and while his health languished, the authorities were deaf to all the queen's appeals that she might nurse or occasionally see him. Removed not long before her death to another prison, she was dragged hastily through a low door and struck violently against it; to the question whether she was hurt, she only replied, "Nothing can hurt me now." Throughout her trial, Marie Antoinette showed great calmness and patience. There could be but one issue, and like her husband she also fell beneath the axe of the guillotine.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE BROKEN PLATE.

WILLIE and Josey were left in the care of a housemaid while their parents went to a neighbouring town, to be away all day. Brought up by the mother's knee, they hardly knew how to pass the time alone. As a great treat, they were allowed to have a little frosted cake for their supper, served on an antique china plate, an heirloom, whose history they had so often heard from their mother, that it had become a very interesting object in their eyes." Only to think that grandma's grandma used to eat off this plate when she was a little girl," said Josey. "That's nothing to George Washington's holding it in his hand," said Willie. "That must have been after he cut the cherry-tree; he'd have broke it if he had got hold of it in those days." Willie laughed, called Josey a dunce, and as the cake disappeared and disclosed a little picture on the bottom of the plate, they examined it, and wondered what George Washington thought of the little figures painted there. Just then Bridget called out from the kitchen for them to hurry with their supper, and go out by the gate and watch for the carriage. By way of helping Bridget, Josey took hold of the cake plate to carry it out into the kitchen. "Let me carry it, I am the oldest," said Willie, with a sort of older-brother manner. His merry whistle was cut short, for down went the precious old plate on the carpet, in a heap of small bits. Bridget was shocked. She had transgressed the rules to let the boys use it. Willie and Josey both began to cry when they saw it gathered up on the dust-pan. "Let's go to bed; I don't want to meet mamma," said Willie. "She won't be hard on ye," said Bridget, a little pale at the sound of approaching carriage wheels. "Don't you tell, we'll tell ourselves," said Willie, trying to look brave and manly. Bridget was only too glad to promise. The boys hurried up to bed. Their father and mother missed their pleasant greeting, and were startled at Bridget's pale, anxious face. Mamma ran up into their room with her bonnet on. They lay sobbing, with the sheet pulled over their faces. "What is the matter, boys?" No answer. After a series of sobs, Josey said, "We daren't tell you, mamma." "Have you been quarrelling?" "No, mamma." "Have you been using bad language, told a falsehood, or doing wrong in some other way?" "No, mamma," and more sobs. "Bridget, come here and tell me what has happened to the boys." "They bid me let them tell for themselves, ma'am." "You may tell; we can't," cried Willie from under the sheet, choking down a big sob. "Well, ma'am,"



"Only to think that grandma's grandma used to eat off this plate when she was a little girl!"

and Bridget grew pale, "your old plate with the old-fashioned picture on it, that you prized so much, is in bits. I am sorry, indeed, ma'am, for it was I that let them have their cake on it to amuse them." With this the boys were preparing for a fresh cry, when mamma cleared the cloud away, by giving a cheerful, hearty laugh, and exclaiming, "*Is that all?* My dear boys, I was afraid you had broken some of God's laws. Stop your crying, I can do without my old plate, but I could not bear to have my darling boys commit *sin*. It was only an accident. It would very likely have slipped from my hands at some future time. Now kiss mamma, and go to sleep. Throw away the pieces, Bridget, and we will forget all about it." The boys uncovered their faces, sat up in bed, and had a good, lively talk with mamma about the doings of the day, and laid down again, comforted and happy, to their light-hearted slumbers. They then and there learned a lesson which will last them a lifetime, and help to keep their young feet from the paths of the destroyer; that is, that no ill-success or earthly loss can grieve their mother as much as to see them sinning against God. Dear young friends, fear sin more than poverty, loss, or shame. Nothing can harm you if you make Christ your most intimate friend. Dear mothers, let your children feel that torn clothes, soiled books, broken ware, deserve gentle reproof, and excite you far less than a stained, soiled conscience, and God's broken law.

M. E. W.

EFFIE MELVILLE'S FAULT AND REPENTANCE.—No. II.

THE moon rose high in the heavens, and the hour waxed late, but Effie did not once move from her position by the window. She stood half hidden by the folds of a thick curtain, watching the road by which she expected Frank to come. Presently on the still night air, there came the ring of a horse's hoof, at first faint and uncertain, but momentarily becoming more distinct as the distance was diminished. Effie's quick ear speedily caught the sound, and with a glad smile she turned to look at the spot where the horseman would first appear. The lovelight shone softly in her brown eyes as she gazed, and her attitude was one of eager expectancy. Nearer and yet nearer at a rapid pace came the horse, until a curve in the road brought it full in view—but what was it that in one moment froze the smile on Effie Melville's lips, and sent a sensation of deadly faintness to her heart, so that its pulsations seemed suddenly to cease? *The horse was riderless!* A great horror fell on Effie, and a dart of quivering pain ran through her. For a few moments she stood motionless, while in that narrow interval of time, it seemed to her as if the light of her life had utterly died out, but then a wild yearning to know what had become of Frank seized her. It appeared only too probable that he had been thrown, and her distress of mind consequent upon this belief was increased almost beyond endurance, when she remembered that the last words she had addressed to him, had been spoken in the heat of anger. What if he were now dead, and all hope of reconciliation past? Effie shuddered at the thought; if it *were* so, then she would wish to die too, for life, burdened with such a weight of remorse as must in such an event be hers, would be unbearable. While Effie was a child, a dispute arose one day between herself and a brother, and angry passions obtained the ascendancy. On that occasion, her mother took her apart, and spoke gently but seriously to her alone; amongst other things, she mentioned a true incident which had come under her own observation some years before, where two persons, standing to each other in the relation of husband and wife, had a quarrel, and parted for the day under the influence of wrathful feelings. It was an awful instance of the uncertainty of human affairs, that before the sun went down that self-same day, tidings were conveyed to the wife, that an accident had deprived her husband of life. This the mother told Effie, and then with judicious tact, left the story to operate on the mind of the child, and produce its own result; and ere long the little one sought out her brother, and they were reconciled. It was a thing long forgotten, but in much less time than it has taken me to write it, that melancholy story, in all its details, came back fresh and vivid to Effie's memory; and as she recognised the possibility of the sad event being repeated in her own experience, a terrible fear rose in her heart. She saw the horse canter up the road, and stop at the gate leading to its stable, and then turning from the window, where a short time before she had stood so hopefully, she poured out her whole soul in one agonised petition for help to Him who alone knoweth the sorrows of the heart, and who can give strength to bear life's heavy burdens. Then she went down to the kitchen, where her blanched suffering face at once enlisted the sympathy of her servant, to whom she explained what had occurred, and her fears as to the safety of her husband; and having sent the girl to the nearest house for assistance, she returned to her own room, intending to throw on a shawl and go herself down the road to see if she could find him. But the shock had been too much for her: she had only just enough strength left to enable her to reach a couch, and sinking down upon it, she remembered no more.

* * * * * *

Was it a dream? Surely that was Frank's voice calling her name, and Effie opened her eyes to find that there was brightness for her in life even yet. Frank was bending over her with the old loving look, but tears were running down his cheeks, and his voice shook with uncontrollable emotion. The tears disappeared, however, when she returned to consciousness, and his voice resumed its tender cadence as he soothed and comforted her with gentle, loving words. And soon, Effie, holding his hand in hers, and looking wistfully into his face, told him all she had suffered that long, weary, eventful day. She related how remorseful had been the reflections which had succeeded her fault of the morning, and how at first she had been fearful lest it should have, in some degree, estranged from her the love she prized so dearly; "for," said Effie, mournfully, "these displays of unchristian temper, whilst they prove the depravity and frailty of human nature, tend also to wear away the finer feelings which should ever exist between those who love, and to render the heart unsympathetic and hard." Thus she proceeded to relieve her mind of its burden, and her look was sad and beseeching, and her voice very low and tender, as she told him of the fears she had had for his safety, and ended with an entreaty for forgiveness: for Effie had confessed to herself, that by imputing wrong motives to Frank, she had done him great injustice, and indeed it was so, for in opposing her wishes, he had really desired her good, and acted as he considered for the best. Frank heard her quietly to the end, and then did what, under the circumstances, was perhaps the most natural thing he could do: he bent down and kissed his wife, and Effie saw from the look he gave her, that she had not forfeited his love. It is ten years now since this happened, and children are growing up about Effie, but she has never forgotten the experiences of that day, and one of the lessons which she has always striven to impress upon her little ones, is that of *forbearance.* And when in thoughtful mood we meditate on the mystery of life, on its numerous and varied trials, so difficult to understand, and so hard to bear, and on the unexpected events which year by year occur to change its whole tenor and prospects, we cannot but think that not only in their higher spiritual application, but also in the ordinary course of daily experience, the words of St. Paul come home to every heart with striking force and appropriateness, "*Ye have need of patience.*" Frank Melville's explanation of the cause of Effie's alarm was a very simple one. On returning home from Netherleigh, he had occasion to call at the house of a friend for the purpose of arranging a business engagement, and not intending to stay long, he tied his horse to a gate at the entrance of his friend's premises. Whether for the reason that he did not exercise sufficient care, or from what cause he could not tell, but when he came out soon after, the horse was nowhere to be seen. Surmising, however, that it had got loose and had gone home by the road with which it was familiar, he treated the matter lightly, and started to walk home. He had not journeyed far when a thought occurred to him, which caused him to utter a startled exclamation, and at once to quicken his steps. He feared the effect which such a shock as that he anticipated might have on Effie, but as we have seen, he was not, with all his haste, in time to avert it. He met the servant at a little distance from the house, and from her he learnt what had passed. With the sequel we are already acquainted, and it only remains for me now to add that a prayer of Effie's offered soon after Frank's return—that all right and holy influences might guide her in her future conduct—has been abundantly answered, and in the wide world there is not at the present moment, a happier home than that which owns her for its mistress.

Ernest.

THE THREE LITTLE CHAIRS.

THEY sat alone by the bright wood fire,
The grey-haired dame and the aged sire,
Dreaming of days gone by:
The tear-drops fell on each wrinkled cheek,
They both had thoughts that they could not speak,
As each heart uttered a sigh.

For their sad and tearful eyes descried
Three little chairs, placed side by side,
Against the parlour wall:
Old fashioned enough as there they stood—
Their seats of flag and their frames of wood,
With their backs so straight and tall.

Then the sire shook his silvery head,
And with trembling voice he gently said,
"Mother, those empty chairs,
They bring us such sad, sad thoughts to-night,
We'll put them for ever out of sight,
In the small dark room upstairs."

But she answered, "Father, no, not yet,
For I look at them, and I forget
That the children went away:
The boys come back, and our Mary too,
With her apron on, of checkered blue,
And sit here every day.

"Johnny still whittles a ship's tall masts,
And Willie his leaden bullets casts,
While Mary her patchwork sews;
At evening-time three childish prayers
Go up to God from those little chairs,
So softly that no one knows.

"Johnny comes back from the billowy deep;
Willie wakes from his battle-field sleep,
To say a good-night to me;
Mary's a wife and mother no more,
But a tired child whose play-time is o'er,
And comes to rest on my knee.

"So let them stand there, though empty now,
And every time, when alone, we bow
At the Father's throne to pray,
We'll ask to meet the children above,
In our Saviour's home of rest and love,
Where no child goeth away."

S. T. P.

THE MOTHER OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

MR. FLETCHER, of Bloomfield, near Manchester, was a man who toiled long and diligently, and amassed a fortune, which he wisely used, for he was one of those who prefer to give in their life-time, rather than bequeath when they can hold their wealth no longer. His mother brought up a family of ten, and to her influence in his early days he attributed much of the success he achieved. She was one of those who are impressed with the idea, that the great vice of youth is idleness, and that if all sin does not consist in it, at least most sin may, and frequently does, grow out of it. She was probably a little inclined to over-strictness, not a fault which many now are likely to imitate. He himself writes of her thus: "My mother was a most active, industrious woman. I never knew her unoccupied. When the laborious duties of the day were done, she took her knitting in hand. On my return from school in the evening, she required me to read to her in the Bible, or some religious work. If haply, on my way from leading the cows to the pasture, I turned aside to join a game of play with the boys on the green, I soon heard my mother's shrill voice summoning me back to the homestead. If other occupation failed, there was always some bed in the garden to be weeded, and the greater part of one midsummer vacation I spent in weeding a field of seven acres of barley, overspread by the wild mustard! Thus I never knew what it was to suffer from idle weariness."

REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER.

IT seems, indeed, almost impossible that coming from a happy Christian home any young man should ever go widely astray. But, alas! the strange thing happens. We see it every day. The youth crosses the threshold of affection, recoiling from all paths of open sin and shame, as a white-winged bird from a ravening vulture's nest. But, alas! to that young heart the guileful tempter comes. He points, he whispers, he smiles, he smooths the path down gently for the feet. His first words are all gentle, and of good fellowship; he would improve the youth's manner, beguile his lonely hours, increase his knowledge of the world. Presently he takes a bolder tone; insensibly he paints vice in radiant colours. The youth at first recoils. It is hard work to force that immortal bark into the outer circle of the moral Maelstrom. Conscience moves; memory whispers. In visions of the night the father's grey locks seem to move, the mother's eye to watch and weep. But the tempter is not foiled; he comes again and again. The youth yields little by little to his honeyed words. I need not picture him further. He has cut from his moral moorings, and, like the bark on a wild, deep river, is carried mightily downward. And what is that young man now? Ah, me! a fearful "heaviness" to that father's life, to that mother's heart. Into that distant home have been borne rumours of that child's evil courses, of vile companions, of desecrated Sabbaths, of unseemly revels. And see that father and mother now! Ah, those tear-stained cheeks —those sobbing, wrestling prayers! Had the news come that that dear child was only sick, only dying, this might be borne; for close, close to that dying pillow would parental love have pressed, and the bitterness of the hour been sweetened by the fond hope of meeting in gladness beyond the grave. But, alas! a son upon whose soul the pestilence has fallen—this is a burden that presses, oh, how heavily! I cannot enlarge here. We speak not to describe the downward road, but only to warn you against entering it. We speak chiefly with a hope to preserve the unfallen; nevertheless if it should happen, as indeed it may, that the eyes of any young man may rest on these pages, who has yielded to temptation and is rushing to ruin, then I fling myself in that young man's path with my text's strong motive, and I say to him now, "Remember your mother!" Ah, I care not for that smile. I know that conscience works, and stings beneath it. You are not yet a fiend, and the last angel that deserts your soul will be your mother's memory. So I look into that scornful face, and cry, "Remember your mother!" Do you say "She is dead"? Thank God on her behalf then. She is saved from the living agony of beholding a son's ruin. But for you, my motive is as strong. Dead, is she? And does this wild autumnal wind make melancholy music over her distant grave? Well then, I tell you that every step you take in your present sinful courses tramples the dust of her broken heart deeper in the shadows of that sepulchre; or, if she live, then I tell you that that faithful, gentle heart lives with you, dies with you. See, see right in your downward path it rises—a phantom, with a pale forehead and weeping eyes? Oh, pause, young man. Your feet! your feet! They are trampling on a mother's broken heart! But I turn from this picture. I speak now to the unfallen, whose life is beautiful with purity and filial love, and I seek to warn you against the first beginnings of evil. Young man, you have yonder in your room your mother's picture. Or if you have not, go get one and carry it ever with you. Bind it to your bosom; and when tempted to any evil, consult that silent monitor. Draw forth and look upon that speechless face. Oh, what tremendous power to keep back from all evil there would be in the simple vision of a mother's face! Imagine a young man sitting in some place of evil concourse—in a gambling-house, an infidel club-room, at the sumptuous board of an inebriate revel, or in some place of darker, deeper infamy! And now in some scene like this, let Divine power work a simple miracle. Behold a shadow rises, as along the fabled mirror of Agrippa! It grows denser; it takes shape and lineaments. And now a human face looks out—a calm, pale brow and eyes of earnest love. A mother's face! And see this young man now! How his cheek grows pale! how his knees smite together! how he springs from his repose, and rushes from that haunt of iniquity, as if pursued by an avenging spectre from eternity. C. W.

The most glorious victory over an enemy is to turn him into a friend.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

VEGETABLE SOUP.—Soak a pint of peas all night; put them in six quarts of water, with three turnips, four carrots, four or five onions, and a stick of celery, all chopped small, and two or three table-spoonsful of sago; let the whole boil gently for nearly three hours, then add a thickening of oatmeal in about a pint of water, a little parsley, thyme and salt; when boiled, the soup will be thick.

TO MAKE ENGLISH STEW.—English Stew is the name given to the following excellent preparation of cold meat:—Cut the meat in slices, pepper, salt and flour them, and lay them on a dish. Take a few pickles of any kind or a small quantity of pickled cabbage, and sprinkle over the meat. Then take a tea-cup half-full of water, add to it a small quantity of the vinegar belonging to the pickles, and a little ketchup, as well as any gravy that may be in the house. Set all together, and pour it over the meat. Stir it in the oven for about half-an-hour before dinner-time. This is a cheap and simple way of dressing cold meat, which is well deserving of attention.

Notices of Books.

Short Family Prayers for the Mornings and Evenings of Seven Days. One Penny. Metcalfe & Sons, Green-street, Cambridge.

Those who have a family altar, or desire to raise one, and feel they need some aid in their devotions, will be glad to welcome this little pamphlet.

Scenes from John Hampton's Home—What it Was, and What it Became. One Penny. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster-row.

This history is too well known to need any fresh commendation, but all the advocates of Temperance will be glad to see it issued in so cheap a form, with its illustrations included.

I never Lost but Once—Manchester Moll. One Penny each. *Waste Not, Want Not—A Man is what a Woman makes him.* Twopence each. London: J. T. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

Nicely-illustrated little tracts, worthy of a place in the home of every working man of our land, they are calculated to be very useful.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

HARRY MOSTYN'S GIFT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IN the vicinity of a large and thickly populated town, where the chief objects that meet the eye are lofty chimneys and furnace mouths vomiting forth fire and smoke both day and night, and where for miles one sees nothing but grimy buildings and huge heaps of refuse, with only here and there a bit of green landscape to relieve the dull monotony of the view, there stood some extensive works, the property of Messrs. Gettriche and Co., a wealthy firm of iron merchants. It was in one of the offices situate on these premises, that Harry Mostyn, a junior clerk in the employ of the firm, sat one dark December night, debating within himself as to how he should dispose of something he held in his hand. The "something" was a small circular piece of shining yellow metal—a bright new sovereign, fresh from the mint—and it was Harry's own money, well and honestly earned. How to spend it, that was the problem which occupied his thoughts. He had been very industrious during the year, had lived with economy, and thus far in his life had fulfilled that injunction of St. Paul, which so many disregard, to "owe no man anything," and now as Christmas was approaching, it seemed to him only reasonable that he should, out of his own hard earnings, afford himself some special pleasure. To this purpose, therefore, he had devoted the sovereign, and as at this season of the year, the advertisements relating to useful and attractive articles which could be bought for such an amount were both numerous and tempting, it would have seemed by no means a difficult matter to have fixed upon something by which his end might be attained. But it was not so easy as it appeared. Harry thought, but could not decide. He considered again, and his good angel suggested something. In a home nearly fifty miles distant—a humble home supported by hard toil and rigid economy, but linked in Harry's mind with many endearing associations and precious memories his parents lived. They were poor, but honest, as are many in this unequal world, and Harry thought none the less kindly of them for their poverty. Many were the proofs he had witnessed during his growth from infancy to youth, of their loving self-sacrifice and tender care on his behalf, and at this time his memory went back and dwelt on these evidences of their affection. The stream of life flowed strong and free in his veins now, and he no longer required their aid, while they, who had done so much for him, were aged and infirm, getting more weary and worn with every succeeding day of toil. He knew that for them the brightest of the day was over, that the shades of evening were fast gathering round their way, and that with feeble faltering footsteps they were going down life's rugged hill, lonely and laden with the accumulated burden of long years of care, and soon, very soon, would reach the end of their earthly journey. His eyes glistened, and his heart swelled as he thought of this, but a curious smile played about his lips, as he rose from his desk, and he said softly to himself, "Yes, I think I know now how I'll spend the sovereign."

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Once more Christmas eve had come round, and the joyous chimes of the bells filled the air with music. Again glad greetings were exchanged by friends who had been separated, and in bright snug rooms tenanted by light-hearted guests, busy hands hung up the red-berried holly, interspersed with mistletoe. The snow was falling fast in large eddying flakes on the hard frosty ground, and the keen, biting wind kept up a continuous murmur as it swept through the naked branches of the gaunt old trees which grew by the wayside leading to Derrington. Toiling up the hill through the snow was an unkempt donkey, drawing an ancient and dilapidated cart, by the side of which walked a tall elderly man, smoking a short clay pipe. This was the Derrington carrier, and the vehicle was known in that district as the "mail," a name irreverently applied to it by some of the youthful Derringtonians who had noticed the speed, or rather want of speed with which its journeys were accomplished. "Now then," said the man, in an aggrieved tone, as the donkey suddenly came to a standstill, "What are you stoppin' for?" Could it have spoken like one of its kind, of which we have Scriptural record, it would probably have replied that it was tired, for the load it carried was heavier than was usual, and the snow impeding its progress by clogging the wheels of the cart, it continued stationary. The carrier was perplexed; by turns he coaxed and threatened, and finally, driven to extremities, used coercive measures by the application of a whip; but still the donkey stood unmoved with that calm and dogged obstinacy which is so eminently characteristic of its race. Then a happy thought occurred to the carrier, he went to the back of the cart, and took from a bag there a handful of sweet smelling hay. This he held temptingly before "Neddy," who evidently appreciating such an act of kindness on the part of his owner, stretched out his neck and opened his mouth to take a bite, but not quite reaching it, made a step forward—then another and another, until being thus persuaded into motion, and getting now and then a nibble at the hay, he hastened his speed. In this way it was not long ere they arrived at the village, and the carrier began to lighten the cart of its contents. The bells were ringing merrily from the old church steeple as he passed by, and the Christmas greetings of the cottagers were cheerful and hearty as they received from his hands the parcels he had for them. His round was soon made. One more parcel only remained to be delivered, and then his work for the night would be over. The donkey's head was turned in the direction of a cottage at the extreme end of the village, where a pale, delicate-looking woman answered the door, shielding herself behind it as she did so, in order to avoid the cold night air. "Hamper for you, Mrs. Mostyn," said the carrier, depositing it as he spoke in the passage. "A hamper for *me*, Mr. Gretten," she answered in a tone of surprise, "are you sure you have brought it to the right place?" "Quite sure, ma'am, anyway here's the direction as plain as can be," and sure enough there it was written unmistakably in a large, bold hand—"Mrs. Mostyn, Derrington;" and having satisfied herself of this she took it in, and Mr. Gretten having received his charge for carriage and passed the compliments of the season, went home. There had been sadness of late in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn. The iron hand of poverty pressed heavily on them, and with all their frugality it was difficult to "make both ends meet." Perhaps the festivities inseparable from the glad season made their sorrows seem heavier by contrast, but, however this might be, Christmas eve found them grave and anxious. It was with no small astonishment that they received the hamper, and many were the conjectures hazarded as to whence it could have come. It was found to contain several neatly packed parcels, and as each one was opened and inspected, the hearts of the wondering couple were filled with surprise and gratitude. Never before had they received such a gift, and its nature was indeed such as to make them glad, for there was material sufficient to provide most ample Christmas cheer, and yet leave enough to supply their simple household wants for some time to come. Who could have sent it? This was the question they asked each other again and again, but it was not until the last package was removed, that the mystery was explained. Then they found a letter which enhanced the value of the gift beyond price in their eyes, for it was in the well-known handwriting of their absent son, and bending over it they read tender loving words of sweet sympathy and hope, telling them that though long miles of distance intervened between them and their boy, they were not, nor ever could be, forgotten or neglected by him; and as they continued to read, happy tears fell from the eyes of both, and the hearts which not long before had been lonely and sorrowful, were made to sing for very joy. I do not think that the next day, when Harry Mostyn arrived to spend Christmas with his parents, he regretted the mode in which he had disposed of the sovereign; nor, though long years have passed since this, and Harry has now children of his own, do I think that he ever had reason to regret any one of the other numerous kind acts performed by him on their behalf; for he is now in prosperous circumstances, and in his own mind is convinced that the Lord has indeed rewarded him a hundredfold; and in addition to this he carries in his breast the sweet consciousness that his loving care cheered the declining years of his parents, and that they both died invoking blessings on his head.

Every story should have a purpose. If this should prove the means of putting it into the heart of any to do a kind act for an aged parent or friend, and so cause a ray of sunshine to fall on a path o'ershadowed by care or sorrow, its object will have been gained. At a time when the associations of the gladdest of all anniversaries are suggesting "peace on earth, good will toward men" and bringing joy to millions of hearts, it is well that generous sympathy should flow and acts of kindness be rendered, the memory of which may be cherished when those for whom they were wrought have passed away from earth for ever.

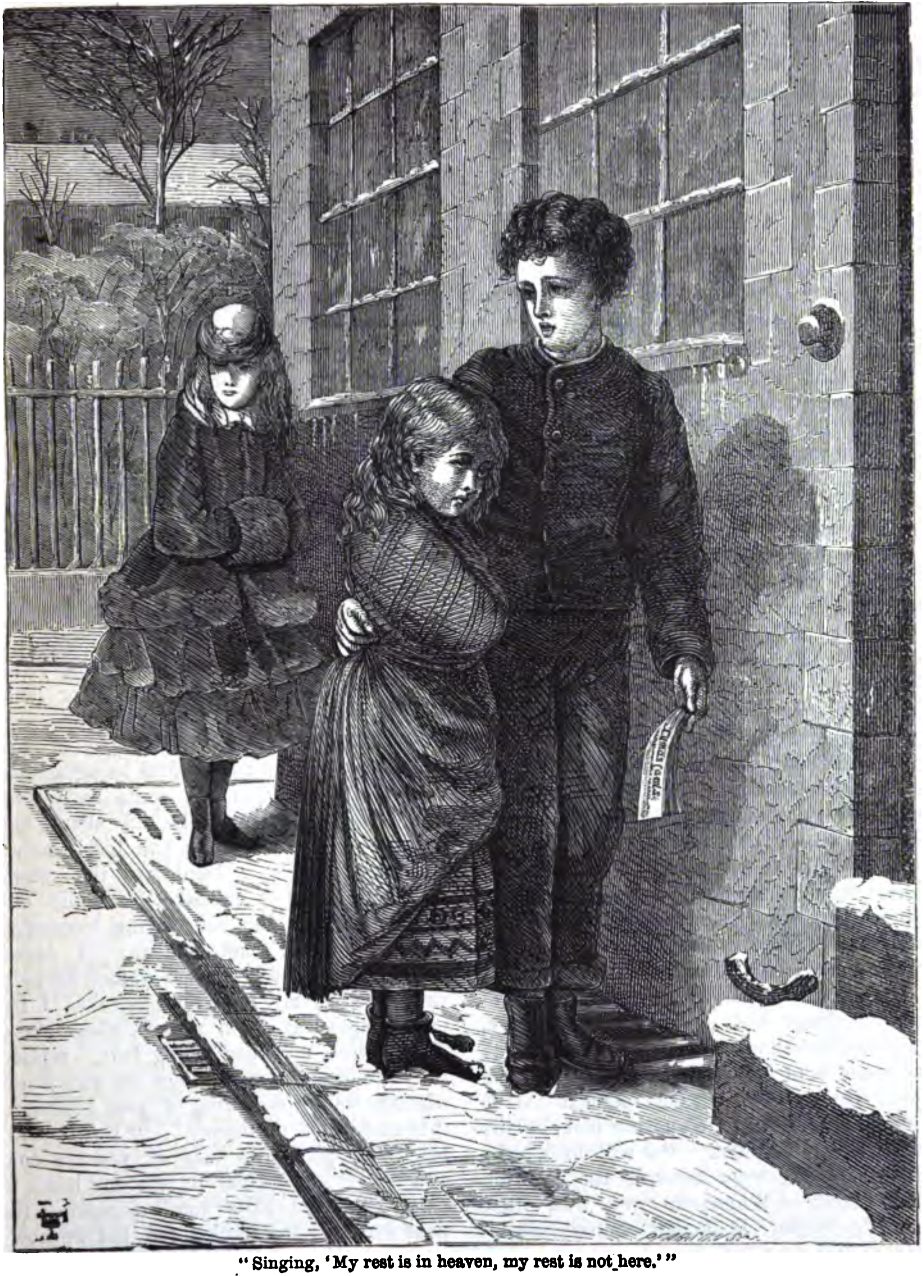
ERNEST.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"I NEVER thought of it in that way before, I always thought that before I can do any good, I must grow a woman;

but our minister says that visiting the widow and fatherless means trying to do good to all, in any kind of trouble. But I don't see what I can do, I am only a little girl, ten years of age, and mamma says that I am very small indeed for my age. It is very tiresome that fairy-tales are not true; how nice it would be to be a woman just for one day. Oh dear! I wish I was not a little girl; oh, if I had lots of money what wouldn't I do with it;" and Nellie flattened her little nose against the frosty panes of glass, and soon her warm breath made a clear place so that she could see into the street below. It was a very cold day, and the ladies passing were muffled-up in their veils and furs, so much were they encumbered with wraps, that the poor little carol singers came hardly off for donations, for it was much too cold to stand still to unwrap to find their pockets. Nellie noticed all this, as she stood by the window, and made many wise resolutions, which were all to be treasured up in memory's store-house till she became a woman, and then produced for the good of all who might come within the sphere of her usefulness. There was one thought which incessantly obtruded itself upon Nellie's reflections, and I am sorry to have to say that it was rather an unwelcome thought, for Nellie was something like many older people, always wishing to do some *great thing;* and so, with her eyes fixed on the greatness she meant to achieve some day, she overlooked all the little opportunities of doing good that were constantly within her reach. Nellie had been saving her pocket-money for several months, thinking that as Santa Claus had not paid her a visit for two years in succession, he must think her too old to receive presents in the customary way, and so Nellie decided to make herself a present that Christmas, and for several mornings she had laid in bed half-an-hour longer than she ought to have done, planning how she would surprise her mother, by sewing all the strings on her own clothes, to say nothing of the pile of stockings, which, when mamma intended mending, should be found all nicely darned, folded, and in their proper places. Oh, it would be so pleasant! and then it was to be such a pretty work-box, too, for Nellie had seen it in a shop-window for a long time, fitted up with everything useful, and all for ten shillings! "Oh, if it should be gone," thought Nellie, anxiously. "I will run directly and ask mamma to allow me to go out for a walk." Nellie felt very grand, and much more important than she really was, as she left her home well wrapped, with her own warm muff, and the ten shillings rolled up in a piece of paper and carefully tucked into her glove. She could think of nothing but the work-box, as she hastened, with all possible speed, to the fancy repository, where she had seen the desired treasure. Yes, there it was in the window, just as she had seen it before, and Nellie stood admiring what she thought would soon be her own. A cry, as if from a child in pain, startled her, and turning round she saw that it proceeded from a little girl, who had fallen down on the slippery pavement. Poor little thing! her hands were purple with cold, and the tears streamed down a thin face, so pinched with cold and hunger. She was very thinly clad, her pale yellow curls hung over her shoulders, forming but a very poor protection from the chilling wind. A boy, not much older, was trying to soothe her, saying, "Never mind, Carrie, dear, don't cry, we'll just stand here for a few minutes, and look at the pretty things." The child replied, in woe-begone tones, "I don't want to see the pretty things, Johnnie, we can't have any of them, and besides you know the policeman will drive us away—do go home now, I'm so cold." "Stop out just one hour longer, Carrie, dear," pleaded her brother. "I've only got just enough to buy a loaf of bread, and I should



"Singing, 'My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here.'"

like to take mother home money enough to buy some coals with, for a fire to-morrow, you know it is Christmas-day." "Oh I wish we were dead, Johnnie," replied his sister. "I hate living, that I do, but it is so hard to starve to death. Mother says there are angels, then why don't they bring us something to eat sometimes?" "I don't know, dear," replied Johnnie; "I've often had the same thought, but I suppose they don't come to a drunkard's family, you know it's father that spends all our money in gin." "Yes, yes, I know, Johnnie, but God knows that we can't help it, why don't He send some one to help us?" The boy thought for a moment, and then replied, "He knows better than we do, Carrie; He hasn't let us starve yet, dear—it's warm here, over this grating, suppose we stand and sing something. Oh! I say, don't you smell something good cooking down there—if you should see the policeman coming this way be sure you tell me, don't you try to sing, Carrie, you are too cold." The two children stood together, one keeping a sharp watch to see that their terror was at a safe distance, the other singing, in very shivering tones, the hymn, "My rest is in heaven—my rest is not here;" his voice faltered, and drawing his ragged coat-sleeve across his eyes, he said, huskily, "I can't sing any more, Carrie, let's go home." Nellie who had heard their conversation felt very uncomfortable, for something whispered, "Here is a chance to be a little missionary!" "But some one will give them money," thought Nellie. "But I know what I will do, I will offer them nine shillings and sixpence for the box, and give the other sixpence to the children;" so Nellie went into the shop and made her offer, which was very rudely refused. Nellie came out again to take another look at the children and the box. "I will do it," she thought. She went towards the children and asked, "Where do you live, little boy?" "No. 1, Union Court, miss." "Is it far?" "Oh no," replied Carrie, "only a very little way." "Would you mind taking me to your home? I want to see your mother." No pursuasions would make the poor children walk beside Nellie, no, they would go just before her to show her the way. So Nellie followed on as quickly as she could. "I believe God has sent her," whispered Carrie. "But perhaps it isn't our mother that she wants," replied Johnnie, doubtfully. Nellie felt rather perplexed as she went along, wondering what she should say, and could not help feeling timid as she entered the locality of Union Court. It was a very narrow dirty court in which the house was situated, and everything bore an aspect of poverty and wretchedness. Nellie followed her guides up a rickety staircase, and very thankful she felt when safely landed at the top, and heard a gentle voice say, "Be careful, children." Carrie ran quickly into the room, jumped upon the bed and whispered, "An angel has come, mother." The woman glanced towards the door, and for the first time saw Nellie. Poor little girl! her breath came hot and quick, and she seemed to hear the beating of her heart, for she was not used to being a little missionary, and was not quite sure they would not tell her to be off about her business. A voice from the bed quieted her fears, saying, "Doubtless the young lady has made a mistake." Nellie advanced towards the bed, saying hurriedly, "Oh no, I have not, ma'am. I asked them to bring me because I wanted to help you—here is my ten shillings, that I intended spending upon myself, please take it." "But, my dear young lady," replied the astonished woman, "how do you know whether we are deserving of your kindness, it is such a lot of money." "But it is all my own; please do take it, you are cold and hungry. God put it into my heart to come." "God bless you," ejaculated the poor woman; "I think I can get up now;

I am too weak to go out to work, so when we cannot get any coals I have to be in bed, it is so cold you know to sit still without a fire." "Oh, you are a real angel, ain't you?" asked Carrie. "May I kiss you?" Nellie fairly cried with sorrow and joy; sorrow to hear of their sufferings, and joy that she had been able to do them some good. It was astonishing to see how their mother brightened up as she enlarged upon the happy Christmas they would spend, and all through Nellie's kindness. Nellie envied none of the children their handsome Christmas presents that year, for she had experienced the great happiness that comes from a sense of doing good at the expense of our own indulgence. Could not some of our young friends, by giving up some small gratification this Christmas, help a poor family; you may not have quite so much as Nellie had to give, but if everyone who reads this would try to help *one person*, how many more happy hearts there would be on the coming Christmas-day!

M. A. P.

LEAVES FROM HELEN GARRETT'S DIARY.—No. IV.

"Grieved, but not contrite was her heart—
oppressed,
Not broken;—not converted, but distressed."
—CRABBE.

JULY 5th.—Hugh and I have been together to see poor Mrs. Hyde to-day. She is evidently sinking fast, yet clings to life with the hold of a drowning man. It is a very sad case, she seems to be on the brink of the river of death, without a rudder or chart to guide her. She says she is past feeling, she cannot pray, "It is too late now," and this is all we can get from her. Hugh left me with her for a little while this afternoon, I thought she was sleeping and took up a book which lay near. To my horror I saw it was a French novel, and had evidently been lately read, for it was turned down as if it had been just thrust aside. I remembered how many such books Mrs. Bruce had read while I lived with her, but certainly never expected to find this ruling passion strong even in death. She opened her eyes, and saw that I held the book. "Ah!" she said, "such books as that have been my ruin. I should have given my heart to God years ago if it had not been for them. I will tell you what first led me to take to such reading; listen, for when you have girls of your own perhaps it will do you good to remember—it was my mother's injudicious, sweeping condemnation of all kinds of fiction. When I was a girl she would never let me read a tale of any kind, even if it were written for the purpose of presenting religion to the young. She denounced *all* tales and stories as absolutely evil, and spoke of them as if they were pestilential. It might have been very different with me if my mother had acted otherwise, and, instead of unjustly denouncing *all* fictions as unmitigated evils, she had wisely chosen for my perusal such works as were calculated to stimulate and encourage a young girl's heart and feelings." She then fell back as if asleep, and I pondered deeply over her words. Oh, how one unjust act, one error in judgment on the part of a mother may influence her child's whole life!

July 6th.—Poor Mrs. Hyde died last night. Hemorrhage came on, and she passed away in a state of unconsciousness. We cannot follow her, so we leave her to Him who doeth all things well—our concern must be to try to learn such lessons from her life as may help us to avoid the places where she made shipwreck. Hugh and I have been talking about her very much, and I have been telling him all that passed while I lived with her at Horton; and while we were talking Elsie came in. Poor child! she is broken-hearted. "Oh, Mrs. Garrett, I could bear it if I knew she was safe in heaven!" she said, "but you know as a tree falls so it lies!" I did not know what comfort to give the weeping girl, so I said gently, "you must leave her now dear Elsie, she has passed from our care, we *must* leave her to God!" Elsie raised her tearful face and said, "Do you know that last night mamma called me to her before the attack came on, and said so solemnly, 'When I am gone, Elsie, call your brothers into the room, and while they look on my dead face, read them a paper I have written for them, you will find it in the top of my desk. If you don't feel you can do this yourself, get Mrs. Garrett to do it for you.'" "I promised mamma I would ask you, Mrs. Garrett, for I felt sure I could not myself, so will you come this evening, Alick and Charlie will both be at home?" I promised her I would, for I felt I could not do otherwise, and I have just returned home feeling very sad and depressed, for the mighty responsibility of motherhood has forced itself upon me. When I reached the house, I went at once with Elsie to the chamber where her dead mother was lying, and she summoned Alick and Charlie, who came at once, followed by Clara, who has come from boarding-school to attend her mother's funeral. I was quite shocked at the careless unconcern stamped on the countenances of the young men, and my voice faltered as I told them why I was there and proceeded to read the paper I held. Its contents were as follows:—"To Alick and Charlie, my only sons, I write this paper that it may come to them as a voice from the dead! I charge you not to neglect the salvation of your immortal souls, lest like your mother you find out your mistake *too late;* I beseech you not to do as I have done, I entreat you to lead different lives, and as my dying advice I say, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world!'—here the paper abruptly ended, and I looked upon the faces before me. Alick still wore the look of unconcern, and he said carelessly as he turned on his heel, "Her advice would have been better taken if her life had been different!" Elsie was crying bitterly, and as Charlie turned to follow his brother she sprang up and caught his arm, "Oh, Charlie," she said, pleadingly, "don't encourage Alick to speak disrespectfully of dear mamma!" "She never taught us to respect her!" retorted Alick, who still stood outside the door. I saw it was no use to appeal to the hardened young man who was evidently the worse for liquor, so I addressed my words to Elsie and Clara, and I think left them a little comforted. After the funeral they leave Easton, and, probably, I shall see them no more. Oh! that their mother's sad end may not be lost upon them!

Mothers! be careful, yours is a great responsibility, you are moulding your children's character by your life and your actions. You cannot live to yourselves, and as you sow so must you reap. No human being can relieve you of your responsibility, your children's souls will be required at *your* hands, and if you cannot give an account of your stewardship how bitter will your remorse be! These pages have been transcribed in the hope that the sad end of a wasted life may prove a warning to all. A mother's influence is more mighty than any other, and by the help of God it may be made a source of everlasting blessing; her daily life may be a powerful sermon to her children, which may touch their hearts and lead them to Jesus, or it may be an evil influence to drag them into the downward road—when the end of life comes it will find her either waiting as a tired servant for rest and reward, or as an ungrateful servant dreading retribution. May God help us to live to Him, taking up the inevitable crosses that lie in our path, so as to make them stepping-stones in the heavenward journey, and give to us at last the joy of standing before the throne and saying, "Here am I and the children Thou hast given me."

L. ST. C.

UNWIN BROTHERS, PRINTERS, LONDON AND CHILWORTH.

THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1872.

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.

PREFACE

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME OF THE NEW AND ENLARGED SERIES.

HOW time flies! The end of 1872 has come, and with it another volume of the "Mothers' Friend." Each year seems completed more quickly than the last, and the intervals seem shorter than when we commenced our monthly visits. Many friends have dropped on the road, but the "Mothers' Friend" comes yet again. We meet you with gratitude for the kindly welcome accorded to us month after month, and thank God that it is still our privilege to speak to so many mothers, fathers, and friends, and especially we thank Him that we have reason to hope our labours are not all in vain.

Even since we have been preparing this little preface, we have been cheered by a letter from a colporteur, telling us of good resulting from our efforts. He says:—

"In April last I called at a house at Q——. The woman came to the door, and I gave her the 'Mothers' Friend,' as usual, as she was a subscriber. She wished me to walk in. I went, and she said—

"'Mr. Baker, I have been reading in one of my "Mothers' Friends" of a woman who had brought up several children, but she came to die, and had her children brought to her bedside. She said to them all, "I feel very unhappy; I feel I have not taught one of you the way to heaven." Mr. Baker, she said, I feel just the same. I have not only neglected my children's souls, but my own. What shall I do?'

"God had carried the word home to her heart with power. She seemed very anxious to find peace. I visited her several times, and at last she was able to cast herself on Jesus; but God was preparing her for another world. She was taken ill, and I visited her, and found with all her pain she was very submissive, and talked much of Jesus and His preciousness to her soul. She went home triumphantly, after committing her children to the care of her heavenly Father. I believe she is now in heaven," he adds. "I could give you another case if wanted."

We ask you in the coming year to extend our influence by increased circulation, to lighten our labour by constant contributions, and to second our endeavours to do good by your earnest prayers to our heavenly Father for His blessing. Thus will 1873 prove to us all a happy, useful, prosperous year.

Then up and act, and do thy Maker's bidding,
  Nor thine own burden shirk;
Nor longer let thy talents slumber hidden,
  But get to work.

December, 1872.

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FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE TWO WIDOWS; OR SORROW LIGHTENED AND THE NEW YEAR BRIGHTENED.

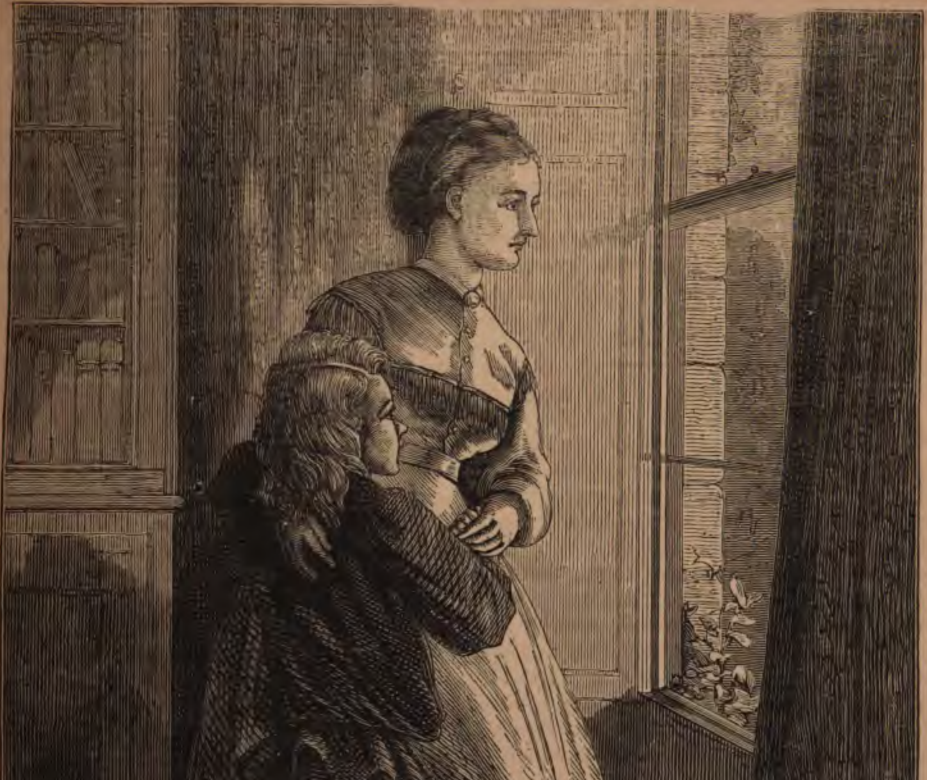
BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

"OH, mother! I wish I could take things as you do. I've tried, but I can't, and it frets me almost past bearing when folks say, 'I wish you a happy New Year.' How can I be happy without Sam? such a dear good husband as he was," and the young widow buried her head in her mother's lap, as she did when a child. The mother wept with her, and at last said, "I know it all, Mary; haven't I gone through the same for my own sake, and now again for you, my only child?" "Yes, mother," answered the daughter, adding, "and I can't make it out how you can be so happy as you are, when everything is against us." "Because, dear Mary, I am waiting to see the end of the Lord. We know He is very pitiful, and of tender mercy, so all will work together for good to them that love Him. I'm thinking—I'm thinking——" Widow Green hesitated, till her daughter said, "Go on, mother, speak out." "Ah! my girl, I wish I could put it straight for you to see that *all* the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth. It seems mostly plain to me since God's light has shined into my heart, and what isn't plain, I leave, for I know the Lord does all things well; so what I can't understand I can believe." Widow Green paused, and Mary said, "Oh, mother! it don't seem well for us to be left lone widows with no man to help us. I can't see why we were so cast down." "Perhaps it was that the Lord might lift us up, and show Himself to be a very present helper in time of trouble." Mary interrupted her mother by saying, "I don't know about any help; I only know I've tried to take things as they come, but I can't." "I'll tell you what, Mary; it's far easier to take things because God sends them, than because they come." "Is it, mother?" asked the daughter, hopefully. "You ought to know, for you've had a life of trouble, and you've learnt how to bear it; but it don't seem to me as if it would make much difference whether God sent sorrow, or whether it came of itself." Widow Green quickly spoke, as if she had an explanation ready. "Why, Mary! don't you remember when you had that bad illness, and I nursed you ever so long, there was your medicine that you would not take from anyone but me, though we had old nurse Brown doing all she could to persuade you?" "Yes, mother, I remember it all; and I took the medicine from you 'cause you looked, and you told me, it was to make me well. I knew you would have made it good if it would have cured me, for I felt you loved me too much not to do the best for me, so I could bear anything from you; and when you brought me an orange, how I did enjoy it! Nurse Brown had taken it away, saying, 'it was a bad one,' but you told me the truth was, the doctor had forbidden it, but when he gave leave, I should have it, you promised." "Yes, Mary; and nurse Brown was surprised you were content to wait, and she wondered to see you take the medicine from me." "Oh, mother! of course I could do anything to please you, because I knew you only acted for my good, out of pure love to me." "Well, my child, I want you to believe in the love of your heavenly Father, and to feel He is drawing you to Himself, upward, heavenward." "Your heart is with Him, mother; you know a deal more than I." "But you may know the same, Mary, for the Lord will teach you if you ask Him. Oh, learn of Him, my poor dear, then you will know Him, and they that know His name will put their trust in Him, for the Lord has never failed them that seek Him; so said David, and I can say the same," added Widow Green. "I believe you can, mother; but it's very hard to trust when all is contrary." "So it is, Mary, till we think of Him who loved us. Then, when we remember Christmas, think of the blessed Saviour being born into this world of troubles that He might lead us to glory; it seems as if one could not doubt His love, and that He will do what is best for us. Yes, Mary, He did not come from heaven for His own sake; He did not come to get earthly joys and riches, but to save us—to set us free from sin and eternal punishment, and gain for us everlasting joys and pleasures at God's right hand, which will never tire, and treasures that will never fade." "That was what my dear good Sam had set his heart on, but I never cared for religion as he did." "So the Lord took him, that your hold upon earth might be loosened, and that he, being taken to heaven, might draw your heart there. You don't find rest below now, Mary, and you would fain seek it elsewhere." "Oh, mother! I fear I shall never find it, for there seems nothing but trouble, whichever way I cast my eyes." "Look up, Mary, look above; there is no trouble in heaven; Jesus reigns there, and He rules here in every heart that will open to Him. He brings goodwill to men, and peace on earth, just as He did when He was born at Bethlehem. He is like the bow in the dark cloud. He speaks of mercy, and says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give ou rest.' 'I will heal their backslidings—I will love them freely.' Oh, lay your aching head on His tender bosom, and you will find the rest He has promised." "You have long found it mother, I know." "Yes, Mary, 'I besought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears,' so now I cast my care upon Him, and if ever I am tempted to doubt His love, I think of Bethlehem's stall and Calvary's cross, and the words come to my mind out of the Holy Bible—'He that spareth not his only Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things.' This seems to sweeten earth's bitterest trials; for I feel that a life which could lay down itself for my salvation, will not deny what is for my good; so, with the unspeakable gift as my possession, I can leave other things." "I wish *I* could, but I never thought till now of the great love God has for us. Oh, mother! He must indeed have cared for us when He gave His own Son. That was what poor Sam felt when He talked about God so loving the world as to give His only Son, 'that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' How often he used to say those words; they fastened on my memory, but my heart was too full of my husband to make room for heavenly love. Oh, I would not have parted with him to save even our precious babe; but I see God gave His beloved Son to save rebels. I'm sure I've been one all my life, for I never would let Him rule my heart, and when He took father, I rebelled against His will and thought Him cruel, though He gave me a loving husband. Then, when poor Sam died, I could not bear to look at our baby, though it was a sweet token, you told me, from the Lord, telling me of tender pity; but I would not be thankful. I thought I did well to be angry. I harboured hard thoughts, for my heart was closed with selfish feelings, and I refused to be comforted." "Poor thing!" sighed Widow Green, as her daughter paused, but seeing her ready to go on, she let her speak without interruption; so Mary continued—"When our little one sickened and joined its father, I thought there was nothing for me to do but to fret, and I made up my mind never to be happy again; so it has gone contrary to my spirits to receive Christmas gifts and have good wishes forced upon me. They seemed to tell me of blessings, and that I ought to be grateful. Sometimes it came to me as if I ought to be happy because Sam is, and that I ought to be thankful for his salvation; so I tried to take things better, but it was useless trying; I couldn't help fretting when Christmas came, and we were all alone." "We do seem alone, Mary, but the blessed Saviour says to His people, 'Lo, I am with you always!' and that brings such comforting thoughts that I hardly feel lonely; sometimes I fancy our dear ones may be very near us, perhaps tending us like ministering spirits sent forth by the Lord to cheer us." "Oh, mother! do you think so? I wish *I* could, then I should be happy." "Be happy first, Mary; happy in God's love, His best gift, His constant presence; then He will bring happy thoughts of those dear departed ones, and as the heart is made new and holy, so will it be drawn upward and heavenward. The prophet tells us that the Lord draws us by the 'cords of a man, by the bands of love,' and it seems as if He had taken Sam above to let down a cord to draw you above." "Oh, mother, let us pray!" said the anxious daughter. They knelt in silence for some moments, then Mary said, "Lord Jesus, help me! Forgive me. Teach me that Thou dost love me, a poor sinner. 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' Come into my heart and comfort me." Mary paused, and then asked her mother to pray. So she added fervent supplications and thanksgivings, concluding thus—"O Lord, pour into our hearts such love towards Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire. Make us happy, assured of Thy love and care, and let Thy peace rule in our hearts. Help us to be thankful for what Thou dost send, and keep us from wishing what Thou dost withhold. Thou has given us Thy dear Son as a pledge of blessings; may we take all from Thy hand, and feel it is all to do us good. We thank Thee for Thy salvation to our beloved relatives departed this life in Thy faith and fear. O Lord, renew us in heart and life, by the power of the Holy Spirit, that we may be prepared for a happy meeting in that land where we shall part no more. O Lord, pardon all our sins and shortcomings, and do more than we can ask or think, for our blessed Saviour's sake." When they rose from their knees, Widow Green kissed her daughter and said, "Now, Mary, dear, you must let the Saviour bind up your broken spirits with His healing balm, and accept all from His hands as coming for that purpose, even if neighbours are a bit over-free and brisk with their kind intentions." "I will, mother; I will let them see that I believe God *is* good, and *does* good, and I won't look so sour at neighbours when they mean to be friendly." "That's right, Mary, and we will show that the Lord's arm is strong enough to support, and that His comforts refresh the soul. It is quite true that, when God's love melts the heart, all hard thoughts to God and man run out. Farmer True said something like that when he brought us that bit of bacon, and spoke of finding cottage homes for pauper children. You know he said he wanted hearts as well as homes for the poor destitute orphans." "So he did, mother; but I was so full of my own troubles, I did not heed him. Perhaps he wanted to see if we would take up his hint." "No doubt he did; and I could almost think it was the Lord laying it before us." "Well, mother, if you think so, I will do my part to give a place in my heart to a poor child." "That's right, Mary; I will promise the same; then it will have a happy home, if the guardians approve to provide for its maintenance." "Let's ask to have a child that is quite a *baby*, mother, then it can have all my little Mary's things, and we can bring it up for our own." "To be sure! I doubt not it will open more blessings than we can count; so, after all, Mary, this may be a *happy* New Year."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

HOPE EVERMORE.

"MOTHER! when will father come home? The summer has gone and the winter will soon be here,—see, the leaves are already falling." Thus spoke little Herbert Selner, as he stood at the parlour window, at the close of an autumn afternoon, watching the brown and withered leaves as they fluttered unwillingly and sadly, as it were, from the boughs of the tall elm-trees opposite. There was silence then, for the lady sitting on the sofa made no reply, and little Herbert thought his question was unheeded; but had he been near enough to catch a glimpse of his mother's face, he might have seen, even in that dim light, the cloud of sadness which crossed her brow, the tear glistening in her eye, as she folded up her work. "True," she thought, "the summer has gone, and the winter will be a never ending one for me, should *he* not return," and sighed deeply. Herbert went on, as if musing, with his head leaned against the window-pane: "Yet every night I say my prayer, 'Lord, do send us a letter from father, please,' and then in the morning I watch the postman as he goes from house to house up the village; and, oh! when he passes by our gate it makes me feel so sad. Does God really hear our prayers, mother?" The little boy's voice quivered as he uttered the last words, but a moment after a kind hand was laid upon his shoulder, and he felt a soft kiss on his brow as his mother replied, in a calm, low tone, "Bertie, some days ago you had a long and difficult task to perform, and at the time you said, 'I wish there were no lessons to learn,' and then I explained, if you remember, how, by constant diligence, men become wise and learned, and attain noble positions among their fellows. Then it is that, having climbed the hill of difficulty, they gain the prize which the struggles of patience have won for them. And, Herbert, our Father in heaven has given us a task. True, it is a hard one, but shall we not try to master it? for He has promised great strength to us, and, like the many others who have won it before, we, too, shall receive the reward. Do not think, dear boy, that our earnest request is disregarded, only wait a little while and we shall see we are not forgotten; and then what joy will be ours!" Mrs. Selner paused, but Herbert did not reply. The leaves were still falling silently, making a thick carpet on the road, which every now and then rustled to the tread of a solitary traveller; but far, far up between the branches of the elm-tree, gleamed the first star of evening, and as it burst forth in all its beauty from the murky clouds which hid it from view, it spoke plainer than words could do of that blessed hope which brightens even the dark clouds of sorrow. They stood for awhile, the mother and son, both lost in thought as they gazed on that bright orb, until the little timepiece on the mantelshelf, as well as the gathering shadows, told them it was time to draw the curtains and light the evening lamp. The tea had been waiting on the table for some time, but where was Davy? The servant was called in, and, on inquiry, replied, that Master Davy had been out all the afternoon; he had said he was going for a walk. Mrs. Selner looked anxious. The boys having no father to superintend them, were more independent than was usual in boys of their early age, and were accustomed to go about a great deal by themselves. Davy, particularly, whose character was bold and daring, could not be kept within bounds, and was generally in some scrape; for though apt in learning, he cared very little for it, and preferred a good romp to study. Herbert was but a year older than his brother, and yet very different in all respects. Thoughtful, and extremely fond of his books, he rarely, if ever, gave his mother the least anxiety; and his sage sayings procured for him the name of the "little philosopher." "I really shall be very anxious if Davy does not soon come; he is so venturesome that I fear he has got into mischief," said Mrs. Selner; and she was just on the point of sending to inquire in the village if he had been seen by any of the cottagers, when the front door was opened and slammed, and the next moment Master Davy rushed into the room with hair wild and clothes rent, while the straw hat he held in his hand had lost its brim. Altogether he looked as wild an object as you might see; and, indeed, his mother looked startled at his strange appearance, as, stroking the tangled brown hair off his forehead, she said, "Oh, Davy! do you know that we have been quite anxious about you? I wish you would learn to be more thoughtful, my dear boy, and not stay out so late. Look at your clothes—how torn they are, and these hands are shockingly scratched. Where can you have been?" "Oh, mother, dear!" said Davy, as he raised a pair of the darkest bright eyes to her face, "I am very sorry for making you trouble about me; but," he added, as he drew up his head proudly, "boys oughtn't to mind a few scratches, or else they would never be brave men." "True, Davy," said the lady smiling, "but have you not been in some mischief? else why these rent clothes and scratches which I see?" Davy hung his head and looked rather crest-fallen as he glanced at his torn clothes, and fingered with the rim of his straw hat, as if he fain would have mended it, but that was impossible. "Indeed, I have not, mother," he replied. "Well, what have you been doing, and where have you been all this afternoon?" Gathering courage, of which quality Davy was never deficient, he said, "I walked all the way to the Hermit's Cave at Heatherton Hill, and, oh, it was such fun! Kit Davis came with me, for he knows the way, and I climbed up the steep side of the hill to get at the cave. We had such work to find it, for it's all covered with briars, but at last I found the place, and scratched my hands like this by pulling the thorns and briars away, which are all over the front. The hole was only just big enough for me to creep in, and, oh! it was dark inside; but I didn't mind that much, only I heard a very strange noise that made me think ghosts lived there. But I went feeling my way, and at last I put my hands on something rather soft. That frightened me so, I ran out and called Kit. I asked him to come in with me to find out what was there; and, fancy, mother, he was too frightened; but he lent me some matches he had in his pocket, and I went in again while he watched outside. Just as I struck a match I heard the noise again, and it made me jump so that I dropped the match and it went out. I was a bit frightened then, but I struck another, and what do you think I saw, mother, in a corner of the cave?" "Something very wonderful, I suppose," said Mrs. Selner, smiling. "Well, it was a dog, a real, live dog. It was so thin, though, and I gave it a piece of bread I had in my pocket; poor thing, it licked my hand so thankfully, and then followed me outside. Didn't Kit open his eyes when he saw me and the dog! but I am sure it would have been starved if I had not found it; don't you think so, mother?" "Yes, my love, I daresay it would; but what became of the dog?" "It came after me all the way home, for it wouldn't leave me, and I didn't like to drive it away," said Davy. "Poor thing!" said Herbert, who had been listening with interest, "and did you leave it in the village, Davy?" "Oh, no!" replied the boy, adding, with a deprecating look, "Mother, you won't mind, will you? I took it into our kitchen." This was rather a startling announcement, but Davy looked so pleading and begged his mother so earnestly to have pity on the poor animal, that she could not resist, and consented to go and see the dog. Davy jumped for joy, and all three went to the kitchen. "See, mother, how grateful he is," said Davy, as the dog, a fine Newfoundland, licked his hand and showed every sign of gratitude to his little benefactor. "He is indeed a fine fellow, and I think you deserve to keep him, Davy; but we must first inquire if he belongs to anyone in the village, and if so, you must give him up to the rightful owner. Annie, give the poor thing some food—I am sure he wants it; and you, Davy, must be hungry also, so come and have your supper, for there are lessons to be learned afterwards, and if you do not know them to-morrow, Mr. Grey will be displeased." Davy, casting a longing look backward at his new-found companion, followed his mother and brother to the parlour. "Tiresome lessons," he muttered, impatiently; "mother, what's the good of them to me, for when I grow up to be a man I mean to be a soldier or a sailor, and go to countries far away to hunt lions and tigers." "You don't know what you will be yet, my boy," said Mrs. Selner, "and your dear father would tell you, if he were here, to make the best use of your time, and learn as much as you can; and you will see the use of it when you grow to be a man, for nothing can be done without preseverance." "I do hope father will come home soon, mother. I was too little to remember when he came from Africa last, but you have talked to us so often about him, that I seem almost to know what he is like. Will you tell us another story, mother, about what you used to do in Africa, when you were helping father to teach the black people?" Then, looking up to his mother, Davy saw that she had dropped her work on her lap, and had turned away her head, while she vainly strove, with her hands tightly pressed across her brow, to repress the tears which forced themselves between her slender fingers. Instantly his arms were round her neck. "Mother, dear mother! don't cry. I am so sorry!" Poor little Davy was himself so frightened that he too began to cry, while Herbert took his mother's hand and stroked it caressingly. "Alas!" the poor lady murmured, "God knows when we shall see him again;" then inwardly reproaching herself for giving way to such feelings, when but a short time ago she had spoken to little Herbert of hope and trust in God, she became calm again, and said, "I do not know, dear, where father is at present, but wherever he is, God will take



"Both stood lost in thought as they gazed on that bright orb."—P. 5.

care of him; and I hope we shall soon have a letter from him to tell us he is coming home to England, and then you will hear many interesting stories from himself, and we will pray that God will send him safely to us again; and now, Davy, love, work at your lessons, that when father comes home he may not find his little boy a dunce, as I fear will be the case if he is not industrious."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE RECORDING ANGELS.

BEING particularly occupied on the last day of the old year in preparing for the morrow's festival, it was near the last hour of the day when Mrs. James made her good-night call in the nursery. She went to the crib to look at baby; there he lay, fast asleep in his innocence and beauty. She kissed his rosy cheek gently, and stroked softly his golden hair, and pressing his little dimpled hands within hers, she drew the warm covering more closely round him, carefully tucking it in; then, stealing one more kiss, she left him to his slumbers and sat down on her daughter's bed. She was also sweetly asleep, with her dolly hugged close to her. Her mother smiled, but soon it seemed as if graver and sadder thoughts filled her mind, as indeed they did. To her the past year seemed to have been one of fruitless effort; it seemed to her broken and disjointed; even her hours of religious meditation had been encroached upon and distracted. She had accomplished nothing, that she could see, but keep her house and family, and to her saddened thoughts even this seemed to have been indifferently done. Yearnings for something better than this, she was conscious of. What did she need, then? To see some of the *results* of her life-work? To be conscious of some *unity* of purpose, some weaving together of these life-threads, now so broken and single? She felt, she was sure, no desire to shrink from duty, however humble, but she sighed for some comforting assurance of what *was* duty. Her pursuits, conflicting as they did with her tastes, seemed to her frivolous. She felt that there was some better way of living, which she had failed of discovering. As she leaned over her child, her tears now fell fast on that young brow. How earnestly wished that mother that she could shield her child from the disappointments and self-reproaches and mistakes from which she was then suffering; that the little one might take up life where she could give it to her, mended by all her own experience. It would have been a great comfort could she have felt that she could have fought the battle for both. Yet she knew that it could not be so; that we must all learn for ourselves what are those things which make for our peace. With tears still in her eyes, she gave the good-night to the child, and with soft steps entered the adjoining room, and there fairly kissed out the old year on another chubby cheek which rested among the pillows; then she sought her own rest. Soon she found herself in a singular place. She was traversing a vast plain; no trees were visible, save those which skirted the distant horizon; on their tops rested a wreath of golden clouds. Before her, travelling towards that distant light, was a female. Little children were about her, sometimes in her arms and sometimes at her side. As she journeyed on she busied herself caring for them. Now she soothed them when weary, now she taught them how to travel, and again she warned them of the pitfalls and stumbling-blocks in the way. She helped them over the one, and taught them to be wary of the other. She talked to them of that golden light which she kept constantly in view, and towards which she seemed hastening with her little flock. But, what was most remarkable, was, that all unknown to her, two golden clouds floated above her on which reposed two angels. Before each was a golden book and a pen of gold. One angel, with mild and loving eyes, peered constantly over the right shoulder, and the other over the left; they followed her from the rising to the setting of the sun. They watched every word, and look, and deed, no matter how trivial. When it was good, the angel over the right shoulder, with a glad smile, wrote it down in his golden book; when evil, however trivial, the angel over the left shoulder wrote it down in his book. Then he kept his sorrowful eyes on her until he found penitence for the evil; upon which he dropped a tear upon his record, and blotted it out, and both angels rejoiced. To the looker-on it seemed as if the traveller did little which was worthy of such careful record. Sometimes she did but bathe the weary feet of her children, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes she did but wait patiently to lure back some little truant, who had taken a step in the wrong direction, and the angel over the right shoulder wrote it down. Sometimes, with her eyes fixed upon the golden horizon, she became so intent upon her own progress as to let the little pilgrims at her side languish and stray; then it was the angel over the left shoulder, who lifted the golden pen and made the entry, followed her with sorrowing eyes, seeking to blot it out. If, wishing to hasten on her journey, she left the little ones behind, it was the sorrowing angel recorded her progress. Now the observer felt, as she looked on, that this was a faithful record, and was to be kept to that journey's end. Those strong clasps of gold and those golden books also impressed her with the belief that they were to be sealed for a future opening. Her sympathies were warmly excited for the traveller, and with a beating heart she quickened her steps that she might overtake her, and tell her what she had seen, and entreat her to be watchful and faithful, and patient to the end in her life's work, for she had herself seen that its results would all be known when those golden books should be unclasped. That she must not think any duty, which it fell in her way to do, trivial, for surely there was an angel over her right shoulder, or one over her left, who would record it all. Eager to warn her of this, she gently touched her. The traveller turned, and she recognised, or seemed to recognise, *herself*. Startled and alarmed, she awoke, and found herself in tears. The grey light of morning struggled through the half-open shutter. The door was ajar, and merry faces were peeping in. "Wish you a happy New-year, mamma. Wish you a *happy* New-year!" She returned the merry greeting heartily. She seemed to have entered on a new existence; she had found her way through the mazes where she had been entangled, and light was now about her path. *The angel over the right shoulder*, whom she had seen in her dream, had assured her that her life-work was bound up in that golden book, and its final results would be known; had assured her what was duty. Now she saw plainly enough, what she had not seen before, that while it was right and important for her to cultivate, as far as she could, her own heart and mind, it was equally right and equally important for her to perform faithfully all those little household duties and cares on which the comfort or virtue of her family depended. They had acquired a new dignity from the records of that golden pen—and they could not be neglected without danger. Sad thoughts and misgivings and ungratified longings seemed all to have taken their flight with the old year; and it was with a new resolution, a cheerful hope, and a happy heart, that she welcomed the New-year!

A TRUE religious instinct never deprived man of one single joy; mournful faces and a sombre aspect are the conventional affectations of the weak-minded.

PARENTS' PRAYER-MEETINGS.

We have much pleasure in acceding to a request which has been made to us, of calling attention to the *parents' prayer-meetings* commenced by the late Captain Trotter, in Soho-square, London. They have proved a means of much blessing, and it has recently been arranged to hold similar meetings at Brighton, on the first Wednesday of every month, at eight o'clock in the evening. It is earnestly hoped that it will be laid upon the hearts of Christian parents *in numerous other places* to meet together for this special purpose of pleading with God on behalf of their children. Thus saith the Lord, "I will pour my Spirit upon my seed, and my blessing upon thy offspring." (Isa. xliv. 3.) "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 19.)

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The interesting incident which we subjoin is from a minister's address on a mother's influence. It will be read with interest. He says:—"While engaged in distributing tracts among the shipping in the harbour of New York, I visited a ship recently from Greenock, Scotland, in the forecastle of which I met a very aged Scotch sailor, who manifested a disposition to repel every advance—declining my tracts and replying angrily to my questions. Feeling that one so near his end stood much in need of having his attention turned to the subject of religion, I felt unwilling to leave him without having tried every avenue to his feelings. Knowing how proverbial Scotch mothers are for their attention to the early instruction of their children, I asked him if he had not once a mother who taught him to say his prayers and read the Bible? The question seemed for a few moments completely to stun him; he stopped short, remained perfectly motionless, except the deep heaving of his bosom and the convulsive quivering of his lips; and then, throwing up his hands, exclaimed, amid a shower of tears, 'My mother! my sainted mother!' As soon as he could sufficiently compose himself, he made me sit down upon his locker, and then, with a trembling voice and deep emotion, related to me how, in his infancy, his mother used daily to teach him the Creed, the Catechism, and the Lord's Prayer, and then would kneel down and pray with him, often wetting his little cheeks with her tears. But her death, when he was quite young, left him alone in the world, and since that time he had followed the sea and a life of sin. He had brought up a family, but God had taken them, and he was now alone in the world. 'But,' said he, 'the bitterest hour I ever saw was the one in which my mother died, and though I have lived fourscore years in sin, I still have faith to believe that my mother's prayers will be heard and answered in my behalf.' Whether this was ever the case I know not, as I saw him no more; but the incident most forcibly illustrates the enduring nature of a mother's influence and its certain rewards. This scene so deeply impressed my mind, that I penned the following lines, which, with your permission, I will repeat:—

My life has been a life of tears,
  And bow'd is now my trembling form
Beneath the weight of fourscore years,
  All spent amid life's darkening storm;
But o'er the cheek no tears can glide,
Like those I shed when mother died!

I then was young, and roamed all day
  Out o'er the fields among the flowers,
With step so light, and heart so gay,
  The butterfly I chased for hours;
But thus again, though oft I tried,
I ne'er can feel since mother died!

They called me to the room of death,
Where on the couch my mother lay,
And told me that her sainted breath
Had left, for heaven the lifeless clay,
Oh! then I shed, while at her side,
Such burning tears when mother died!

I've seen my friends and children die,
Have been a homeless wanderer left,
And on the bare cold ground would lie,
Of every ray of comfort reft.
Still, darkest far in sorrow's tide,
Are tears I shed when mother died!

"Mother, you hold the golden chain of your child's destiny. Your influence may link it firmly to the throne of the Eternal, or fasten it to the ponderous bolts in the cavern of endless despair! See, then, that you 'look well to the ways of your household;' let your 'lips keep knowledge;' 'let your works praise you;' and your children will not 'forsake the law of their mother;' and God will 'give thee the fruit of thy hands;' for 'thy children will rise up and call thee blessed!'"

THE BIBLE IN THE BARN.

A SOLDIER'S wife, with her three children, was passing through Essex on her way to Chelmsford. It was a fine summer's evening, when she saw a young man standing at a farm-yard gate. She asked him if he thought his master would allow her and her children to sleep in his barn. He said he thought he would. She went and asked, and the farmer gave his consent, and told the young man to unbind two trusses of straw for them to sleep on. The woman asked him where she could get a little water. He went to fetch her some, and brought her a small can of milk, for which she was very thankful. She then took some bread from her bundle, but before she began to eat she asked God to bless what she and her children were about to partake of, though it was only dry bread and milk. The youth felt interested, and sitting down on the "lift" of the barn door, watched them eat their meal. After finishing their humble repast, the soldier's wife took from her parcel a New Testament, and said to the young man, "We are going to have reading and prayer before retiring to rest, to thank God for the mercies of the day; if you will join us I shall be pleased." He did so; and after reading the first ten verses of the nineteenth chapter of Luke, she prayed earnestly for the blessing of the Lord to rest upon the farmer, his family, his servants, and the young man, for the kindness she had received from them. The simplicity of the prayer struck him, and her words sunk deep into his heart. He could not sleep. He rose early in the morning, and went to the barn to ask the soldier's wife the way of salvation, but she was gone. He told one of the servant girls what had passed, and she related it to her young mistress, who was pleased to repeat the simple tale to the rest of the family. It led the whole of them to reflect; they looked for the verses read by the soldier's wife the previous night, sent for the young man to have the tale confirmed, who wept as he told the simple story, and closed by saying, "Salvation has come to my heart, if it has not to this house, for I feel as I have never done before." The farmer, his family, and the young man, became constant hearers of the gospel, and a great change was evident in the tenor of their lives.

PRAYER, I consider, is like one of those high places to which men climb in order to get a wider view of all that lies below. Whenever I want to see how small my trials are, and I cannot, because, alas! they are so near, I climb up that divine mountain and look down at them. How different they seem when seen from that distance. Some have vanished utterly. And there have been times, happy times, when dwelling there, I as it were, saw nothing else. All lay below, miles away, and forgotten.—*Kavanagh.*

THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year's morning was grey and still,
And a thin mist hung o'er meadow and hill,
When a fair child rose from her little bed,
And through the lattice put forth her head;
And looked on the world that beneath her lay,
Awoke from its sleep by the sun's first ray.
Oh, fair was that little child to behold,
With her bright blue eyes and her tresses of gold;
But her brow was shaded, as though a fear
Were hid in the joy of the bright New Year!
And, half to herself and half aloud,
From her lips a solemn murmur flowed:—

"The good Old Year, it is gone away,
Not a moment longer might it stay:
It brought me all that it had to bring,
It scattered blessings beneath its wing,

It told me all it had to tell,
And then it bade me a long farewell.
New Year! what hast thou brought for me,
Wilt *thou* be as kind a friend as *he*?"

She ceased, as though she waited reply,
And I thought a music wild swept by:—

"Fair child, the answer must come from *thee!*
Art thou willing to make a friend of me?
I have many a precious gift in store,
Wilt thou take it and love thy Saviour more?
If I whisper thee words of holy cheer,
Wilt thou speak the words in thy brother's ear?
If I bring thee seed of a costly growth,
Wilt thou scatter the seed to North and South?
If I make thee a little stream of bliss,
Wilt thou water the barren wilderness?
Oh! yes, the good Shepherd has gathered *thee* in,
Then pity the children of sorrow and sin;
Let the near and the far be glad for thee,
And let all who thy lowly service see,
Inscribed on it read, in the light of heaven,
'Freely received and freely given.'

"Then, fair child, I will love thee well;
But what I shall do I may not tell;
I may *strengthen* thy day of blessing below,
And that will be loving thee much, I know;
I may *shorten* thy day at thy Saviour's call,
And that will be loving thee most of all."—E.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

SEA-PIE OR PUDDING.

Line a basin with a thick crust, put in a layer of onions sliced, then some salt beef cut thin, sliced potatoes, a layer of pork and more onions; pepper it well, cover with a crust, tie up in a cloth that has been well floured, and boil for two hours.

CHICKEN BROTH.

Get from the poulterers necks and heads of chickens usually thrown away; also chicken's feet, pepper and salt, chopped parsley and cold water. Clean the heads and feet and break the bones; put them into a soup-kettle, allowing a quart of cold water to every head and two feet. Cover down close, and let it simmer gently beside a slow fire for five or six hours; then strain and add the seasoning.

Notices of Books.

The Gate and the Glory beyond it; a Tale of the Franco-Prussian War. By Onyx. Price 1s. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

A most touching little tale, which cannot fail to interest.

Our Neighbour at the Corner. Price 6d. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

This little book is dedicated to the friends of missions, and much good may be effected by acting upon its hints.

Buying and Selling, and getting Gain; a Pastoral for the Times. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Price 1s. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row.

The Golden Grain Almanack. Price 1s. London: Yapp & Hawkins, 70, Welbeck Street.

This Almanac, in the form of a book and sheet, contains many nice thoughts.

Old Jonathan—Old Jonathan's Almanac. London: Collingridge.

This Almanac for the New Year is embellished with the portraits of the members of the Royal Family, which will doubtless prove attractive. It also contains much useful business information, as well as its usual religious matter.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our best thanks to "A. W. G." and "Ernest."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S DIFFICULTIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

THERE are so many ups and downs, ins and outs, in a woman's life, that there are difficulties at every turn. A man's life lies in a different direction. His life may, as it were, lie along a heavy ploughed field, but a woman's walk may take her through a wood, and while he has the most toilsome path, she has the most difficult, for the briars will catch her dress, and she has to walk with care, or she would be scratched and pricked with thorns and brambles. Just so it is with a woman's daily life: she has to look above and before, and on all sides, to see the best thing to be done, and the best way to do it. Happy is that woman who looks *above* first of all, for there is nothing like a light from God to show us what to do. A woman's difficulties have not only to do with actual work, but with her dealings with others, for it is wonderful the difficulties she has to get over in order to do her duty peaceably. She has not only her own temper to contend with, but she has to brush by the tempers of others, which are often a great hindrance. Some are selfish, and always looking after their own interest. Some are jealous, and ready to fancy slights to themselves if their neighbour is noticed. Some are sulky, and will not speak—they are like a dark cloud making all gloomy around. Some are fiery, and fly up like a sky-rocket, and take up words that were never intended to grieve, and let fall sparks which do more mischief in five minutes than can be set right in days. A man is a poor hand at managing awkward tempers, and knowing this, if he wants to keep peace, he keeps silent; for he says, "Least said is soonest mended." But a woman must learn when to speak, for she has to do with those about her in so many ways that she cannot get on without a word now and then; so it is well when a woman fits in to all the tempers around her, and knows how to open her mouth with wisdom and kindness. She has to watch her opportunity to do a good turn for a spiteful neighbour. She has to look well to the ways of her household, and make the best of what has to be endured. Her work is not in the coal-pit, or in the foundry, or on the coach-box, or at the plough; no, her duties are at the wash-tub, at needlework, at nursing, at baking, and at cleaning. Yes, she has plenty to do; she has to contrive how to do it, so that all are made happy and comfortable. This is rather a difficulty sometimes, for to be ready with her husband's meals, and to have an eye to get the children off clean and tidy for school, needs good management, when other work requires attention. One of the greatest helps to a woman's difficulties, is to take time by the forelock, for an hour before breakfast is worth two in the after-part of the day, and it is wonderful how much easier things are, if one does not tread on the heels of another, and there is time for everything. A good manager will always make the most of her time; like a good packer, who gets twice as much in a box as a bad packer, so a good manager will get twice as much work done as a bad manager, and have less worry over it, for she will use up odd minutes, and fit odd jobs into spare moments, just as a good packer will fit small articles into the corners of a box. While she is busy at one thing, she considers what she shall do next, and while her mind is full of thought how to manage well, it will be ready to soothe and sympathise, for it will not be taken up with itself; but even its own cares will first have been carried to the Lord before setting to work, to try to make the best of them, and though a woman may be busy she will not be flurried and perplexed if she has sought counsel of the Lord. A heart that goes up to heaven brings brightness down to earth, and a woman whose heart rises in prayer saying, "Lord, help me with my husband, and my children, and my neighbour!" will be lifted above the worries and toil, and will not be entangled with difficulties, nor overwhelmed with the weight of family cares.

In the following chapters we shall see what some women of the Bible teach us to do and avoid. They were of like natures with ourselves, and their history is written for our instruction, that we, through patience and comfort, might have hope. We shall read of their sins and sorrows, their temptations and duties, their fears and difficulties. I will conclude this chapter with a story in rhyme, of a wife who helped her husband out of a difficulty.

ROBERT BENTLEY'S DIFFICULTY, AND HOW HIS WIFE HELPED HIM OUT OF IT.

Said Robert Bentley to his wife,
"I'm weary of my very life;
I never pass my mother's door
But Kate is standing out before.

"I know she's vexed about that chest
Which mother left me, with the rest
Of father's clothes, the copper kettle,
And the book-shelf o'er the settle.

"I will not quarrel with poor Kate,
I'm sorry she's left desolate;
But still it is but just and fair
That we should have what's left us there.

"It is not right to ask of you
To do what I could never do;
But you are just the one, dear wife,
To put an end to bitter strife.

"So turn it over in your mind,
Without a word or look unkind,
How we could settle all with Kate;
She's kept us waiting till it's late."

"Yes, so she has, two months or more,
And promises she's made a score,
So I believe she don't intend
To give the goods unless we send."

"'Tis shameful when for peace I said
I would not take the feather-bed;
And I would wait her time to say
When I should fetch the chest away.

"But 'twas no favour now I see,
For she will not e'en speak to me;
Thus for her to treat her brother,
Would sore have grieved our poor dear mother.

"So think what can, dear wife, be done;
I was my mother's only son,
And 'tis but right that I should take
Her gifts so precious for her sake."

"Though 'tis indeed an awkward job,
I'll do my best to please you, Bob;
But Kate was always vexed with me,
Because I chose to marry thee.

"I'll do my best at any rate,
So go to work, it's getting late.
Oh may God help me what to say,
And move all trouble from the way."

"Yes, yes, dear wife, the Lord will show
Which course to take, which way to go;
So let us have a word of prayer,
And ask the Lord our cross to share."

They knelt, and thus they guidance sought;
They prayed the Lord to rule each thought,
And help them and poor Kitty too,
And show them what they ought to do.

The husband then set off with speed;
He knew God would supply their need,
And though the wife felt half afraid,
She felt quite sure the Lord would aid.

So leaning on His promised strength,
She reached Kate's cottage-home at length,
And took her by such great surprise,
That Kate stared wildly with both eyes.

"Is ought the matter? Is Bob ill?"
Said Kate. "I saw him pass the mill;
Now quickly tell what brought you here;
'Tis trouble of some sort, I fear."

"Thank God, my husband is quite well,
But 'tis for him I came to tell
How hard he takes it, Kate, from you,
That things ain't open, fair, and true."

"Oh, that is what you've come about;
Well, he may try to turn me out,
And take the house and all within;
You may pack up, yes, now begin."

Jane packed the chest with clothes all right,
The little shelf and kettle bright,
Then said, "There's nothing more to go;
He leaves the bed, he told you so.

"He wishes to do all that's kind,
And offers, if you would not mind,
To do your garden up at nights,
And set it nicely all to rights.

"Supposing you don't mean to marry,
And do not care on here to tarry;
A welcome you would find with us,
If you'd excuse all style and fuss."

"I shan't leave this, you may depend,
While I've a farthing left to spend;
If I should want to let the place,
I'd tell Bob plainly to his face.

"You need not think to come round me,
I won't be reconciled, you see;
You've packed the chest, you've had your say,
So now I beg you'll go away."

"Oh, Kate, what would your mother say,
If she were in the house to-day?
Your mother—aye, *his* too, remember,
Who died a year come next December."

"Yes, yes, she died, I ne'er shall see
Another just the same to me."
Kate said no more, but falling tears
Told up the sum of all her fears.

"Dear Kate," her sister softly said,
"We need not sorrow for the dead;
All who, like mother, die in faith,
Will rise again, the Bible saith.

"Your brother lives with that in view,
That's why he studies peace with you,
And you may both your mother meet,
If now you kneel at Jesus' feet."

"Oh, dear, I know I'm dreadful proud,—
There now, I've spoke my thoughts aloud,
I wish my temper would give in;
I know I'm very full of sin.

"I never was like Bob, my brother,
And not a morsel like poor mother;
Dear, sweet, meek lamb, in all my life
I never heard her speak in strife.

"Hush, stop, I know you're going to say,
I ought to watch as well as pray;
Of course I should, perhaps I'll try."
Kate paused and heaved a long, deep sigh.

Again she spoke: "Tell Bob to call,
He need not fear what may befall;
We'll make our peace o'er mother's chest,
And for her sake we'll be at rest."

"That's right, dear Kate; now come with me,
And Bob will welcome you to tea—
He'll bring you back in Mason's cart;
On leaving, you the chest can start."

"Yes, so it can; it works out plain,
The cart can take all back again,
And Bob's true friend, our cousin Harry,
Will then be satisfied to marry.

"He's a just man as ever stood,
And he said I should know no good
Till I had done the honest thing,
And then he'd buy the wedding ring.

"When you came in I felt in fear,
Lest other trouble should be near;
I dreamed last night dear Bob was dead,
I sat up frightened in my bed.

"I thought I'd speak if he passed by,
So I looked out upon the sly;
But courage failed when close he came,
I could not speak for very shame.

"I then came in and thought it o'er,
His patient look rebuked me sore,
I thought, 'Suppose my dream came true,
'Twould then be useless ought to do.'

"You came in just in time to aid,
Though vexed I was and half afraid;
You've talked me round, dear Jane, to-day,
Forgive me, and be friends, I pray."

"With all my heart," good Jane replied,
And Kate and she together cried;
They made all up, and Kate agreed
To lose no time to do the deed.

"I'll take Bob by surprise to-night—
You set the tea and make all right;
I'll get my Harry's cart to come—
We'll move the chest and take it home.

"He'll be so glad, I know he'll say,
'Let's fix upon our wedding-day;'
I'm 'shamed to think that you and he
Should see such jealousy in me."

The story ends with peace and love,
That night Bob looked to God above,
And thanked Him for a prudent wife,
Who brought back comfort to his life.

LIZZIE MAC CALLUM.

AMONGST the short but interesting biographies of memorable women living in humble circumstances which have been published, the story of Lizzie Mac Callum is not one of the least interesting. Living at the foot of the Grampian Hills, in a quiet and little-frequented village, she was unexpectedly deprived of her husband, and left with a family of six children, all comparatively young. Many would have sunk down in despair, or wearied themselves with making those applications to others for assistance which would have been likely to meet with but little response; not so Lizzie Mac Callum. At that time hand-spinning brought in a pittance, which, if small, was certain; that is to say, whatever work was done brought in its equivalent in money, though not proportionate to the toil expended. Often day and night was her wheel at work, and by this means, though on the very poorest fare, Lizzie managed to maintain herself and her children. At all times her boys and girls were clean in person and dress, though their pinched faces told of appetites but poorly satisfied; nor did their mother neglect the care of their minds as well as their bodies. As they became one by one able to read, she had always a boy or girl reading beside her, while the wheel went its wearisome round. Did a younger child become clamorous for food, the kind mother sang a psalm tune, or some simple air of her native country, until she had completed the work she had before her, and could attend to its wants. On Sundays she scrupulously observed the rest which the Bible enjoins. By-and-bye her children obtained situations among the farmers around, for the training which they had received at home was such as to render them in every way desirable as servants, and the character of the Mac Callums was well known in the neighbourhood. It was not without tears that the good woman parted with one after another, though, to her great comfort, none of them were removed so far away as to be unable to visit her on the usual holidays then allowed to farm servants.

The sight presented by the widow's cottage on one of these occasions, was most interesting, we are told. "Her rosy, open-countenanced boys and girls—some of whom were grown almost men and women—came to their dear mother's humble abode, and with tears in their eyes and looks glowing with happiness and affection, placed in her lap the wages they had saved for her. Then would each in turn receive the fond mother's kiss and her solemn blessing, and commence making affectionate inquiries respecting each other's health and welfare."

When the account of the history of this interesting family closes, we find that the two elder sons, who had invested their savings in the purchase of a grocer's business, had been able so far to increase it that it had become a wholesale as well as a retail concern, and yielded them a handsome yearly income. These two, James and Alexander, had married; as had also their sisters, Elizabeth and Mary; the one being united to a farmer, the other to a minister. Andrew, the youngest son, who had been brought up to the trade of a mason, raised himself to the position of a builder, the remaining sister, Jessy, acting as his housekeeper. He had built for his mother a neat cottage, to the expense of which her other sons also contributed.

This is a most instructive instance of what a mother can do. Unremitting as her toil had been to secure for her offspring food and clothing, she did not allow this to form any excuse for parental neglect in other things. Bad examples, even in a small village, and other enticements to evil, were not lacking, but by the aid of a higher power than her own, Lizzie Mac Callum guided her children from infancy to maturity, and had the satisfaction of seeing them all leading honourable and useful lives.

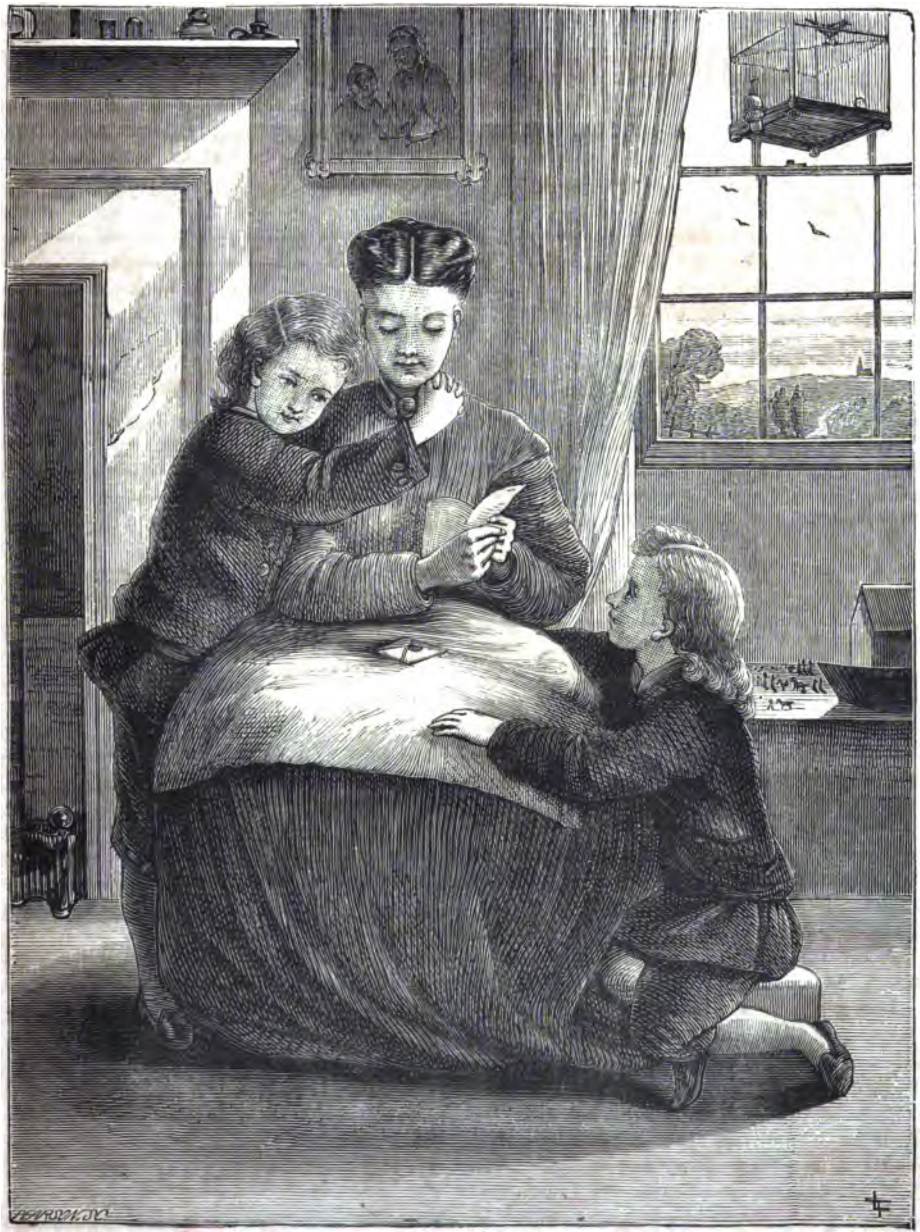
J. R. S. C.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

HOPE EVERMORE (CONCLUDED).

THE winter had now set in, and yet no news from abroad for the anxious wife, whose suspense became at times almost unbearable; and she would have given way to despair had she not been supported by a firm trust in God. The many dangers to which her husband was exposed as a missionary in Africa thronged in her mind, and caused her sleepless nights and anxious days. Willingly would she have shared those perils with him, as once had been the case, until ill-health warned her she must leave the burning climate and return to England. Every morning, when Herbert met his mother with his usual fond greeting, he would say, "Mother, I didn't forget last night to ask our Father in heaven for a letter, so perhaps He will send us one today;" and she would reply, "We will hope so, love;" but alas! day after day passed, and still there was no letter. Christmas was now near at hand—that joyous time when the absent ones gather round the dear home fireside again, when there are so many stories of wonderful adventures to recount, and numberless pleasant things to think about and do. Sad that it is not a "Merry Christmas" for all—sad to think of the starving multitudes to whom the season is one of misery instead of joy. And what sort of a Christmas-day will it be for our friends the Selners? Will the village bells peal forth their merry Christmas chime, and no father be at home to hear them? Such probably was Mrs. Selner's thought, as she sat, three weeks before Christmas, in the little parlour, working as usual. It was evening, and the room looked very cosy with the flickering fire and soft lamp light. Herbert and Davy were both learning their lessons at the table, while the Newfoundland dog, wonderfully improved in appearance since we first made his acquaintance, lay fast asleep, with his nose buried in the hearth-rug. So there was silence in the room, until Davy, shutting his book with a bang, expressive of his joy that the lesson was learnt at last, threw himself down on the rug in company with the dog. Very happy were those two in each other's company, for they seemed so perfectly to understand one another, and Davy and his dog were more frequently to be seen together than Davy and his brother. At length, Herbert too closed his book, but with a sigh. Although youngest in his class, Herbert was frequently top of it, owing to his ardent love of learning and perseverance in following it out. "Why was that sigh, Herbert?" said his mother. "Oh, I was thinking how nice it would be to get the class-prize to show father when he comes home." "Are you, then, trying for the prize, Bertie?" said Mrs. Selner, with some surprise.

"Yes, dear mother, and why not?" "Only that I fear it will be hard work for you, being the youngest in the class, my boy." "I know that, mother, but I intend to try." "Do, dear," said his mother, "and may you succeed, for you do not know what you are able to do without trying." "I shall never get a prize, mother, I am sure," said Davy, "although it would be very nice to have one to show papa when he comes home." "Indeed it would, Davy, but I fear you only work by fits and starts, and of course you must not expect anything if you do so. But I think," said Mrs. Selner, as she looked at the clock, "it is bed-time now, and so we will talk no more to-night;" and Davy, with a yawn, got up very unwillingly to wish his mother "good-night." "Come, Hector! come along, old fellow," and Davy and his dog disappeared from the room. He had scarcely shut the door when he heard his mother calling. "Yes, mother," said he, as he put his head in at the door. "Now, remember, Davy," said she, "you must not let Hector sleep in your bedroom as you did last night." "Oh, mother, why not? do let him." "No, dear; Hector can sleep very well in the kitchen, and," she added, smiling, "he has been used to harder lodging than that, so he won't object, I daresay," and off Davy went. Herbert followed soon after, but Mrs. Selner still sat by the fire, gazing as it were into futurity through the glowing embers, which gradually dropped one by one into dull grey ashes and lay smouldering in the fender. Then she arose, and, lighting her candle, went upstairs also. Hardly had the morning light glimmered when Davy was out of bed with a bound; Herbert followed his example, but with less alacrity. "I guess it 'll be a splendid day," said the former, as he drew up the blind. "My! isn't it frosty, though," and indeed Jack Frost had been very busy during the night, and had carved a charming fret-work of fern-like forms on the window-panes. "Why, Bertie, how dull you are!" said Davy, as he commenced dressing with great glee; "you know that mother has promised we shall go to skate on the Red Copse Pond to-day, if it is fine." A friend had given both boys a pair of skates each, and Davy was anxious to make his first trial on the ice. But the truth was, Herbert had thoughts of a far different nature, and you may perhaps guess what they were. Very soon after, Davy heard the garden-gate open, and, with his usual curiosity, looked through the window to see who was there. "Well, the postman is early this morning," said he; "I wonder what's the reason." But before he could say more Herbert was out of the room and down the stairs and had answered the postman's ring himself. Eagerly snatching the letters from the man's hand, he rapidly conned the postmark of each. And, oh! what words can describe his joy when he saw on one the foreign postmark which showed that the long-looked-for letter had at length arrived. He heard his mother's step on the stairs, and with the letter tightly grasped in his hand, he ran to meet her. "Oh, mamma!" he cried, and then stopped. "Good-morning, dear," she said, and added, "what news have you to tell me?" quite unsuspicious of the truth. The boy did not answer, but there was an unusual sparkle in his eye which told the tale. "Tell me—is it the letter?" she said quickly, and Herbert put the precious packet in her hands, saying, as he did so, "There, dear mother, you will not vex any more now, will you?" They went into the parlour, and Mrs. Selner tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. Just as she did so Davy sprang into the room anxious to know what was going on. "I thought so," he cried, as he saw the happy faces of his mother and brother; "it's a letter from father. I am glad. When will he be home, mother?" "In a very short time; he does not say for certain when, but I should think in a fortnight he may be



"They went into the parlour, and Mrs. Selner tore open the envelope with trembling fingers."—p. 18.

here. Your father has been very ill, my children, and his life in danger; but, thank God, he is now safe and well," and the tears came into her eyes as she read the welcome news, while Herbert's filled with sympathy, and even Davy's mirthful eyes glistened; but the next moment he set up a shout of joy. Hector, too, thought of course he must follow his master's example, and make a noise too, so he barked loudly. Such a sight made even Mrs. Selner laugh; yes, a clear, happy laugh, for the burden of months, nay, years, had been rolled away, and her heart was light again; and what a thanksgiving was offered that morning by the happy little family to Him who had brought light out of darkness; and never did the sun of happiness shine brighter than on that day. As for Herbert, he had hard work to fix his mind on his books during the few days which remained before the prize-day. Oh, how his heart beat when that day arrived, and he took his place with the others in the school-hall. His mother was there, for the parents of the boys were all invited on this memorable day. And was Herbert's patient study all lost? Oh no! for look at him as he stands, proud and happy, to receive the reward of his toil, and casts so bright a glance out of those blue eyes to where his mother sits, for he feels that to her kind encouragement his success is chiefly due. . . . . .

And now my story must shortly come to a close, and I must leave your imagination to picture the meeting of those so long parted, which took place but a few days later, for words cannot fully describe such a scene. That happy Christmas-eve! it will never be forgotten by the villagers of Woodhamlet; for there was a large tea-party given to the poor of the village, old and young, in the rectory-hall, to celebrate the missionary's return home. Dark green holly decked the walls, and its bright red berries looked brighter still, lit up by so many candles, which were placed on the long tea-tables covered with their snowy cloths. After tea the tables were removed, and Mr. Selner spoke to the people of his missionary work in Africa and of the poor ignorant people who live there. He told them, too, of the many dangers he had met with, when he feared he might never see his wife and children again; and yet how the Lord had wonderfully preserved him through all. As he spoke there were tears in the eyes of many present, and all were deeply interested. "Oh! let us all," he said, in conclusion, "let us all strive to do God's work on earth, whether it be at home or abroad, and we shall assuredly receive the reward laid up in heaven for every faithful soldier of the Cross; and may this be our earnest petition that we may do God's will on earth as it is done in heaven."

A. E. S.

MILDRED'S MISTAKE.

"For better far than passion's glow,
Or aught of worldly choice;
To listen His own will to know,
And, listening, hear His voice."

A PALE, patient woman sat awaiting her husband's return, one chilly winter night, and sadly pondered over a life-mistake, to explain which we must go back a little into her history. Twelve years before the night we have spoken of, Mildred Grey had stood before the altar and uttered the words which bound her for life to Arthur Hilton. Unthinkingly, she took upon herself the deep, sacred obligation of married life, that she might escape from the dependent position she occupied in a relative's household, and, without one prayer for guidance in the crisis of her life, entered upon an unknown path as Arthur Hilton's wife. Had she but committed her way to God, she would surely have been withheld from this step which had so marred her life. Poor Mildred! she was to be pitied as well as blamed, for she had never seemed to belong to anyone. She was truly an orphan, and alone in the world, and all the religious teaching she remembered to have known was the memory of a day when her mother laid her hand in blessing on her head, saying gently, as she pointed upward, "My child, acknowledge Him in *all* thy ways, and He shall direct thy steps." She was then ten years old, and the words never died from her recollection; but when she thought of becoming Arthur Hilton's wife, Mildred instinctively felt that if she sought God's guidance it would lead her in an opposite direction, so she blindly took her own way, dignified a passing fancy with the name of love, and married a man of whom she knew very little, for the sake of having a home of her own, hoping that it would turn out "all for the best."

Does it ever turn out for the best when we *will not* be guided by God, but *will* choose our own way? Never, never! Mildred soon found out her mistake; the disguise Arthur had assumed dropped off, and she learned to know him in his true character—that of an irreligious, violent-tempered man, and ere three months of married life had passed the poor girl had to own bitterly that her marriage had been a terrible error. Then came the memory of the words of her wedding morn, "Till death us do part." As a knell they sounded, for a long life was possibly before her, and nothing but death could sever it from that of the man whom she had promised to love, honour, and obey, but whom she had already learned to fear, distrust, and despise. Oh, how she longed to be able to undo the past; but it was too late, the error was beyond recall, and in this hour of bitterness Mildred sought and found her mother's Saviour. She acknowledged to God her weakness, and besought Him to help her to bear the consequences of her fault; and when once she had realised the sense of justification through the blood of Jesus, and forgiveness of all her sins, she felt strong to walk on in the hard path which she saw before her. Mildred knew she must suffer the consequence of her mistake, she knew that a corrupt tree planted in one's life will not yield pleasant and wholesome fruit to bless that life, but will bring forth produce of its own kind, so she set herself to endure bravely all and everything that she might be called upon to bear.

As the years rolled on children grew up around her, and domestic cares increased. Her husband went from bad to worse, lost three situations through carelessness and dishonesty, and habitually treated her with contempt and disrespect. But Mildred's hope was in the Lord her God, and He gave her strength to do her duty bravely. Never did her children hear an angry retort addressed to their father when he heaped upon her torrents of coarse abuse, but they often saw in a quiet room a kneeling figure, with clasped hands and bent head, seeking strength for the day, and in their childish minds they associated her gentle behaviour with the fact that she was much in prayer. When she thought of the future for them, of the days when they should grow up into manhood—for all her six children were boys—and be more under their father's influence, Mildred's heart grew very sad, but she put away as much as possible all fear, and betook herself often to fervent supplication for her husband and children. In spite of all her husband's harshness, in spite of all she had to endure from him, Mildred loved him now and longed for his salvation. Perhaps the fact of so often pleading for him at the throne of grace, drew her heart out to him in affection, for certainly she loved him as she had never done until she began to pray for him, and her constant prayer went up to God—"Save him, O Lord, and make him Thine own!"

This brings us back to the night with which our chapter begins. He had left home in the morning, uttering the most dreadful imprecations, and Mildred had gone about her daily work with a sad, heavy heart, almost weighed down with sorrow, and at night she dreaded, though she longed, to hear his footsteps. The night of her grief was very dark; but sometimes it is darkest just before the dawn, and so it was with Mildred. Footsteps came along the pavement and stopped at the door. In an instant she was downstairs, and confronted three men who bore the body of her husband on a litter. "He'll be better soon," said one of the men; "he was taken in a fit and is quite insensible." Arthur Hilton was carried upstairs, and this attack was the forerunner of a long and serious illness, out of which he came an altered man, mourning over his past, and beginning a new future in God's strength. Mildred's joy was perfected; out of confusion and misery God had brought her safely, and with glad step she went singing on her way, side by side with the husband who thanked her with grateful, tender love for her loving forbearance in the past. Her children are rising up to call her blessed, and Mildred is indeed a happy woman, for through God's mercy the mistake of her life has been rectified, and Arthur Hilton's home is really a happy one.

We are blind, imperfect creatures, who cannot tell what is good for us, so it must be best to let God choose our path. But it may be that some of us have taken our own way, and fixed ourselves in places of our own choosing, from which there is no escape. Well, then, we must be patient in those places; we must on no account quarrel with the life that now is, or waste our precious time in grieving over "what might have been done." If we have made mistakes, we must patiently endure their consequences, and it is a comfort to remember that our Guide can overrule the mistakes of His erring children for their good and His own glory; only we must be patient in that life where we are called to abide. Many a life-mistake has been quietly lived out in such patient endurance that in the end the crook made years before has been straightened out, and order has been formed out of chaos and confusion. This simple story of Mildred's Mistake will illustrate the truth of these few remarks, and perhaps encourage some struggling one to wait for the dawning of a brighter morrow. May God help all such to be patient and hopeful!

L. ST. C.

IMPORTANCE OF DECISION IN TRAINING CHILDREN.

SARAH R. was the eldest of nine children. She was naturally amiable, and possessed a heart full of love and sympathy for all within the range of her acquaintance. It is no wonder then that she was beloved by the children, and, being the eldest, took much care of them. She was very indulgent to them, and if at any time she required the performance of some act on their part, if she could not persuade them by reasoning or coaxing them to do it, she would do it herself. We will pass over a few years in her history, when at the age of twenty, we find her united in the marriage relation with a young man of noble and generous disposition, one that could appreciate her, not for her personal charms merely (which were great), but for her affectionate and loving heart. And as they possessed a competence for this world, is it strange that she should think her cup of worldly happiness full? Alas! how little did she know what was before her? One darling boy had been presented to her, and then another, and how strong did they twine the silken cord around that fond mother's heart! But before three years had rolled round, death had snatched the elder one away—had severed that silken cord; and thus did Death perform his work, until three beautiful boys were laid in the cold grave. And then a new trial awaited her. Her dear husband, who had comforted and sympathised with her in her affliction, now began to droop, and the cough and unnatural flush upon his sunken cheek told too plainly that consumption had marked him for its victim. Notwithstanding all that physicians and friends could do, in a short time he also was laid beside his loved ones in the grave. Sarah was left alone. Nothing now seemed to bind her to earth; but in a few weeks another little one was sent to gladden her heart. She tried to feel that this one was lent; but after such painful separations, it was not strange that, as this child was her all, she felt anxious to live for it. He was a feeble child at first; but as he grew older his health was better, and, like other children, his will began to show itself in various ways; but his kind mother could never see her darling crossed in anything; and at the age of ten or twelve years, he would strike her, and sometimes get so angry as to threaten her life. He still lives, not to be a comfort and solace to her declining years; for although she has long since learned where to look for support in times of trial, yet his ingratitude and neglect may "bring down her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave." There is in this instance some shadow of excuse, perhaps, for the indulgence of this child; and yet how much better it would have been for him and his mother if he had been corrected for his faults. It is to be feared that there are many mothers who allow their children to grow up without that restraint which is necessary for their good. Why should children be permitted to grow up, not only disregarding the commands of their parents, but indulging in habits of idleness? Is it a disgrace for them to learn to be industrious? If so, many of their mothers have disgraced themselves by their habits of industry. We have a duty, as parents, devolving upon us in this matter, and if we do not discharge it, we may one day suffer by its neglect; and while it is most suitable that parents love their children ardently, still they must not be blind to their faults or neglect to govern them. Children must be kept in subordination to their parents and superiors; and especially should widowed mothers guard themselves on this point. Their circumstances are liable to betray them into false views and feelings, and they will fail to discharge their duty to their loved children.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

If you had entered one of the widest streets of the ancient town of Nice, you would easily find, almost opposite the church of "Law Reparata," as old and sombre an edifice as can well be, well stocked as a costermonger's and greengrocer's shop. Almost hidden behind pyramids of Milan butter, Grugèn cheese, and Parmesian oranges, maple pears, cabbages, and chesnuts from the mountains, and many other things most attractive to old and young, you might discover Widow Duranti, to whom these riches belonged. This good dame was left a widow many years ago; and, moreover, she was burdened with a numerous family. She had occupied these apartments upwards of twenty years, when she was compelled to move elsewhere with her children. One day, most unexpectedly, Mrs. Duranti received a visit from her landlady, who, without much ceremony, announced to her that for the future she could not be content with the rent of five hundred francs, as a person —who, for particular reasons, wished for the premises—had offered her double that sum. Judge of the poor widow's concern. "Oh, madam!" cried she, with tears in her eyes, "you are also a widow, though so rich; have pity on a poor lone woman like me, burdened with orphans. You know how punctually we have always paid you a rent which we had so much trouble to put by; you know that in order to do it regularly we have often endured real privations. For Christ's sake, do not drive us out of your house; and thus, perhaps, deprive poor, honest people of their daily bread." "For

Christ's sake!" answered the landlady, with a frightful sneer; "what do I know of that? Money is what I prize, because it procures me all my heart's wishes. As for God's blessing, I do very well without it. But, to return to the object of my visit, I leave you the choice, Mrs. Duranti, either to pay me what I mentioned, and you may remain my tenant, or else to leave in a month." "I shall leave," answered Mrs. Duranti, firmly, "but know that God Almighty punishes blasphemy and covetousness; and who knows but that you may depart from this world even before I leave your house. Then, indeed, money, your idol, will be of great use to you." "Keep your superstitious notions to yourself," replied the angry woman, "and make your preparations for moving; it will be more to the purpose." The month passed, and the widow and her children continued to expose their goods for sale, for, as they said, with a truly grateful heart, their heavenly Father prepared them a sheltering roof but a few doors from their former dwelling. And the rich landlady? Before the month had passed a funeral train was seen issuing from her stately home; it was very thinly attended, for it was accompanied by only one priest and two nuns. The coffin was soon laid in its last resting-place, and covered from sight; and thus disappeared the mortal remains of one who, such a short time ago, answered to a poor woman imploring her sympathy, "I love only money, and care not for God's judgment!" But God's judgment had come speedily, and she had been suddenly called away from this world and all its perishable things to which her wicked heart had clung so tenaciously.

A. M.

OF all the various parts making up the armour of God, there is none provided for the back, showing us that the Christian warrior was never meant to run from his enemies.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

AN EXCELLENT PUDDING.

Boil a small tea-cup full of rice until quite tender; let it stand till it is cool. Have ready a few plums, or an apple chopped fine, or a little treacle; add three table-spoonsful of flour, mix all well together with a little water and a pinch of salt, put it into a deep dish, and bake for an hour. The same pudding can be tied up in a cloth and boiled: an hour will cook it. This pudding makes a meal for five children, and will cost about twopence halfpenny.

DORMERS.

Chop one pound of scraps of cold mutton, a quarter of a pound of beef suet, and half a pound of boiled rice very fine, and mix it well together with a little pepper and salt; roll them up as sausages, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry them in hot dripping a good brown. Serve in a dish with plenty of mashed potatoes round them, and pour on some hot gravy.

Notices of Books.

Old Merry's Annual for 1872. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

A more valuable and acceptable school-prize or birthday present for a boy could scarcely be found. It contains nice tales for quiet hours, and plenty of fun for play hours.

The Children's Tabernacle, or Hand-Work and Heart-Work. By A. L. O. E. London: J. F. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

A very interesting account of the making of a model of the Jewish Tabernacle by a family of children. The lessons taught by it are very instructive.

Scripture Picture Puzzles. By A. L. O. E. London: J. F. Shaw, Paternoster Row. Price 1s.

Four scenes from Scripture history, in the form of a puzzle, with a little book containing the story and its lessons. Pleasant Sabbath occupation.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our best thanks to "Ernest," "J. R. S. C.," "A. W. G.," and "L. St. C.," for their continued help.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN, MAN'S HELPMEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

EVE was the first woman, the first wife, the first mother, and, we may add, the first sinner. God made her out of man to be a help for him. Before Eve was made, Adam had only animals for his company; and though he might be very fond of them, yet he could not tell them the deep thoughts of his heart, and they could not converse together, for not one of them had a reasoning soul. The parrot and jackdaw, the magpie and starling, might learn to imitate words, but they could not talk with sense, or give a reason for what they said; they were only made for use and comfort in this world; they were made for time not for eternity. But Eve was part of Adam, in whom God had breathed; they had a soul which would live for ever, for the soul is God's breath and can never die. When the body dies the spirit returns to God who gave it. It is the soul that makes the great difference between man and beast. Each has a body, each has knowledge for common necessities; instinct in birds, beasts, insects, and fishes, is the knowledge that is born with them, which teaches them how to preserve life, so that they know how to provide for their young and defend them. All have naturally a desire for self-preservation, and God has taught them what it is needful to know for this life which bounds their existence. But man can look beyond; he is "only" a little lower than the angels; man is endowed with mind, with reasoning powers, and the Lord rules over and directs his thoughts. Woman, being taken out of man, was one with him in intellect, though not equal in power, yet she would be able to converse sensibly and could understand some wisdom and knowledge that God had taught Adam, so she was a help-*meet* or *fit* for him. It was very sad that she who should have helped him in obeying God's command should be the one to tempt him to break it. We might have supposed that she had never heard the command which God gave to Adam before she was made, if her own confession had not told us that she knew it; for when Satan in the form of a serpent talked to her, she said, "Of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." Yes, she knew the sad consequences which would follow if she disobeyed the Divine command, and yet she listened to the false deceiver, who was a liar from the beginning, and she not only touched the fruit but gathered and eat it; even more, "she gave also to her husband, and he did eat." It is bad enough when a wife does wrong, but to lead her husband to do the same, makes two guilty instead of one. When God called them to account, Eve laid the blame upon the serpent, and Adam charged his wife with the fault. Neither of them wished to answer for the guilt, though it was Eve's own act taking the fruit off the tree, and though she gave it to Adam she did not force him to eat it. Both pleased themselves in the deed, and had none to blame but themselves individually. No wonder they were afraid when God called them, no wonder they tried to hide themselves from His presence. They were ashamed even of themselves, and "sewed fig leaves together to make themselves aprons." Oh! what misery followed their disobedience, for sin entered into the world and all our woe. God put enmity between the serpent and the woman, so that ever since Satan has been the enemy of the human race. When Eve became a mother, how reproachfully she must have thought of the pains and peril she had brought upon herself, for even while anticipating the joy of her firstborn she felt the words fulfilled, that in sorrow she should bring forth children. It was dreadful also to think of the deceitful serpent always being her enemy, on the watch to beguile her and her children; but there was consolation in the promise that One should come who should bruise Satan's head, and though Satan would bruise the Deliverer's heel, yet the heel would not be so serious a hurt as the head, for if the head is injured it is often fatal. So Eve could hope that her enemy would some day be destroyed by One who should be born of a woman, and perhaps, when Cain and Abel and Seth, and all her sons and daughters were born, she hoped that they might destroy him that "had the power of death, even the devil." But they all died, and it was long before the Saviour came who conquered death. All Eve's descendants lived in hopes of the promise being fulfilled, and at last the Lord Jesus Christ was born, and though Satan bruised his heel when Christ was crucified, dead, and buried, yet the Lord of life rose from the dead the third day, to show that He had conquered and had paid our punishment. He died that sinners might live, so all that "believe in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Satan cannot bind us unless we wish to be tied with the chain of our sins. Hell is a place prepared only for the devil and his angels, but if people choose his company now, and listen to his deceitful temptings, he will give them the pleasures of sin, and the wages of sin, which is death to all goodness and happiness in this world, and a living death of torment hereafter in the fire which shall not be quenched. But he cannot oblige people to follow him, he can only entice them; for the Almighty Saviour has bruised him, and though the enmity still exists between good and evil, yet no one will be overcome by Satan's wicked devices who turns from them and prays to be kept from temptation. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," says Peter. How well it would have been if Eve had resisted him, if she had kept away from the forbidden tree instead of going to look at it, and talk with the tempter about it.

Eve is a warning to all to keep out of temptation, if we wish to be delivered from evil. When God gives a plain command, and says, "*Thou shalt not*," we ought to keep far from anything that would tempt us to disobey His command. We might look over all the ten commandments, and we could note in half a minute the places that we should not so much as look at if we want to be preserved from breaking them. If we want the Lord to be our ruler and our God, if we want to keep from bad language, if we want to spend the Sabbath-day properly, if we wish to respect those who are over us, if we would be honest and true, modest and respectable, kind and forgiving, avoiding evil speaking, lying and slandering, we should not go near those places where bad words and deeds help evil thoughts into action. Gaming tables, race courses, public-houses, dancing-halls, and all similar places, are Satan's resorts, where he meets people, as he met Eve to talk over forbidden things, and make people believe that "Thou shalt not swear," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," "Thou shalt not covet," are not really Divine injunctions which will be punished if disobeyed. Oh, let us remember that it is not love but hatred which makes Satan try to draw us into sin; he is our "adversary, going about seeking whom he may devour." Don't let us go to meet him on his own ground, where there is rioting and drunkenness and wantonness, in places of folly and sin; and if he should join us when we are in the path of duty, we can lift our heart to the Lord and ask Him to be our shield; then, if we resist his wicked devices, we shall find he will flee from us. We must always be on the watch, for if we are not, he will catch us unawares.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

OLD DAVIE'S LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

A DAMP, cold, dismal, autumn day. The rain had been falling with a discouraging drizzle for forty-eight hours without intermission, until everything seemed moist and limp and chilled. In a low damp basement, where even in the sunniest weather the sun never shone, a woman lay dying. Even then death hovered near, for her breathing was slow and laboured, and a clammy moisture lay thick upon her brow. Beside her sat a young girl, of perhaps eleven years, and a middle-aged woman, seemingly a neighbour. There was perfect silence for awhile, and then the sick woman whispered, "Be a good girl, Bessie; always try to do right, and the Lord will provide for you when I am gone." "O mother, don't leave me alone!" cried Bessie, leaning over to kiss the thin white face. The life-light had nearly faded out, but flashed up a moment, and the mother pointed heavenward; a bright halo seemed to encircle her face, as if a gleam of heavenly radiance had beamed upon the departing soul to light it home, and Bessie was motherless.

"Shure, and she'll niver speak to yer again," said the kind-hearted Irish woman, taking her hand to lead her away. "Oh, I can't live without my mother; indeed, I can't," sobbed Bessie. "Let me die too." Ah, Bessie, many a one older and wiser has breathed that same despairing cry in vain; we must suffer and wait. In God's own time we shall be called home.

Bessie Glenn was a friendless orphan; what few distant relatives she had, lived so far away, and such a length of time had elapsed since they had known anything of their whereabouts, they were quite forgotten; indeed, Mrs. Glenn married against the wishes of her friends, and was shut out from their hearts and homes. Her husband died about six years after their marriage, leaving her without any means of support, except her needle; and those that know what it is to live by plain sewing, will wonder how she kept soul and body together so long.

Mrs. Gowan, a kind-hearted daughter of Erin, who lived in the house, took Bessie to her own room, and soothed and consoled her in the best way she could, but the poor child had lost her all. Sometimes her mother's last words came to her in the still night watches, and she wondered how the prophecy was to be fulfilled, for she had strong faith in its truth; and when that last best friend was laid in her lowly bed, her heart went out to Him who had said, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord shall take thee up," and she was comforted.

"Well, where are these duds to go?" asked old David Reed, a porter, as he entered the desolate room the following morning. Mrs. Gowan was packing up the little that was left, barely enough to cover funeral expenses, and they were soon stowed in. "Is the girl to go too?" asked David, touching Bessie on the shoulder. "Halloa! what are you crying for? Haven't got any home, eh? Well, we must find one, then. You needn't be afraid; old Davie is rough, but he's honest."

He said a few words to Mrs. Gowan, and then lifted Bessie into his waggon and drove off. They were not very talkative as they jogged along. Davie was working out some difficult problem, it was easy to be seen, while Bessie looked anxious and puzzled. At last they stopped before a rickety house in an obscure street, and David led the way up two flights of stairs, without deigning to satisfy the curiosity he must have seen peering from those great brown eyes. A low knock at a neat doorway brought an old lady to view, who quite won Bessie's heart by her pleasant smile and kindly greeting.

"Now, Mother Brown, see what I've gone and done; here's a poor little motherless girl on my hands, and nobody to see to her. You know old Davie has nobody in the wide world to look after, or to care for him, so I thought maybe she could brighten up my lone room a bit, and I could give her bread and butter. But, you see, the trouble is, she needs somebody to look after her, and I've come to see if you can't make up a kind of shake-down for her at night, and have a sort of motherly care of her generally, though I don't know but it's asking too much."

"No, it's not, David Reed. I don't forget who looked after me last winter, when I had such a spell of rheumatism. One good turn deserves another, and the little girl shan't want for care."

"Well, I'll leave her then, and here's the key of my room; maybe she'll want to see what it's like; and now I must be off."

Dame Brown was kind-hearted and considerate, and, knowing how lonely and desolate the little girl must feel among strangers, wisely concluded it was best to keep her busy, so she led the way to David's room. It was a comfortable-sized room, with two windows looking out upon the street, but so covered were they with dust and cobwebs, Bessie wondered how the sunlight ever found its way in. In a corner of the room was a single bed, all rumpled, as if its occupant had just tumbled out. A small table was covered with unwashed dishes, and the little reddish-grey stove was furnished with saucepans and kettles that were seemingly strangers to soap and water. Ashes and chips were scattered about, and evidently had not been disturbed for quite a length of time; indeed, it was a picture that quite shocked Bessie's notions of tidiness.

"Don't you think I might clean up a little?" said Bessie. "I used to do ever so much for mother, and she taught me to do almost everything."

"There's a deal for somebody to do," returned Mrs. Brown, "but I'm afraid your little arms are not strong enough for such work."

"I can try, at all events," said Bessie, throwing up the sash by way of commencing.

"Well, if you will, I've got plenty of soap and hot water, and I'll lend a helping hand, so we can do something, I am sure."

(To be concluded next month.)

It is a curious fact that though the rain keeps thousands away from church on Sunday, it does not deter a single man from attending to his business on week-days.

FIRST LESSONS.

REVENGE.

HENRY BALLARD was a beautiful and affectionate boy. His parents, like too many others similarly thoughtless, were regardless of the moral character of his infantile habits, supposing that the future education and good sense of their child would rectify whatever might be wrong in his early training. They never reflected that the same dispositions and actions that are wicked in the man, are incipient germs of wickedness in the child. Upon Henry's third birthday, his fond parents had persented him with some little toys, with which he was romping joyously about the floor when he accidentally stumbled over a stool. He was somewhat hurt, and began to cry. His mother took him into her arms, and, in order to pacify him, began to strike and scold the stool. "Naughty stool! to hurt my baby! Mamma will whip the naughty stool!" The object was gained. The child opened wide his beautiful eyes, looked triumphantly at the chastised stool, and continued his play. *The first lesson in revenge was given.*

A short time after a little playmate took up one of his toys. Henry, jealous of his rights, attempted to snatch it from him. He resisted, and Henry struck him in the face. It was the first practice of his mother's lesson. He looked up into her face, and she was laughing at his sprightliness, and remarked to a friend, "What a spirit the dear boy has!" *The practice of the first lesson was encouraged.* Ah, that mother did not dream that she was inculcating and fostering principles in the heart of her dear boy, that should subject him to disgrace and remorse, and herself to unutterable anguish.

Scenes like these were of frequent occurrence, and Henry became accustomed to strike with his tiny hand every person or thing that offended him, and these little ebullitions of passion were hailed and encouraged as so many evidences of superior vivacity. True, he was sometimes told he was "naughty," and that "good boys must not be spiteful," and that "mamma would not love him if he acted so," but there were in the words of reproof so much of the manner and tone of approval, that it is not marvellous if, with the quick perceptions of childhood, he understood the censure rather as an encouragement than as a restraint.

Years passed. One day, when Henry was about seven years old, he ran sobbing into the parlour where his parents sat, and rushed to his father's knee in great distress. "Why, my son, what in the world is the matter?" asked the father. "Charles slapped me in the face." "Well, he is no larger than you; why didn't you whip him for it. I hope you are not going to be a coward. You must take your own part, or you will never be a man."

Now the truth was, that Henry upon some slight vexation had struck his cousin Charles, who, probably similarly trained, had returned the blow. But without any inquiry into the cause of the quarrel, the father, who, in accordance with the popular but ruinous maxim wanted to "make his son a lad of spirit," encouraged him to take his defence into his own hands.

The child, shamed and nerved by his father's reproaches, left the room, and in a few minutes the screams of the two boys proclaimed that they were in battle. Before he could reach the scene of contention, Charles had run, and little Henry was the boasting victor. "Now you are a brave boy," said the blinded, foolish father, patting his flushed cheek. "My own brave boy, never let any boy of your own size insult you without paying him for it." *Thus were the principles of the first lesson fixed,* and the bent twig hardened as it grew in the direction to which it was inclined.

Henry grew up a passionate and revengeful boy. His disposition, naturally yielding and peaceful under judicious training, might have rendered him amiable and beloved, and, as it was, there were lovely traits in his character. He was as generous as hasty, as ready to forgive as to strike, as eager to repair an injury when the storm of passion had calmed, as to inflict one while it was raging. By his youthful associates his temper was dreaded, and of course he was not loved. The bright strands that composed the warp of his temperament were clouded by the dark threads that had been woven into its woof.

During his seventeenth year Henry entered college, and, possessing untiring energy and industry, started fair for the laurels of his class. But before the year was passed he was expelled for grossly insulting the tutor, who mildly reproved him for being tardy at the hour of recitation.

His mortified parents were now as severe in censuring his fitful passions, as they had been industrious in instilling them. Earnestly did they strive to root out from the soil of the heart the noxious weeds which in their thoughtless folly they had planted. But it was too late. Promoted by their own assiduous culture, the growth had become too rank to be easily subdued. And they sought not for him, nor did they encourage him to seek, the interposition of the Divine hand, which alone can "break up the fallow ground," and plant the flowers of paradise in the mellowed soul.

A clerkship was obtained for Henry in the store of a merchant in his native town. He was attentive to the business of his employer, who, though often tried by his irritability, highly valued his promptness and energy. Experience in the world had taught Henry the necessity of controlling his temper when crossed or contradicted. But his passions were only suppressed, not expelled. The fire was but smothered, not extinguished, and a passing puff of wind could raise it to a blaze.

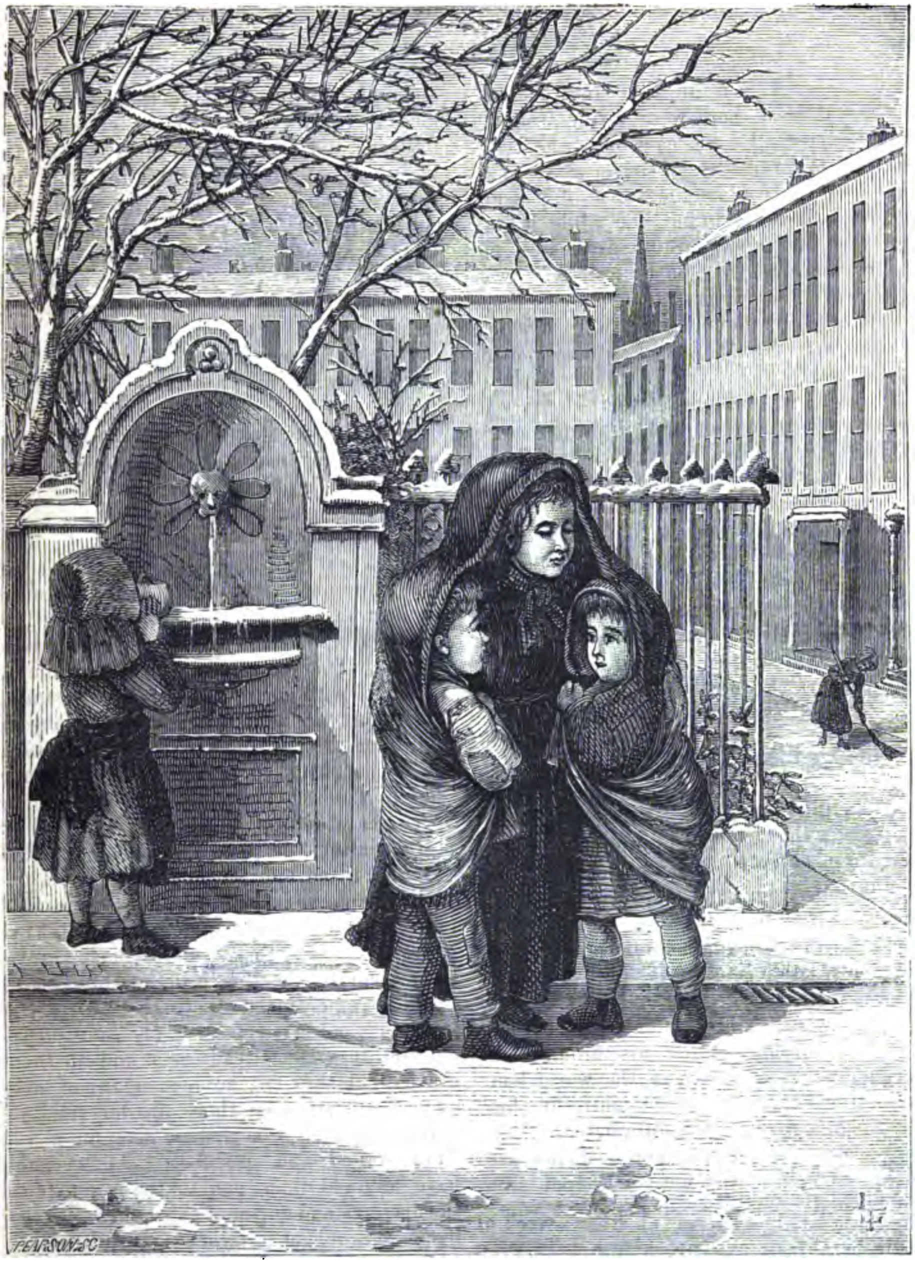
One day, when the shop was crowded with purchasers, Henry, in the hurry of the moment, mistook the measurement of a piece of cloth. Some time after the buyer returned, and, laying the cloth on the counter, said, in an angry tone, "This cloth has been spoiled by the tailor, who commenced cutting it out before he found out it was short measure. I paid for the full quantity, and I expect you to take this back, and furnish me with it. I do not mean to be cheated out of the price of a coat."

Henry's brow contracted and his lips quivered with rage at this insinuation. "Sir," said he, "if I have made a mistake I will rectify it; but do you mean to charge me with intentionally cheating you?"

"Your mistake," replied the man sneeringly "was much in your own favour, which certainly looks very suspicious."

Quick as lightning Henry snatched the sheers from the counter and hurled them at the insulter's head. The point pierced his head. He fell; and in five minutes was a corpse! The young man was taken, almost senseless with horror, before a magistrate, and within an hour was lying in agony of soul upon the hard floor of a prison. In a few weeks after he was indicted for manslaughter, tried, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

Just after the trial, his heart-crushed parents visited him in the gaol. With unutterable anguish they looked upon the face of their once promising boy. Haggard despair and gnawing remorse had drawn their shades over that still youthful countenance, and traced there the furrows of incipient old age. Two of their loved children they had already seen laid in their graves, but they felt no such agony of soul as now. They wept then, and felt relief in tears; now their woe was too deep for tears. They wailed and groaned. They could have followed their son to the grave, but the disgrace and horror of this living entombment, how could it be borne? Miserable parents, and wretched son! They had no God to soothe, no Divine Comforter to



"God pity the poor to-day,
For I love the beautiful snow,
It rests with such grace on tree and spray,
God will care for the poor, I know."

sustain them. But there were additional drops of wormwood to be wrung into their intolerably bitter cup.

"Father," said the wretched Henry, "in this gloomy prison I have been recalling the scenes of my youth, while tracing the history and growth of the hellish passions which have embittered my whole life, and now doomed me to a living grave. Can you remember, father, when, in the days of my childhood, you reproached me for cowardice, and told me, if I would be manly, I must learn to give blow for blow? Can you remember how you encouraged and applauded me, when I followed your instructions? Then, father, and at other times by such lessons, you planted scorpions in my breast, and during all my boyhood they were nursed; they have grown with my growth, and now they sting us all." Earlier scenes, and among them those of his birthday, arose in the memory of the mourning mother. He had forgotten them, they were beyond the date of his remembrance, but their influence had been powerful in moulding his character and shaping his life. Within two years Henry died in prison.

Often did the repentant parents bitterly wail when those first lessons were remembered, and if they never repeated the words of the wretched poet, they often felt the truth of the sentiment:

> "The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
> I planted; they have torn me, and I bleed,
> I should have known what fruit would spring
> from such a seed."

J. L. B.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

It was a bright May morning, the dewdrops glistening upon flowers and hedges, the birds busily fluttering about in search of their breakfast, and not a few were most energetically endeavouring to cheat the farmhouse fowls out of their morning allowance. There were various sounds from field and woods; from the meadows was heard the lowing of the cattle calling the milkmaid to her duties, mingling with the plaintive bleatings of the lambs, and above all, the thrilling warbling of the lark and the loud cawing of the rooks as they chased each other through the air. There was busy life within the pretty English farmhouse, for its inmates had been up since sunrise; but this morning there was more bustle than usual; every room and every thing was having an extra polish, and the fragrant scent from the kitchen was not from the honeysuckle growing around the porch, but bespoke more substantial comforts than cleanliness and external beauty.

Tramp, tramp. "There's father," said a rosy-faced matron, and she looked up with a pleasant smile as the heavy footsteps were heard coming nearer. It never entered her mind that those same footsteps could ever awaken a contemptuous thought.

"Well, old lady," said a cheery voice, "you are busy, I see; but I hope your hospitality is not all for the future. Look now, it's half-past six, and I'm ready for my breakfast."

"Patience, good man; I could do without anything to eat through anticipating the child coming home."

"Well, that proves my saying true, that women are a step nearer the angelic than we poor grovelling men; for making others happy seems their meat and drink too," replied the farmer, gallantly.

One subject engaged their conversation through the meal.

"She will be so glad to get home again. I am sure it nearly used to upset me entirely, to read her longings after the dear old home; and really, Thomas, it would take me a lifetime to imagine one half the beautiful ideas she has written to me about the place; anyone would think it fairy-land to read her letters."

The farmer was a shrewd, thoughtful

man, and did not enter into the subject of his daughter's glowing descriptions as his wife thought he should.

"Why are you so silent, Thomas?" she inquired.

"Oh! I was only thinking over your words, my dear, and lately I have had very grave doubts about the wisdom of sending her to that fine finishing school; but Lilian always worried me until I sent her. Do not think I deprecate a good sound English education; it is *that* which it is most difficult to obtain. There are plenty of schools where girls are taught genteel nothings, which weaken their intellect, gives them false ideas of life, and unfits them for its everyday duties; but our Lily was never fit for much else than a window plant, so I yielded to your united wishes. But let us hope that after all she may not be any the worse for leaving home. I am rather old-fashioned in my notions, perhaps, but, my dear, if you could only have played the piano, and sang love ditties, and had your fingers busy with fancy-work from morning to night, you would not have been the wife for me. You know it was because you blended the ornamental, useful, and intelligent, that you were chosen to be the wife of Thomas Radford. He's a rough customer, I own, but he knows what's what."

The worthy lady was a little ruffled in temper by her husband's remarks, and replied—

"Any one would scarcely think Lily your own and only child to hear your deprecating remarks; but I hope, Thomas, you won't clash with the child. You had better put on your Sunday suit and take the pony-chaise when you go to meet her."

"The latter I will do, but not the former."

"Why not?"

"Because it's inconvenient for more reasons than one. I don't see what either you or Lily have to complain of," replied the farmer, viewing himself with the utmost complacency.

"But Lily most particularly asked me to make you look like a gentleman for the occasion, as she had certain reasons for wishing it."

"I was always told in my young days that actions proved the gentleman, but now it's the dress, and everything else is secondary. I should think Lily might have trusted to her father not to disgrace her."

Mrs. Radford saw that remonstrance was in vain, and so wisely left results. "It's no use talking to Thomas if his mind's made up," was a settled maxim with her.

Farmer Radford arrived at the station just in time to see the train coming in. He glanced into each of the second-class carriages as they glided by. "She has not come," he thought, as the last second-class stopped in front of him, and no one like Lilian in it. He heard some one say, "Your papa has apparently sent his man-servant to meet you!" He glanced in that direction, and saw Lilian just stepping out of a first-class compartment, a young fashionable assisting her to alight. "Man-servant, and first-class, indeed! Whatever can her mother be thinking about?" These thoughts passed through his mind as he approached his daughter.

"Lilian, my dear, welcome home!"

One little flush of offended pride, as she looked at the homely figure, gave way to one of pleasure, for Lilian loved her father, though she regretted his plain, simple ways.

"I am so glad, dear papa, to get home once more."

"No more glad than we are to have you, my dear; your mother needs a little rest now, and you will be able to be a comfort and help to her."

No one could blame her father for the proud glance that took in at once all the loveliness of his child, for parental love often clothes with beauty a plain, deformed object. Nature had been very lavish with her gifts in Lilian's case: her features were faultless, her eyes azure blue, and her hair hung in golden ripples to her waist. But what spoiled Lilian's expression was the remembrance of her personal attractions; wherever there was a mirror in the house, you might frequently startle Lilian from a contemplation of herself. No one could blame her for her personal attractions, but we should always remember that outward beauty must be allied to goodness of heart to render its possessor really admirable; form and feature are beyond our control, while the gifts and graces of the mind very much depend upon our disposition to foster, and perseverance in improving, the talents God has given us. Lilian's fervid imagination received many disappointments; she often looked at her surroundings with the air of a martyr, and asked, "How is it that I have such different feelings and aspirations to what those in my sphere of life have the power of gratifying? I am too refined for my social position," and then she would console herself with the thought of a bright fairy future, surrounded with all kinds of improbabilities.

Lilian's pensive gaze caught a glimpse of the farm-house, and all her enthusiasm again revived. It had a peaceful look about it, its smooth green lawn in front, across which you went to the orchard, which now promised an abundance of fruit. One minute more and Lilian was clasped in her mother's arms, and then gave full vent to her feelings.

For a few days Lilian felt happy without those things which lately she had imagined as necessaries to her existence,—all was fresh and novel. Her father said she should have one week to look about her and visit her friends, after that she must help her mother to superintend domestic arrangements.

(To be continued.)

NOTHING is unsuited to woman that is congenial to love; nothing too hard for her that is to be solved chiefly by the heart.

LONG WAITING REWARDED.

FAITH is rarely more severely tried than in the case of parents who are waiting upon the Lord from year to year and watching for the answer of prayers in the salvation of their children. Even where they "ask in prayer, believing," there may often be long delays, during which it may be their sad lot to look on while the child of many prayers grows apparently hardened in sin and reckless in ungodliness. There may, it is humbling to think, have been errors in training or inconsistencies in the life even of praying parents, of which such a course is the legitimate result. Few sorrows can be keener than that which accompanies the consciousness of this; and what wonder that such parents should not be permitted to witness the fulfilment of their prayers.

"It is not necessary that I should be here to keep watch over God's faithfulness," said a dying saint with reference to some prayers which were still unanswered. Doubtless, when all secrets are revealed, it will be found that there are no unanswered prayers, though it will at the same time be found that much that passed for prayer was unreal.

The facts we are about to record, upon the authority of one well acquainted with the parties, may be encouraging to some who are waiting in sorrow.

A Christian father and mother, who were no strangers to the power of prayer, had long borne their son upon their hearts before the Lord. From a wayward boy he grew up to be a profane and profligate young man; and, in addition to all their other sorrows, it was their grief to know that he was pointed at by the ungodly as a proof of the uselessness of religious training and of the worthlessness of prayer. The restraints of his father's house, little as he seemed to heed them, soon became intolerable, and he departed, no one knew whither.

His parents subsequently learned that, after a brief career of profligacy, he had sought refuge on board a ship as a common sailor. During his first voyage, while he stood on the bulwarks of the ship uttering wanton blasphemies, he lost his footing and fell overboard. Though every effort was made to rescue him—as the vessel was under considerable headway and the sea ran high—there was some delay before he could be reached by the boat, and he was taken out of the water apparently lifeless. Under some impulse the surgeon of the ship persevered in the use of means to restore animation, after the captain and every one on board pronounced it mere folly. His efforts were at last rewarded by some signs of life. The feeble spark was carefully cherished, and at length the young man opened his eyes, and with a faint expression of joy, struggling through the feebleness and pain of such an awakening, exclaimed, "Jesus Christ has saved my soul!" A long time elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to give a connected account of his feelings while in the water. When he did, he said that on his fall his mind seemed at once opened to a discovery of the wickedness of his life, and his awful guilt in the sight of God. He had no hope of being rescued, and for a time—it seemed an age—he contemplated his hopeless guilt and the wrath of God that seemed to await him. All at once the remembrance of his father's oft-repeated testimony, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief," flashed upon his mind. In the presence of all his black guilt, Jesus Christ the Son of God was revealed to him as an all-sufficient Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. His soul rested there. He knew that he was saved; a sweet calm succeeded his anguish, and then he sank into unconsciousness. His after-life proved that this was no passing delusion. He was soon received back joyfully to the home where he had caused so much grief. He was very recently a faithful and honoured preacher of that Gospel of whose Divine power he was a signal example. At the end of a long life of faithful service his salvation will not be more complete than it was at the moment when he sank into unconsciousness in the water. Had he not been recovered, his case would have been quoted as an instance of prayer unanswered; but even then, believing parents, with their trust unshaken, would have looked forward to the day of our gathering together unto Jesus to find their son who was lost among the trophies of redeeming love. "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

A LIFE STORY.

"BERTIE!" The voice was low and sweet. It came from a young mother, who had been watching, unobserved, the movements of a bright boy, as he patiently endeavoured to arrange the pieces of a toy-puzzle. Absorbed in his occupation, he did not hear the call. "Bertie!" she said again. This time he heard and ran to her side. She stroked his curly hair coaxingly, and kissed the ruby lips he put up. Then she said, tenderly, "I want you to learn a verse from the Bible, my darling," and slowly the child repeated after her the words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." (Psalm lv. 22.)

"There is no telling what my boy may have to pass through in after life," said the mother, to herself; "and I should like him to know where to go for help when he most needs it."

That same night, as Florence Lyle sat by the fireside with her husband, a conversation took place of which the following formed part:—

"What was it you were teaching Bertie when I came in, Flo?"

"A verse from one of the Psalms, dear; he learnt it so well, the darling." The mother's pride in her firstborn revealed itself in her eyes and in the tone of her voice as she said this. Then more seriously she continued: "We cannot tell what good may accrue from encouraging our children to commit passages of Scripture to memory. It is possible that in later years, under circumstances of trial, or in a moment of conviction, the words thus stored may recur to the mind with a power which nothing can resist, and thus, by Divine grace, be instrumental in bringing about a soul's salvation. For this reason I make it an invariable rule to teach Bertie some short verse or sentence, whenever a favourable opportunity offers. You approve of the plan, dear, don't you?"

There was a tender light in Arthur Lyle's eyes as he looked towards Florence, and his reply was—

"I thank God that I have such a wife, and Bertie such a mother!"

It seemed indirect, but Florence understood.

* * * *

Time in its swift progress brings changes to all. The years pass away, and as they go, not one in a thousand lives answers to its opening promises. Something has faded out of the prospect, and in the path which seemed so plain, unexpected windings are found which lead far from the goal upon which the heart is set.

Near upon a quarter of a century later, Florence Lyle and her husband were both dead, and in a town far distant from the scenes of his early days Herbert Lyle was living a solitary and loveless life.

(To be continued.)

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—when in our families, our tempers—when in company, our tongues.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

CORNISH PIE.

Cut a pound of pork or any other meat into small dice. Put into a large pie-dish one or two apples, peeled, cored, and sliced, and fill up the dish with the meat and three onions sliced; sprinkle a little sugar over the apples, put on a crust, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour.

TREACLE PUDDING.

Make with one pound of flour a suet crust, roll it to the thickness of half-an-inch, and spread the treacle equally over it, leaving a small margin where the paste joins: grate some ginger over it, close the ends securely, tie the pudding in a floured cloth, plunge it into boiling water, and boil for two hours.

Notices of Books.

The Friendly Visitor. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

A handsomely-embellished volume of this magazine; it is printed in large type, and is very suitable for cottage homes or village libraries.

Elsie's Dowry; a Tale of the Franco-German War. By Emma Leslie. London: E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria Lane.

A thoroughly interesting story, containing many historical facts of the late war. It will be read with pleasure and profit now that the incidents are so fresh in our memories.

Marion's Path through Shadow to Sunshine. By Mary Meeke. London: E. Marlborough & Co., Ave Maria Lane.

A pretty little tale for our young friends, showing how much trouble a little girl brought upon herself by her disagreeable disposition, and how she eventually conquered her evil habits.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "M. A. P," "Ernest," and "Miss W."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN, MAN'S HELPMEET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

OUR first parents having sinned, we were born with sinful natures, so we are inclined to evil; therefore we must constantly be on our guard lest Satan should draw us on to passionate words or deceitful actions. As long as we are in this world we are constantly struggling between good and evil, but we have the promise that sin shall not have dominion over us. It will fret us, it may hurt us, but it will never rule in the heart where God dwells; so it will never master those who strive against it in Almighty strength, because greater is He that is with us than our enemy. We may think we should never have been tempted to listen to Satan and follow his persuasions as did Eve; but we none of us know what we should do if trial tested us, so it is well to remember the Apostle's words, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

There was once a gardener, who, when digging the ground, kept on saying, "Oh! Adam, Adam! Oh! Eve, Eve!"

His master overheard him, and asked him why he was always groaning about the first man and woman.

"Because, sir," answered the gardener, "if they had not been so foolish as to eat of the forbidden fruit, I should not have had to work beyond my pleasure."

"Do you not think you would have done the same?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir; if I could eat of all the other trees, I'm sure I should not have cared for the one that was forbidden," replied the gardener.

"Well," said his master, "I'll try how far you can withstand the temptation. Come to my house every day, and you will find a good dinner prepared for you; but, mind, you must not touch even the cover of the middle dish."

The gardener readily agreed, and for several days he enjoyed abundance, without caring for the middle dish. At last, one day, when he had just finished his dinner, he thought to himself, "I wonder what is in the middle dish? I would not taste it on any account, but I should just like to see what is under the cover. I wish my master had not said anything about touching it. However, if I only take a little peep he will never know." So quietly reaching over, he lifted up the cover, when away scampered a mouse, and in the surprise and scuffle of trying to catch it, the master caught the gardener.

"Go back to your work," said the gentleman, "and never again complain of Adam or Eve; but be thankful that though the ground was cursed for their sin, yet there is a blessing and reward found in return for honest labour. 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich,' and hearty work helps health and happiness."

The master went on his way, and the gardener, profiting by the reproof, learned to be more humble and more contented.

Let us go back to Eve, and gather up the lessons that are taught by the subject. We may sum them up under two heads—What a wife ought to be, and what a wife ought *not* to be. She ought to be a helpmeet, or *fit* for her husband. A help with his *work*, his *health*, his *money*, his *time*, and his *temper*. Yes, she must help him in his *health*, and let the light shine through clean windows. She must sweep out the dust and let in the fresh air: all this will help to keep away sickness. She must help his *money;* so she must do the best for him in food, and never waste a crumb, but help him to spend his earnings wisely. She must help his *time*, by not keeping him waiting for his meals; and she will help him in his *temper* by always having ready the soft answer that turneth away wrath; while a pleasant face and kind word will help a man to and from work better than anything. Though I speak of *work* last, and I mentioned it first, you will see that if a wife helps a man in his health, his money, his time, and his temper, she makes him able to work, and a husband goes to work with more spirit if he has a wife to see to his home comforts and set him off with a bright heart. Yes; a wife who is a helpmeet will fit into her husband's moods, and where he is forward she will be backward and let him take the lead, but where he is wanting she will make up what is needed. All this a good wife will do to prove herself a helpmeet to her husband, and many a time will he bless her.

Now let us consider what a good wife will *not* be. She will not be dirty, nor idle, nor quarrelsome. She will not get her husband into difficulty by extravagance or bad management. She will not tempt him to sin by going herself into temptation. She will not make excuses for staying away from God's house, but will help in time to prepare for eternity; and a clean shirt, with a well-brushed coat, tidily mended, will encourage him to go to the house of God. If she makes no hindrances, then what a help she will be; if she has on her bonnet and shawl, and, taking her infant in her arms, says, "Let us go up to the house of the Lord; he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths,"—ah! such a wife is indeed a helpmeet, her "price is above rubies." Happy is every man who is blessed with such a treasure! Let every woman resolve to think of these things, and if she tries with God's help to practise them, "her children will rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he will praise her."

A helpmeet is a loving wife,
Quite free from vanity and strife;
From morn to night she does her best
To set her husband's mind at rest.

She cleans and bakes, she makes and mends,
And does the most with odds and ends;
She warms herself, so neighbours tell,
By working heartily and well.

Then when her husband comes at night
He sees a bit of fire so bright,
That, though he's anxious for his glass,
He says, "I cannot leave my lass."

So clean and tidy does she look,
He says she's like a picture-book;
And she tells him to taste and try
A piping hot potato-pie.

"No public-house for me," says he,
"I'll keep my money all for thee;
Come, wife, you give me quite the start,
It is but fair I did my part.

"Now tell me what you want, my lass:
Is it a pretty looking-glass?"
"Oh, no," she says, "but if I may,
I'll ask a favour from to-day.

"Please don't be vexed, it's for you too,
So I may speak out plain to you."
"Yes, do," her husband quick replies,
And opens widely both his eyes.

Then softly asks his loving wife
If she may look beyond this life.
"Of course you may; now speak right out,
Tell me what you have thought about."

She asks if he will join in prayer,
If he will to God's house repair;
For she would go with lighter heart,
If both together they could start.

She paused, her husband bent his head,
And then he took her hand, and said,
"Dear wife, God helping, we will be
United for eternity."

A LIFE STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

I SAID that Herbert Lyle was living at a distance from the home of his childhood, a solitary and loveless life; but lest this statement should convey an erroneous impression, I would qualify it by explaining that it applied only to his position with regard to earthly friendship. In this respect his lot was indeed a lonely one, with little of affection to lighten or cheer it.

Death—that relentless foe to all who love—had taken out of his sight some who were dearer to him than he could tell; and often when memory, lingering over departed joys, gave rise to feelings of sadness and depression, his heart would be moved by an indescribable yearning, as thoughts of the angel-faces upon which he hoped one day to look again came to him. Other friends, with whom he held sweet intercourse in former years, had from various causes, such as lapse of time, intervention of distance, and the formation of new ties, grown strangely indifferent and forgetful; so that now he seemed to stand alone, like some traveller, who, having passed through a pleasant country with congenial companions, has at length bidden them all farewell, one by one, and, before pursuing his solitary way, stands by himself on a rugged spot and looks back regretfully on what he has left behind.

But amid all the desolation and loneliness which these changes had brought about, there was One whose love never failed him, and to whom, when the clouds were darkest and the burdens of life hardest to bear, he could turn with an assurance and a hope which no mere earthly trust could inspire. The prayers of Florence Lyle had not been offered in vain, and the holy influences of her life and teaching retained their power still. Thus when the time arrived, which she had once said it was possible might come to her boy, and he was sore beset with trouble and doubt, he knew where to cast his burden, and to whom to confide his griefs—knowledge which, if all sufferers possessed, the world would be spared an infinity of woe. Keble has well said—

"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;"

and yet so perverse is human nature in this vast hospital, where the ills are so various and painful, that many turn persistently away from the only Physician who can heal them, and resort to every remedy but the true one.

Through what discipline Herbert Lyle was called to pass before his life-work was accomplished, and how the home-training he received affected that life, it is the object of this story to relate; but in order to put it more plainly, it is needful to go back a few years into his earlier history.

He was too young when his father died to comprehend the full extent of this his first loss; indeed he had scarcely passed the stage of childhood. His only impressions of that time were, that for several days an unwonted stillness reigned in the house, and those whom he saw moved about noiselessly and only spoke in subdued tones; that a grave-looking, grey-headed gentleman, who he was told was the doctor, and who sometimes patted him on the head and spoke kindly to him, used to call every day, and that occasionally he saw his mother, whose face had in a short while grown sadly pale and worn, talking anxiously with him. But one day stood out from the rest, and was more vividly impressed upon his memory than any other by a circumstance which, child as he was, he never forgot. He was amusing himself with some childish pastime, in a room where he had been left under the care of an attendant, when his mother entered, and, taking him up in her arms, pressed him to her bosom while she cried as though her heart would break, and presently, with sobs that seemed almost to choke her, she told him that "dear papa was gone to be an angel."

For years after this he was the object of her tenderest love, and never, until the hour when she rejoined her husband in the eternal home, did she fail in aught that could conduce to his happiness and well-being. From childhood, up to the time when advancing years rendered it necessary that he should be sent to complete his education at a public school, she applied herself assiduously, not only to his intellectual culture, but also to the yet more important task of preparing him for the conflict with evil through which she knew he must inevitably pass when thrown more upon the world; and this she sought to accomplish by endeavouring by every means in her power to lead him to Christ, and to inculcate in his heart a sincere reverence for all that was pure and holy and true.

The result of this training was, that when he left home for school, and afterwards quitted it to enter upon the duties of a situation which had been procured for him in a distant sea-port town, he did so animated by such high hopes and aspirations as could only proceed from a mind at once thoughtful and wisely tutored. Then, having entered upon life's graver duties in a new sphere and amid strange scenes, where the manifold temptations incident to a crowded city would every hour present themselves; with the breadth too, of three of England's fair counties lying between him and the home where his mother dwelt, and where he had passed his early years, it was sweet, as well to himself as to her, to think that though they were so far divided by distance, yet the same eye watched over both, the same ear heard their prayers, and through all kinds of peril, whether apparent or unseen, the same love availed to guide, preserve, and bless.

(To be continued.)

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

OLD DAVIE'S LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.—NO. II.

BESSIE soon had a bed airing and a fire ready to light whenever wanted. Then there were clothes to be folded away, dishes to be washed and various other things—quite enough to keep head and hands busy for one day. Mrs. Brown took the windows in hand, and they came out bright and shining; quite to Bessie's delight. Then there was the cupboard—a perfect cabinet of curiosities—everything in a jumble, as bachelor's closets are quite apt to be. Soap and sugar, shoe-blacking and butter, tobacco and bread, were all stowed away in a most alarming proximity to each other, quite suggestive of variety in seasoning; but Mrs. Brown's experienced hands soon brought order out of the confusion, and Bessie had the pleasure of seeing everything in apple-pie order. Then she lit her fire and soon had bubbling on the stove, a stew made from bits of meat and a few potatoes found in the cupboard—the onions furnished by Dame

Brown. Then she drew out the little table and arranged the shining ware to the best advantage possible, pausing now and then with a thoughtful face to study the effect. When all was satisfactorily done, she made herself quite tidy, trimmed the lamp, and deposited her little tired self in a low chair to take a general survey of the scene. And it was quite a picture. There is often less comfort in more stylish places, so clean and bright everything seemed. The tea-kettle hummed its pleasant song; the stew sent forth a savoury odour; a plate of crisp brown toast stood upon the hearth—altogether a cheering sight to a tired, hungry labouring man.

"Halloa! what's in the wind now? Is this my place, or have I stumbled into the wrong pew?" shouted old Davie, peering in just then.

"It's all right, and waiting for you," replied Bessie, placing his arm-chair in front of the stove, and taking his coat and cap.

"Well, I declare this is something like it!" he exclaimed, glancing round the room. "I guess the days of fairies is not over, after all. Why, this is equal to Cinderella; who would have thought it!"

The supper passed off pleasantly. Bessie poured out the tea in a staid, matronly way, and sustained her part very well for a first attempt; while Davie enjoyed his supper hugely, and made away with any amount of the good things before him, to the great delight of his little cook.

While Bessie cleared away the dishes, Davie smoked his pipe and watched her little figure gliding about, doing everything so handily that his great hands bungled and botched as best they could.

"Well, now!" he exclaimed, "is that the way to do things? Why, I used to leave everything just where I happened to get through with them—you see it was handy."

Bessie laughed merrily, and Davie joined in with such a merry roar that Dame Brown put her head in at the door, and then her body, to see what was the matter.

"Well, mother Brown, ain't I made a good investment this time?" said Davie.

"Yes, you're always doing that, one way and another," returned the old lady; "it isn't everybody that's laying so many treasures up yonder."

"If I only get there to enjoy them," said Davie, thoughtfully.

"The way is plain, a child can find it," replied Mrs. Brown. "We've only to look unto Jesus."

"Yes, yes, my mother taught me that long ago. Such a mother as she was should have a better son."

Bessie listened in silence, and wondered if Davie would like to hear her read from the little Bible stowed snugly away in her bundle, but she was wise enough to bide her time.

Weeks and months sped swiftly away, and Bessie grew to be such a comfort, that Davie wondered how he had lived so long without her; such a tidy little housekeeper she proved, promptly replacing missing buttons, darning stockings and rents quite to David's satisfaction, if not in the most workmanlike manner. Sometimes she read aloud from her little worn Bible, and Davie listened in silence, although he always seemed interested and thoughtful.

Two years passed away, and Bessie was nearly fourteen; she had worked and studied hard, attending school part of the time, so she was not much behind most girls of her own age. One sultry summer's day Davie came home earlier than usual, and appeared dull and languid; his supper was untouched, and he complained of his head aching badly. Bessie moved quietly about, bathed the aching head, and did what she could for him; but he continued to grow worse, until Dame Brown thought best to call in a doctor. Bessie was sadly troubled, as day after day the fever raged and seemed to scorch and shrivel the stalwart form, making him weak and helpless as the veriest infant. But nature's fire was quenched at last, and there was still vitality enough left to rally;

but Bessie knew it would be long before he was able to work, and she thought of their straightened means, and wondered what she could do to help along. All the money she could find was gone, and she could not worry him with thoughts about it.

One evening, as she watched beside her patient, turning the matter over in her mind, there came a loud rap at the door.

"Who can that be?" thought Bessie, as she rose to open it. An oldish gentleman stepped in.

"Is this Bessie Glenn?" he inquired eagerly.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you're the one I want to see," he said, as he helped himself to a chair. "I'm your grandfather, child, and a time I've had looking you up too. But at last a woman that lived in the house where your mother died, directed me here."

Bessie looked curiously at him, and then burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, grandpa, how could you leave my poor dear mother to die as she did?"

The old man's eyes moistened.

"If we had known it, Bessie, she never would; but as we can do nothing more for her, her child shall never know want again. You must go home with me."

"No, grandpa; don't ask me to leave the best friend a little orphan girl ever found; he's sick and in trouble now, and for the world I would not leave him."

"It's better for you to go," spoke Davie, feebly.

"Never!" exclaimed Bessie, decidedly. Then she told her sad story, how kindly David had cared for her when she was left friendless and alone, and while he could work had provided so well for all her wants. Now he was helpless she would work for him; he should never be left to suffer while she had a hand to labour for him.

"Well," said grandpa, thoughtfully, "I think we can arrange that. Davie shall go, too, and country air will bring him round in a short time. How will that do, little puss?"

"Oh, that will be splendid!" exclaimed Bessie, dancing about the room. "Now, dear good Davie, get well as fast as ever you can."

Davie now began to improve rapidly, and Bessie fluttered about, packing for the move, pausing now and then to ask his advice, as he sat bolstered in an arm-chair, watching her movements.

"We are not quite dependent upon charity yet, Bessie," he said one day, as he handed her some change from a hidden store for expenses; "I've enough saved to buy a place of my own, if we like."

"Oh, I'm so glad," replied Bessie; "you won't hurry about going to work now till you're well and have had a good rest."

At last the day came for their departure, and the "good-byes" were spoken. Dame Brown was left well provided for, though it was with a sad face that Bessie kissed "good-bye" at last.

"Never you mind, Dame Brown; when I find a farm by-and-bye we shall want you too, so you can be setting your face that way," said Davie.

"Thank God for raising up friends for a lone creature, but He never does leave us nor forsake us."

"If we never meet again here, we shall up yonder," said Davie, reverently. "I bless God that I have found the way."

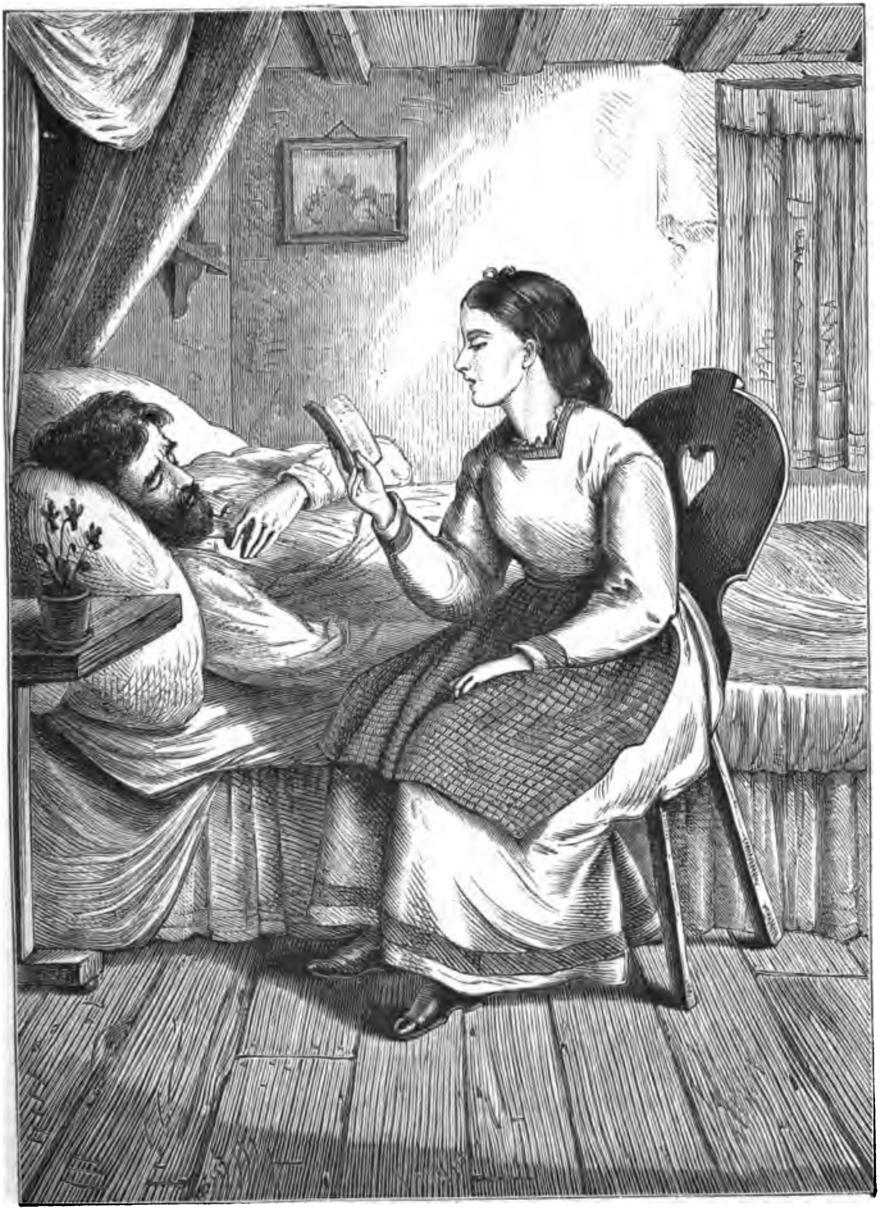
"Truly a little child shall lead them," said Mrs. Brown—and so they went away.

E. L.

THE NEW-COMER.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WE may be perverse in our notions and mistaken in our ways, but there are some great natural blessings which we cannot refuse. I reckon it a great natural blessing that the main events of human life are common to all, and that it is out of the power of man to spoil the privilege and



"Sometimes she read aloud from her little worn Bible, and Davie listened in silence."

blessing of them. Birth, love, and death are beyond the reach of man's perverseness. They come differently to the wise and the foolish, the wicked and the pure; but they come alike to the rich and the poor. The infant finds as warm a bosom in which to nestle in the cottage as in the mansion. The bride and bridegroom know the bliss of being all the world to each other as well in their Sunday walk in the fields as in the park of a royal castle. And when the mourners stand within the enclosure where "rich and poor lie down together," death is the same sad mystery to all the children of mortality, whether they be elsewhere the lowly or the proud.

It may be said that the coming of the infant is not the same event to all, because some very poor people are heard to speak of it as a misfortune, and if the child dies, to rejoice that the Lord has taken it to Himself. It is true that some parents are heard to speak in this way; but I believe that the difference here is not between rich and poor, but between the wise and the foolish, the trusting and the faithless. I have a right to believe this as long as I see that the hardest working mother can be as tender and as cheerful as any other, and that the poorest man can be as conscientious a father as the richest. If the parents are calmly resolved to do all in their power for the good of their child—to earn its bread, to cherish its health, to open its mind, to nourish its soul, they have as good a right to rejoice in the prospect of its birth as anybody in the world. If they steadily purpose to do their full duty by their child, they may rely upon it that God and nature will help them; that in a world wrapped round with God's air and blessed by His sunshine, and abounding with knowledge, the human being can hardly fail at the best ends of life, if set fairly forth on his way by those who are all to him in his helpless years. A doubt of this may be pardoned in parents too hard driven by adversity, who have lost heart, and think that to be poor is to be miserable; but the doubt is not reasonable or religious.

To all who have a high purpose and hope in rearing children, how interesting is the expectation of the birth of a human being! The mother is happy and can wait. The father thinks the time long till he can take his infant in his arms and lavish his love upon it. If there are already children, they should be made happy by some promise of the new blessing to come. A serious hope it should be to all parties; for they should take into consideration the duties of labour and self-denial which lie before them, and the seasons of anxiety which they must undergo. Before the parents lie sleepless nights after days of hard work, hours and hours of that weary suffering which arises from the wailing of a sick infant, and before the entire household, the duty of those self-restraints which are ever due from the stronger to the weaker. Amidst the anticipated joy of an infant's presence, these things are not to be forgotten. When a child is born, what an event it is in the education of the whole household! According to the use made of it, it is a pure blessing or a cause of pain and sin to some concerned. If it be the first child, there is danger lest it be too engrossing to the young mother. I believe it happens oftener than anybody knows, that the first conjugal discontents follow on the birth of the first child. The young mother trusts too much to her husband's interest in her new treasure being equal to her own—a thing which the constitution of man's nature and the arrangements of his business render impossible. He will love his infant dearly, and sacrifice much for it if he remains, as he ought, his wife's first object. But if she neglects his comfort to indulge in fondling her infant, she is doing wrong to both. If her husband no longer finds, on his return from business, a clean and quiet fireside and a wife eager to welcome him, but a litter of baby-things and a wife too busy upstairs to come down, or to much engaged with her infant to talk with him and make him comfortable, there is a mischief done which can never be repaired. And if the infant be not the first, there is another person to be no less carefully considered—the next youngest. I was early struck by hearing the mother of a large family say, "that her pet was always the youngest but one; it was so hard to cease to be the baby!" Little children are as jealous of affection as the most enraptured lover; and they are too young to have learned to have controlled their passions and to be reasonable. A more miserable being can hardly exist than a little creature who, having been accustomed to the tenderness always lavished on the baby—having spent almost all its life in its mother's arms, and been the first to be greeted on its father's entrance—finds itself bid to sit on its little stool, or turned over to the maid or to rough brothers and sisters to be taken care of, while everybody gathers round the baby to admire and to love it. Angry and jealous feelings may grow into dreadful passions in that little breast, if great care be not taken to smooth over the rough passage from babyhood to childhood. If the mother would have this child love, and not hate the baby, if she would have peace and not tempest reign in the little heart, she will be very watchful. She will have her eye on the little creature, and call it to help her take care of baby. She will keep it at her knee, and show it, with many a tender kiss between, how to make baby smile, how to warm baby's feet; will let it taste whether baby's food be nice, and then peep into the cradle to see whether baby be asleep. And when the baby is asleep, the mother will open her arms to the little helper and fondle it as of old, and let it be all in all to her as it used to be. This is a great piece of education to them both, and a lesson in justice to all who stand by.

(To be continued.)

MY TWO MOTHERS.

AMONG my earliest recollections is the death-bed scene of my sainted mother. The noble river still glides proudly by the beautiful town of S—, the family mansion still stands on the hill, but all else how changed! The friends of my youth are gone—all gone, and even memory fails to delineate the countenances of those so fondly loved in childhood. But the passing hand of time, powerful as it is, can never obliterate the treasured memory of her whom I knew only to love, but not long enough to prize. The loss was then felt only as the gentle ripple of the stream, but as year after year has passed away, it has been realised till oft I feel overwhelmed as with the mountain wave. The loss of a mother, who can estimate it? Can earth supply it? Ah, no, never; the affection, kindness, and sympathy of friends serves only to soothe, but cannot heal; the orphan-heart would fain be grateful, but there is a secret spot within the breast which is unreached by their balm—must ever remain unhealed.

How truly may it be said of a mother, that "though dead, she yet speaketh." Yes, *her* memory lives not only with those to whom she was endeared as a mother, but a large circle of friends, who esteemed her for her genuineness of character, her pure and bright example, delight to "call her blessed." Nor are these alone, for her active benevolence had made her a friend indeed to the many poor, who, I well remember, came to join in the common sympathy when her spirit had fled, and all mourned over this mysterious manifestation of Providence. All was done for us that friendly hands could devise, but our *mother* was gone! Yes, God in His wisdom had removed from the sphere of active usefulness, the wife, the mother, the Christian, the friend. None can realise the solitude of a home made desolate by death, except they have by sad experience looked on each familiar object, and felt that the charm was gone, listened for footsteps, and gradually felt they would never return.

But God who had thus afflicted us, was preparing another, equal in spirit and goodness, gently to come in among us and assume the responsibilities of her who had been taken away from us. What a prospect was before her! Magnanimous indeed must be the heart that will voluntarily enter upon the cares, toils, and troubles of an established family, and call them her own. Yet such was she whom we could now call mother. She surmounted quietly every difficulty, and many happy years glided swiftly by. In prosperity or adversity our mother was ever the same; turn to her at any moment, and we were sure to find the same mild expression, the same even and gentle disposition. Never was an expression of anger known to escape her lips; the troubles of her heart were confided to her God, and daily did she praise Him who was her strength, her all. She was tried. The bud of her bosom, whose delicate petals were scarce unfolded by one year's growth, was transplanted to the garden above. Though her heart wrung with anguish, she meekly bowed beneath the rod, and seemed in every act to say "Thy will be done." Yet her soul was so elevated, that she lost not by faith the sight of her darling; and she felt that it beckoned to her from the heavenly heights, and said, "Be ye also ready."

The warning was heeded, and ere six short months had passed, death again entered our family circle, and we found a mother again taken from us. Her sufferings were short, and her triumphs great. She had been afflicted by Him who first loved her, and she indeed came forth purified. Her happy spirit longed for freedom from a suffering body, and to her, death had no sting. And now methinks the harps of two sainted mothers blend their notes in harmony, and resound through the heavenly mansions the song of redeeming love. Truly their memory is blessed! M. S. M.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

A SABBATH morning in the country! what refreshing thoughts the words awaken, of bright blue sky, sweet scented hedgerows, lovely wild-flowers, and peaceful scenes all around. The bells pealed forth a merry chime, and, obedient to their summons, a throng of neatly-attired persons was seen approaching the sacred edifice which was associated with their earliest memories. The church stood upon a high hill, surrounded by the peaceful resting-places of the dead. The whole scene was very impressive: in the distance, the grand ocean as blue as a summer's sky, its foam-crested waves sparkling in the sunshine.

The Sabbath morning which succeeded Lilian's arrival was bright and sunny; there was no excuse for would-be stay-at-homes, and the throng proceeding to the church was apparently as happy and free from care as the feathered choristers who had long ago sung their matin-hymns to their Creator. Many and varied were the congratulations that Lilian received, and, instead of accepting their greetings with the same generosity of feeling as was evinced by those who welcomed her, Lilian affected displeasure at their freedom, and considered their kindness as an evidence of uncultivated manners. There were many remarks privately made about her extremely fashionable attire, and many a prudent matron thought, "She goes too far; I hope our girls will not be imitating."

"I tell you, Lily, that you had better begin at once. You look quite conspicuous here, and unless you aspire to setting the fashions for Rosedale, I advise you to moderate your style. Don't you see that no one dresses here in that fashion. There is nothing so graceful as neatness, and it's better taste to dress more becoming your position in life than if you were a city heiress."

The farmer's bluntness nearly produced open rebellion, for Lilian declared if she might not dress as she pleased she would not go at all, and, to speak the truth, she preferred to spend her morning in novel-reading than in listening to the earnest exhortations of the pious vicar.

Amongst those who came forward to welcome her were the Clarksons, who claimed to be distant cousins. The eldest of the sisters, Minnie, was a tall, slender girl, having no pretensions to personal beauty, but the possession of a kind, amiable disposition was very visible in her expression. She was a general favourite in the village, for not a few could speak from experience of her piety and love. Were any sick? it was Minnie that cooled the aching brow, and by acts of love alleviated their sufferings. If any were bereaved, Minnie was comforter, or had any by real fault justly brought upon themselves reproach, she knew how to incite to better actions in the future. No one ever heard an uncharitable expression escape her lips, all testified that her ministry was one of love. If we only practise well the art of making others happy, we shall reap a more plentiful harvest of joy, even in this life, than falls to the lot of many. Though there were no handsome features, yet no one would have thought of calling Minnie plain; for the peculiarities of our disposition will always appear in our expression, and inward holiness will always add a charm to the countenance.

Minnie's face beamed with pleasure as she said, "You cannot think how glad we are to have you back again, Lily. We used to wonder, Philip and I, whether you would be very much altered, after being so grand up there; but I don't think you are changed. You don't despise old friends, do you?"

"That remains to be proved," replied Lilian, feeling amused at the contrast between the genuine child of nature and the stiff formality of manners seen in the trained young ladies she had for several months associated with. It was considered vulgar to manifest deep emotions, and so naturally loving, impulsive natures were schooled into outward stoicism.

Turning to a young man walking by her side, and pointing to Minnie, "Nature holds undisputed sway," said Lilian, uttering the sentiment of words she had read in her school poetry.

Minnie was too little occupied with herself to appropriate the remark, and replied, "We see little else but nature here, and I am not quite sure that art could improve. I quite enter into Goldsmith's sentiment—

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
'The native charm than all the gloss of art.'

There is such a sacredness in the aspect of nature—

"'There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb, o'er which you tread,
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness and God.'"

"I cannot exactly see with you in your sentiments with respect to a view of nature being sufficient to lead to holiness and God," replied a manly voice.

"Granted, Philip; they are inadequate of themselves. We require God to write His love upon our hearts before we can rightly see Him in nature, and it is because so many do not receive the Divine impress on their hearts, they cannot admire Him in every simple flower and every murmuring stream that adds life and beauty to the landscape. The sight of them always inspires me with the thought, How very good that great Creator must be to bestow such pleasant scenes upon those who are so unmindful of His beneficence."

"Dear me, how very poetical you are," remarked Lilian, looking with no little astonishment at her country cousin. "Then of course, with such an immense theatre for your thoughts to range, where even an old stump of a tree has its charm, you are not often troubled with my frequent visitor, Discontent. I was wondering, only yesterday, how ever I should amuse myself for months and years perhaps, in such a tame, uninteresting life as the one that presents itself before me."

"You have plenty of friends who will be only too glad to add to your happiness," replied Philip Truesdan.

"I am not so obtuse but that I can venture upon one," replied Lilian, significantly. "Do not think that I have no admiration for our grand scenery, but even the contemplation of that seems to awaken feelings which home surroundings (forgive my saying so) disgust. In nature there is such a softened gentleness—everything is beauty and harmony; but I have tastes and feelings which it seems at present hopeless to think of gratifying."

"What are those desires, Lilian?"

"Romantic adventure," was her reply.

Philip and Minnie looked concerned; the latter replied, "I see what is necessary, Lily; you want your heart made right before you will desire substantial happiness."

They had now arrived in view of the farmhouse. They parted at the garden-gate, Philip following the retreating figure with a sad look in his dark eyes, and then, turning to Minnie, he remarked, "Lilian has not improved; there is more danger in her notions now than before she left home."

"Time will rectify that," replied Minnie, hopefully; "she only wants to be led to see life in its real aspect, apart from the romantic colouring she has given it."

(To be continued.)

EARTH'S ANGELS.

WE know that there are angels in the far-off Heaven,
The sinless home of spirits pure and bright,
Where all the faint and weary, all the heavy-laden,
May meet in mansions of eternal rest.

And oft we fancy that some seraph holy,
Is hov'ring o'er us on the wings of love,
Breathing rich blessings on the meek and lowly,
In accents that are only learned above.

The silvery light and fleecy clouds of summer,
Seem to our eyes as angels' pinions bright;
The night wind's sigh, the gentle zephyr's murmur,
Like whispered music from the world of light.

But as we journey on through clouds and sunshine,
While cares and sorrows gather thick and fast,
We find loved guardian-angels on the shores of time,
Who strew bright blossoms in our thorny path.

Yes! earth has angels, though in mortal's fragile form,
Living a space to bless the world and die,—
Who seek to cheer the sorrowing, comfort those that mourn,
Having their home in realms beyond the sky!

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

GINGER PUDDING.

Chop a quarter of a pound of suet very fine, mix it with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and two teaspoonsfuls of grated ginger; butter a basin and put in the mixture quite dry; tie a cloth over and boil for three hours.

APPLE RICE.

Peel eight or ten good-sized apples, halve them and take out the cores; put them in a stew-pan with a little sugar, and stew till tender. Boil half a pound of rice with a quart of milk, a little sugar and grated nutmeg, and when thoroughly done pour it over the apples; serve hot. A nice dinner for several children, at a very small cost.

Notices of Books.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

Ointment Poured Forth; or, Some of the Precious Things of Jesus. By H. M. Warner. London: J. F. Shaw, Paternoster Row.

Choice gatherings in prose and verse from the writings of one who has passed away.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "Ernest," and "M. A. P."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S SORROW, AND ITS COMFORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

WHEN a wife has a good husband, no one can count her blessings; she is helped in time for eternity, and her peace and joy on earth are a foretaste of what she will enjoy in heaven, if she has her heart there. How happy must the wife of Noah have been! for "Noah was a just man and perfect in his generation, and Noah walked with God." There would be no quarrelling, no cruel, hard words, no unkind deeds on his part, for a man who walks with God is a man of the same mind with God, and "God is Love;" so Noah must have been a good and kind husband, just one to make a woman happy. When God drowned the world, He saved Noah and his wife and their family. God never forgets the righteous; and when He punished the wicked He saved Noah, because he was just. We do not read what kind of a woman his wife was, but we may believe a good man like Noah would not choose a bad woman for his wife. Women in those days may not have been so independent as they are now, as to be able to decline the offer of marriage, for they were more under the rule of man than English women are; but I cannot think that if Noah's wife had been asked to make her own choice of a husband, she would have liked anyone better than that good man—"the preacher of righteousness;" and when the flood came, how thankful she must have been that she was Noah's wife instead of that of any other man, however rich and great! for the Bible says, "The flood came and swept them all away." Goodness is better than wealth, and yet it is strange that it is not more sought. Yes! and it leads to prosperity in this life, for a good man is sober, so his money is not wasted in drink; he is industrious, so he earns by his diligence; he is prudent, so he saves by economy; he is civil, so he gains friends by his obliging manners; he bears trouble patiently, for he prays to be enabled to do so, and Almighty strength is sent with every trial; he serves God, and God blesses him. But such men are rare, there was only *one* Noah at the time of the flood, and they are not over-abundant now; still, if a woman cannot get a good man for a husband, she is not obliged to have a bad one; she can say, "No," when an offer is made, and wait till a sober, trusty man finds her out. Many a woman suffers for life from making a bad bargain and taking the first that came for fear of being left without; but happier is it to remain single than to be married to a man who curses and drinks, and is selfish and unkind. Ah! there are wives enough who could tell us that they have nothing to do but repent of their choice. Such being the case, it may be well to consider whether there is any possibility of setting wrong things right. Yes, there is, for our blessed Saviour brought healing for every woe, and just as Noah took his wife into the ark, and they and all their family were saved, so Jesus Christ will save every man and woman who goes to Him, for He promises, "him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." In this world of sin and sorrow it is a great comfort to know there is a hiding-place and a shelter from trouble, and that the blessed Saviour says to the weary and heavy-laden, "I will give you rest."

I once knew a very good, gentle lady who had a very bad husband; she had gone to the Saviour herself, and had found a place of comfort when earthly sorrows oppressed her, and she could look forward to being at rest in heaven when God should call her from this world; but besides her husband's conduct making herself and all his household miserable, she was grieved to think of his being lost eternally. She had made a dreadful mistake in marrying such a man, and suffered all the sorrows which a woman of tender spirit could undergo. Her mother was a pious lady, and had been against the match, but her father had urged it, as the gentleman was rich and not so openly wicked as he proved to be in his heart.

When the gay wedding was over, the young wife found out the great mistake she had made, but hid her grief, till one day her husband declared his base character openly, when, in a fit of intoxication, he rose from the dinner-table and passionately assaulted his wife in the presence of her mother, and, dashing his plate on the floor, left the servant to pick up the fragments, and to spread the report of his master's violent temper. Broken-hearted and disconsolate, the timid wife sobbed out her sorrow to her mother, asking, "What can I do?" "You can pray, Lizzy; we will both pray for him," was the mother's reply. So, from that night, special prayer was offered many times a day in his behalf. Thus weeks, months, and years passed. The birth of children made no change in the father, and as soon as they were old enough they were sent from home to be out of the hearing of his bad language.

One evening, about seven years after his marriage, he came home after a long ride in the wet, and cursing the rain and east wind, declared he felt thoroughly chilled. Though he had changed his clothes and was in the midst of a good dinner with a bright fire and every comfort around him, he did nothing but complain, and at last exclaimed, "One comfort, this is the last day in this wretched house!" His wife was startled, and asked him what he meant. "I mean that the seven years' lease being up, we shall leave, and glad shall I be to get out of the county altogether. I have bought Bradbury Hall ready-furnished; a death there gave me the chance, and we go to-morrow." "To-morrow?" asked his wife in amazement. "Yes, this old place is let, and I've sold the furniture," was all the explanation her husband gave her, and hastily leaving the room, said he should go to bed, for he felt cold throughout.

"Be ready to start by ten to-morrow morning," was his order, before shutting the door.

Mrs. — had been accustomed to obey her husband's commands without demur, and to prevent brutal violence, or any outburst of temper, had never hesitated to attend to all his whims and wishes. But she could hardly believe her husband intended anything so rash as to establish his family in a larger house, when she knew there were many bills unpaid for necessary expenses in their snug home; and as she looked round her pretty drawing-room, she wondered what might be taken and what must be left.

The place had been her home for seven years, and though she had known sorrow with which no stranger could intermeddle, yet there had been some pleasant associations connected with it, which made her feel very sad at the prospect of leaving. She sat in her favourite chair, pondering over the sudden change, and at last overwhelmed with anxiety, she knelt in prayer. Like Hannah of old, she poured forth her grief to her heavenly Father, and entreated for the blessed Saviour's sake that the Holy Spirit would soften her husband's heart, and over-rule for good what was so trying.

The clock struck ten as she arose from her knees, and remembering *that* was the hour when her mother had agreed to pray in her husband's behalf, she again besought the Lord most earnestly that He would have mercy on them, and send them an answer of peace. She then went upstairs, taking her work-box and writing-desk to pack, deciding that, unless she spent the night in packing, she should not be ready in time.

We shall hope to see next month how her prayers were answered.

A LIFE STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

"LOOK at Mr. Lyle; he must have received bad news."

This remark was made one sweet spring morning, by a youth engaged in a City counting-house.

The person addressed looked up, and following the direction of the other's eyes, saw Herbert Lyle standing with an open telegram in his hand. His agitated manner, together with the half-stifled exclamation which he had let fall on reading the despatch, favoured the idea suggested by the youth who spoke. One of the principals coming in at the moment, Herbert walked hastily up to him and showed him the telegram. It was from the minister of the village where his mother lived, and was very brief: "*Your mother is very ill, and desires to see you. Come by next train.*"

With a few kind words of sympathy, his employer granted him permission to stay away as long as he wished, and in less than an hour Herbert Lyle was on his way to his old home. What his feelings were as he journeyed it would be difficult to describe. The intelligence had come upon him so unexpectedly that he could scarcely realise it. A few hours and he was standing by his mother's side, but what a change had come upon the loved face since he last looked upon it! It was thin and worn by sickness, and on the pale brow the dews of death were gathering fast, but in her eyes a soft light shone, telling of inward peace and joy unspeakable. She recognised him when he arrived, and her lips moved as if to speak, but no sound issued from them. One look of unutterable affection she gave him, and soon after, with a low sigh, the spirit quitted its frail tenement, and Herbert Lyle was alone in the world. It had all passed so quickly, from the receipt of the message to the time that his mother died, that it seemed as if he were under the influence of some dream, from which he must soon awake.

He was told that his mother's illness had commenced nearly a week before, but hoping that it might pass off, and desiring not to cause him needless anxiety, she had earnestly requested that he might not be informed of it unless it became absolutely necessary. Graver symptoms, however, suddenly appeared, and it became evident that her hours were numbered. Then it was that the telegram was sent which called him home; and at the close of that eventful day, as he stood alone by the side of her who had been so true a mother to him, the full reality and extent of his loss came upon him with resistless force, and kneeling down in the chamber of death, he buried his face in his hands and abandoned himself to an uncontrollable burst of grief. But while his eyes were filled with tears, and his heart ached with an almost unbearable pain, there recurred to his memory a time long ago, when, kneeling by the side of his mother, she taught him to say, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee." For a moment the thought brought him keener suffering, for she who had so tenderly loved and trained him was lying in his presence silent and still; but soon the words themselves, with all their comforting power, entered his heart, and with them peace entered also. Ere he turned to leave the room, he looked once more on the face lying so calm and beautiful in death, and as he thus gazed he murmured almost unconsciously the words of a gifted authoress, who herself knew what it was to suffer:

"Calm in the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now,
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to the narrow house beneath,
Soul to its home on high,
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more need fear to die."

One thought cheered him in the midst of his sorrow, and that was, that before his mother died she had the happiness—long-hoped and waited for—of knowing that he had given his heart to the Saviour. Not to all is it given to see their prayers for the conversion of loved ones answered in this life. Sometimes death is permitted to intervene, and instead of witnessing the change on earth, the mother beholds it from heaven. But to Florence Lyle the boon *was* granted. Three years had gone by since Herbert had left home, and during the earlier part of that time the change was wrought which resulted in his being enrolled amongst the number of Christ's followers on earth. Since then, all his leisure had been devoted to study, with a view to preparing for the ministry, for having himself learned the grand story of redemption through "him who is able to save even to the uttermost," he had resolved, after much consideration and prayer for guidance, to give himself to the highest and holiest service to which it is possible for the life of man to be consecrated.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

HATTIE'S FAITH.

SOME few years ago a young and lovely mother bade farewell to her sorrowing friends, and was laid to rest in her grave, leaving a delicate little daughter to the care of her heart-stricken husband. After some consultation among relatives, it was thought best that the aunt of the child should take it to her home, where its grandparents were. So the father and aunt took the little child, and embarking on a steamboat, carried her away from her birthplace to remain, it was hoped, only a few months. But the father, restless under his great bereavement, could not remain there or return to the home so recently made desolate. So he wandered about for some months, without being once able to go and see his little daughter. So Hattie grew up among her mother's kindred, a gladsome little thing, petted and loved by all, but often asking about her dead mother and her absent father. He frequently wrote to the aunt who had her in charge, and Hattie learned to know his handwriting and to look with eager interest for the arrival of his letters. She was told that some day her papa would take her away to his home; but her relatives little thought how strong a hold the idea had taken upon her mind, or dreamed, when she prattled of going on the railroad and steamboat to see her papa, that it was anything more than a childish fancy.

They never imagined that she would really be ready to go when the time came. In the meantime, they removed to another place, taking Hattie with them, and began making up their minds that they would keep her always. But one day there came a letter telling that Hattie's papa had built up again his home fireside, and was coming soon to fetch her home. This occasioned great grief and consternation among the elder members of the family, and Hattie's little cousins mourned bitterly at the prospect of losing her. But Hattie, dearly as she loved them all, was very anxious to go.

"I want to see my papa *so bad*," said she.

But business still hindered him from coming, and they had settled down in the belief that they might keep her, when one day a strange lady walked into the school-house where Hattie was, and asked to see her. Some one came with her, and told Hattie it was her new mamma.

Little Hattie was somewhat abashed at first, but showed no sign of either fright or sorrow, and when the stranger asked her if she would go with her to see her papa, Hattie promptly answered that she would. She cheerfully gathered up her books and bade "good-bye" to her schoolmates and teacher, and set out to go with her mamma to the residence of her aunt, which was at some little distance. Two of the neighbours kindly accompanied them, and Hattie ran along, looking up with curious eyes at the strange lady upon whom so much of her future was to depend, and now and then asking questions which showed that grave thoughts of what was before her were in her childish mind. So they went along the road, the neighbour women full of half-suppressed curiosity as to the reception the strange lady, who had come on so unwelcome an errand, was likely to meet with from those who had cherished the child as their own; the lady herself grave and anxious from the same cause, and still feeling in duty bound to be cheerful and talkative with her volunteer escort and the little trusting child.

When they reached the house after a walk of nearly a mile, Hattie left the two women to introduce the stranger to her aunt, and bounded away to her uncle in the field with the startling announcement, "Oh, Uncle John, my new mamma has come, and I must go with her to see my papa."

There were many doubts and fears in the mind of both uncle and aunt about letting Hattie go, and had the grave quiet lady been indeed the angel of death, come to take their darling from them to the arms of a heavenly parent, they could scarcely have shed more tears.

But to all this Hattie's invariable argument was, "I have *got to go*. I *must* see my papa!"

"Why, Charlie," said she to her grieving little cousin, "don't you know I have never seen my papa since I was a little baby, and I don't know how he looks, and I want to go and see him so bad, and he wants me, and I *must go*!"

Uncle and aunt became satisfied that Hattie must go, but they pleaded for a week's delay, and during this time the mamma had plenty of opportunity to see that it was no lack of love for those with whom she had been familiar from infancy, that made Hattie so anxious to leave, but she had grown up with the knowledge that she was away from her rightful home and her real father, and she frequently begged her mamma to start "home," for she wanted to go. The mamma was no stranger to the anxiety of the father to see his child; nothing else would have started her on such an errand; and when the little hand was laid confidingly in hers for the long journey, over a thousand miles, she felt that a kind providence had indeed prepared the way for her in a most signal manner, by fostering in the heart of the child so strong a love for her absent parent. At the close of the first stage on the journey, Hattie was so highly excited as to run from her mamma on several little exploring expeditions of her own, which came near bringing her into danger. As her mamma pursued and brought her back, several gentlemen gathered round, and one of them offered to take her back with him.

"No, no! No, no!" said Hattie, clinging to her mamma's dress, "you can't do that; I've got to go to see my papa. I haven't seen him since I was a little baby."

"Well then," said the gentleman, not a little touched, "you must stick close to your mamma, or you will fall overboard and drown."

"And then," said Hattie, "I would never get to see my papa, would I?"

"No, never," said the gentleman, and Hattie did not forget it.

The journey was long and tedious, and both Hattie and her mamma grew weary, and sometimes it was hard work to awaken Hattie from the long naps she used to take.

At last the steeples and roofs of their stopping-place came in sight, and mamma, anticipating the difficulty, thought it time to begin to awaken Hattie. So she spoke in her ear, "Wake up, dear, M—— is in sight."

Instantly Hattie sprang up with a shout of delight, which brought a smile to the faces of all present.

Presently the train stopped, and in a moment a face and voice, strange to Hattie, but very familiar to her mamma, came to the window of the carriage with warm words of welcome.

"Hattie, there is your papa," said mamma, and the little girl took the first kiss her papa had been able to give her for more than six years. Hattie's bright black eyes looked long and earnestly into the face of the papa she had been so determined to see.

After awhile she found the use of her tongue, and then she told him in her artless fashion all about it, and expressed the most unbounded glee on being told that this was indeed her home.

"And now," said she, "I am going to stay here always."

Before she slept in her new home she had taken possession of kittens, chickens, calves, and colt, after true childish fashion.

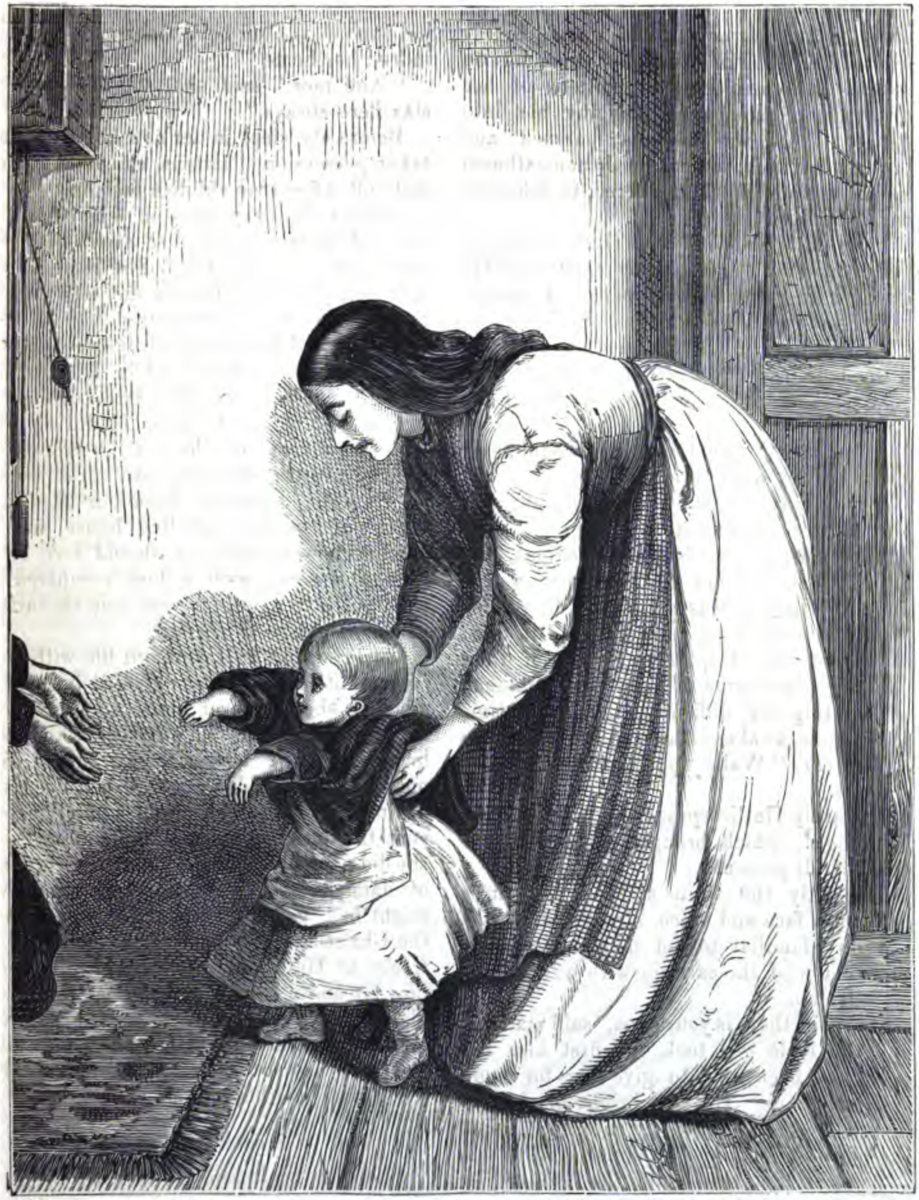
And as the days pass on, she shows no sign of weariness or discontent with the great change in her life. She talks kindly and lovingly of the friends she left behind, but never speaks of returning.

So now as I hear her bird-like voice downstairs amusing herself, while I write, in trying to learn a song from some one at the piano, I think, as I often did during that tedious journey, of the text, "Except ye become as little children," &c. For we are all children, separated from our Heavenly Father and our only abiding house, and if our hearts were right we should love Him, though unseen, with a love compared to which, Hattie's love for her unseen earthly parent would be as nothing.

Could we but walk through life with such joyous faith as Hattie manifested in leaving all that she had ever known and loved *by sight*, for the care of a father whom she loved *by faith*, how rich we should find ourselves! Could we guard as heedfully against anything that might hinder or prevent the anticipated meeting in heaven, as she did against disobedience as the forerunner of danger, how free from wrong our lives might be! Could we but take possession of the Christian's heritage of *perfect trust* as freely as Hattie did of her rightful home, how far above earthly care our feet might be placed! May all my young friends, and Hattie too, learn in childhood, when faith and love are so easy to learn, that God is our Father and heaven our home.

E. D.

He that has promised pardon to those that repent, has not promised a single day to those who remain in their sins.



"Then followed the relief of finding that walking came of itself, step by step."—P. 56.

THE NEW-COMER.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE addition of a child to the family circle is an event too solemn to be deformed by any falsehood. The deceptions usually practised are altogether to be reprobated; it is an abominable practice to tell children that the doctor brought the baby, and the like; it is abominable as a lie, and it is worse than useless. Any intelligent child will go on to ask, or to ponder with excited imagination, where the doctor found it, and so on; and its mind will be injuriously set to work, where a few serious words of simple but carefully-expressed truth would have satisfied it entirely. The first month of an infant's life is generally an era in a household. Everybody is disposed to bear and to do everything cheerfully for the sake of the new blessing. The father does not mind the discomforts of the time of his wife's absence from the table and the fireside, and makes himself by turns the nurse and the playfellow, to carry the children well through it. If grandmother be there, and not able to do much in the house, she gathers the little ones about her chair and tells them longer stories than ever before, to keep them quiet. The children try with all their might to be good, and even the little two-year-old one struggles not to cry for company when baby cries, and learns a lesson in self-restraint. And when they are permitted to study the baby, and see how it jerks its little limbs about, and does not see anything they want it to see, and takes no notice of anything they say to it; and when they hear that their great strong father, so wise and so clever about his business, was once just such a helpless little creature as this, they learn to reverence this feeble infant, and one another, and themselves, and their hearts are full of feelings which they cannot speak.

I well remember that the strongest feelings I ever entertained towards any human being were towards a sister, born when I was nine years old. I doubt whether any event in my life ever exerted so strong an educational influence over me as her birth. The emotions excited in me were overwhelming for more than two years, and I recall them as vividly as ever now, when I see her with a child of her own in her arms. I threw myself on my knees many times in a day to thank God, that He permitted me to see the growth of a human being from the beginning. I leaped from my bed gaily every morning as this thought beamed upon me with the morning light. I learned all my lessons without missing a word for many months, that I might be worthy to watch her in the nursery during my play-hours. I used to sit on a stool opposite to her as she was asleep, with a Bible on my knees, trying to make out how a creature like this might rise "from strength to strength," till it became like Christ. My great pain was—and it was at times truly a despair—to think what a work lay before this thoughtless little being. I could not see how she was to learn to walk with such soft and pretty limbs; but the talking was the despair. I fancied that she would have to learn every word separately, as I learned my French vocabulary; and I looked at the big Johnson's dictionary till I could not bear to think about it. If I, at nine years old, found it so hard to learn through a small book like that vocabulary, what would it be to her to begin at two years old such a big book as that! Many a time I feared that she never could possibly learn to speak. And when I thought of all the trees and plants and all the human faces she must learn—to say nothing of lessons—I was dreadfully oppressed, and almost wished she had never been born. Then followed the relief of finding that walking came of itself, step by step, and then that talking came of itself, word by word at first, then many new words in a day.

Never did I feel a relief like this, when the dread of this mighty task was changed into amusement at her funny use of words, and droll mistakes about them. This taught me the lesson, never since forgotten, that a way always lies open before us for all that it is necessary for us to do, however impossible and terrible it may appear beforehand. I felt that if an infant could learn to speak, nothing is to be despaired of from human powers, exerted according to God's laws. Then followed the anguish of her childish illnesses, when I could neither bear to stay in the nursery nor keep away from her; and the terror of the back stairs when she found her feet; and the joy of her glee when she first knew the sunshine and the flowers and the opening spring. The early life of that child was to me a long course of intense emotions, which I am certain have constituted the most important part of my education. I speak openly of them here, because I believe that the best we have to tell is our own experience. And I tell it the more readily, because I am certain that my parents had scarcely any idea of the passions and emotions that were working within me, through my own unconsciousness of them at the time, and the natural modesty which makes children conceal the strongest and deepest of their feelings.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

THE next morning, in fulfilment of her promise, saw Lilian on her way to the mill-house. She felt a momentary thrill of admiration as she stood on the outskirts of the wood, and glanced, first at the path she had come, and then at Philip's home. The gay chorus of birds contrasted pleasantly with the water's monotony. The old mill stood alone, on a slight eminence. Owing to the frequent rains just now, the large ungainly wheel was moving round busily, for it was entirely dependent for its supply upon streams which flowed from the surrounding hills. The house stood a short distance from the mill; its appearance was humble, but charming in its neatness.

Lilian approached the door, and, gently lifting the latch, went into a large kitchen, really the only sitting-room the house contained. All Lilian's disgust returned as she stepped upon the grey-stone flooring and beheld Mrs. Truesdan very busy—shall I say it?—yes, positively scouring fire-irons! Was ever nobility of mind connected with such common-place work? Poor Lilian's refinement could scarcely bear the shock.

Before Mrs. Truesdan perceived her visitor, Lilian had taken in at a glance the whole arrangement of the room; there were the same stuffed birds and old-fashioned china on the mantleshelf, and in a recess, Philip's books, all his wealth, as he told Lilian; though there was only a strip of carpet near the fireplace, yet there was no lack of substantial comforts. There are some persons and homes upon whom Time seems to make little variation. Years pass, and the same kind greetings meet your ear, and the same smiling faces gladden your vision, though perhaps worn by hard usage and rough battling with life; their homes unaltered, the same particular chair in the exact spot where it stood years ago, though now perhaps connected with the memory of one gone before to the land where there is no change nor parting. Those who study comfort more than appearances, pass through life the happiest; too many make it a toilsome journey by indulging in would-be grandeur, and thus have many sleepless nights in pondering how they shall make their straitened circumstances uphold them in the false position they have taken.

Mrs. Truesdan glanced hastily up, and becoming aware of her visitor's presence, exclaimed, "Why, bless me, Lily, here you are to be sure; there, give me a kiss, child.

I can't shake hands until I have washed mine of the brick-dust. I thought to have done my work before you came, and so be in better trim to meet you, for I said to Phil, 'The child won't be here very early, for she'll be sure to help her mother before she comes.' I hope she is better, she has been very poorly lately."

Lilian's conscience gave a quick little reminder, for she knew that she had not only come away without offering to help her mother, but had added to her work by leaving her room in a sad state of confusion.

Mrs. Truesdan continued: "How you have grown, child! Philip was telling me how much you have improved. I don't believe anyone has missed you half as much as he has; sure, I thought he would have moped to death."

"Philip and I were always like brother and sister, Mrs. Truesdan, so it was but natural he should miss me."

"Aye, sure, but brothers are not always so affectionate; had it not been you were both so young, I might have put a different construction upon it."

"Come, mother, you are intruding beyond your province," interposed a voice at the door.

Lilian and Mrs. Truesdan both laughed at the white-powdered figure before them. Imagine a tall athletic figure, dark brown hair waving off an intellectual brow, a kind, benevolent expression, and you have Philip Truesdan before you. There was no trifling or levity in his conduct; he was deeply conscious of the importance of life, so much so that his spirit felt strangely awed when he thought over the past, and how little he had attained or done for the good of others. Philip was the chief support of his parents. Two years previously to our introduction to them, his father had met with an accident, and through it lost his sight. This was a sad blow to Philip's prospects, for it not only hindered him in his studies, but put an end to his hopes of studying a profession he had set his heart upon accomplishing by his own exertions, and a little assistance from his father. The manner in which he gave himself up entirely to his new duties as a miller was characteristic of himself, in everything which he considered right to do. No one heard a regret, or would have imagined that he had any aspirations beyond being a well-to-do miller; no one knew when busy as the bread-winner of his home, how ardently he longed to be able to garner intellectual food; and yet, though placed in such disadvantageous circumstances, he advanced in the studies he loved, for small opportunities are often better improved than when there is every facility for helping on the student.

"You are quite a wonder to me, Philip; you are surrounded by circumstances for which your intellect and desires have quite unfitted you, and yet outwardly are so contented," remarked Lilian.

"Providence never unfits us for the path of life which it is our duty to pursue," replied Philip; "and *any* life is not a burden if we willingly and cheerfully undertake our lot; it is simply then a help-work; I bear part, and One above carries the rest."

"You know I am not religious, Philip; I wish I were, if it could make me anything like you; but, granted that cheerfulness and contentment are great helps, still you have all the hard work to do, but I suppose you will say that a contented mind does half the work; but how is it possible for you to be happy in circumstances that seem all against the development of your most cherished hopes?"

"It is not the circumstances that create real happiness, but the heart we carry into them," was the reply; "Lilian, I wish you could think thus."

Lilian's gaze fell upon his earnest glance, and she replied, "Still, Philip, you must allow that circumstances are creative of happiness when they fall in with our own ideas of enjoyment."

"Then you see no attractiveness in patient waiting? Our ideas of what is good for us may appear as foolish in our Heavenly Father's sight, as it does to us to hear a child cry because its mother will not place something dangerous within its reach."

Lilian waved this argument, and said, "Religion as usual! but of course you have quite left off studying, for what use is refinement and intellect if you are only to be a miller, and live all your life in Rosedale? There is no scope for such things here, you will be always unappreciated."

"I differ from you, Lilian, for in whatever position Providence places us, there is our duty, and it should be our aim to improve our talents to grace that position; it is because so many of certain trades lead such disreputable lives that people look down upon some callings, and associate vice with them. If I had been compelled to follow the most lowly lot, I should think that no reason why I should not cultivate my mind for my own good and the benefit of my associates in my calling; everyone should illumine the place where they stand. True refinement is never out of place in any position, the mistake we make is in our ideas of what refinement consists. Shall I give you an epitome of true refinement?"

"Yes, if you like; I am rather anxious to read your author," was Lilian's reply.

Imagine her surprise when he opened a small pocket-Testament at the twelfth chapter of Romans, and remarked, "That contains all that is necessary."

(To be continued.)

LET prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.

SPEAK with calmness on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

SHE that riseth late in the morning, must be in a hurry all day, and scarce overtaketh her business at night.

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. 1.

THAT there are no proverbs like those which Solomon wrote, is agreed by all who love the Bible, and it is granted as a truth by some who have little faith in that book as a message from God.

Thinking persons cannot but be impressed with the stores of wisdom which are contained therein, in so small a compass, and one of the most remarkable things in connection with them is, that they are illustrated in a way which is almost as intelligible and forcible to people of another country and of a different age.

With many of the proverbs of man's coining, we find, on the contrary, that they have no value beyond the particular place where they have first been set afloat. Again, not a few of the proverbs which are merely human contradict each other, but though some have tried to find mistakes amongst Solomon's proverbs, the attempt has been in vain. It is evident that, though written by a king, they bear the royal signature of a King infinitely greater. They are the utterances of the Spirit of God, through the agency of the son of David. When we come to scrutinise human proverbs and "wise saws," which have been handed down for generations, we find in all those which have any value, a shadowy reflection of Solomon's divinely-inspired proverbs, and some of them are so quaint and curious that they are worth looking at and thinking about. Especially is this the case with some of those which used to be passed about two or three centuries ago, when books were scarcer, and men and women had more reverence for those who had preceded them than one finds common now.

There was certainly a force and a liveliness in some of these sayings which render them worthy of being thought over; and we propose to pick up a few of them as they float along the stream of Time, making choice of those which are, in some degree, suitable to the daily life of mothers.

"*A ship and a woman are ever repairing.*" Really this seems at first sight a little uncourteous to that part of the human family thus compared to a ship; yet we do not think it is to be understood in that sense. The meaning is probably this: the repairing in one case is passive, in the other, active. A ship, to be in thorough sailing order, and to be secure also, must be ever looked after, and touched up from time to time. So it is in all cases, more or less,—with a woman, most of all, if she is a wife and a mother, keeping herself right. In the first place, there is a constant succession of household duties which need a womanly hand to be engaged upon them. Literally there are many garments, large and small, which need the busy worker to repair them from time to time; and figuratively, we may say, there are many things which can only be kept in repair by having the attention of the female head of the family devoted to them. For a household is not like a machine, which can be set going and then left to itself.

"*She that would be well needs not go from her own house.*" Surely, in an age when so many are restless, and inclined to wander, it is needful to repeat this proverb. So common is the delusion that happiness is not to be found at home, that many women—many mothers—grudge the hours they are obliged to devote to household duties. As use soon creates a habit, it may become really the case that there is very little happiness or peace found at home; and, the taste becoming degraded, is satisfied with the miserable substitutes to be got elsewhere. But what is it to be "well"? The saying points at something more than bodily health, though that is to be secured by a quiet home life, rather than by one of dissipation and idleness out-of-doors.

"Well," here, is equivalent to the good old English "weal," which is a far bette thing than wealth, as we understand that word now. The blessing of God being rightly sought in the first place, the mother may find in "her own house" all the means she requires to keep her "well," and though she draws from her home inward peace and outward comfort, she need not, and if she is a sensible woman she will not, regard her house as a prison, nor make it such; for this proverb, like others, may be stretched too far, and there are times when duty, or even pleasure, rightly calls us away from home.

THE HEROISM OF WOMAN.

We have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses in life. Disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a tender female, who had hitherto been all weakness and dependence, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and enduring with firmness the rough blasts of adversity.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.

Cut two pounds of beefsteak in pieces, flour it, and put some into a dish; add a layer of onions and potatoes sliced, then more steak, and so on till the dish is full; season with pepper and salt; a little mushroom-ketchup is an improvement, or else half a cup of gravy and water. Cover with crust.

BACON ROLLS.

Make a crust as for pies, cut it into pieces about eight inches long and four broad, spread slices of thin bacon over each piece, and thin slices of potatoes; roll them up and bake them.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S SORROW, AND ITS COMFORT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

(CONCLUDED.)

WHEN Mrs. —— entered her bedroom, her husband was asleep, so she moved about softly that she might not disturb him. After a few minutes he groaned, and exclaimed in terror, "'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment.' I've been dreaming that I shall never go to Bradbury Hall, wife; you may go, but hell is my home."

She was startled and alarmed, but trying to command her voice, she said, "You are not well, dear; I will get you some medicine."

"Get me nothing. I shall die! I have thrown my life away, and to-morrow it will be said of me, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment;' I feel the fiery flames within me now!" and swearing in rage and agony, he tossed upon his bed.

His wife rang the bell and sent for the doctor, who pronounced him to be in a high fever. That awful night was followed by several days and nights successively, when in delirium he spoke of being *already* in that fire which never could be quenched. His wife scarcely left him, and her prayers and her tears often mingled together.

One day, after a long sleep, he recognised her; it was the first gleam of returning consciousness. She was kneeling at the foot of his bed, but she rose immediately she heard him say, "Darling Lizzie!" Going close to him, he put his arms around her neck and asked, "Were you praying for me?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then don't do it again," he said, adding, "I am past help. I'm too wicked to be forgiven, but pray for yourself, my poor dear, for you will soon be left a penniless widow."

"Oh, don't talk of my being a widow, Charles; the fever has taken a turn, and now you only want strength. We will feed you up and get you well, please God."

He interrupted her saying, "It won't please God; I'm past recovery; I feel inwardly worn out, I'm so weak—oh! so weak," and the once powerful man now wept from feebleness.

His wife offered him some restorative, and he gave her such a grateful, loving look, that tears filled her eyes.

"You've had reason enough to cry, my poor ill-treated wife. I won't ask you to forgive me, because you cannot," he said.

"Oh, I can and do,—indeed, I do, dear Charles, and God forgives also," answered his wife.

"That cannot be, I'm too vile a sinner to be forgiven," he said.

"No one who repents is too sinful to be forgiven; no one can get out of reach of God's mercy, if they seek it in the right way. The Saviour came to seek and to save that which was lost; return unto the Lord, and He will abundantly pardon," she affectionately urged.

"Oh, Lizzie, my dear precious wife, it is your love that makes you say such words, but I cannot believe they are true; send for the clergyman, he will not deceive me. I know he cannot help me, but he may comfort you," said the desponding man.

The clergyman arrived, and was greatly surprised to find the proud man so humbled and subdued. He spoke to him very plainly about the sinfulness of his former life; but while he told him of the justice of God in punishing the guilty, he also assured him, that God was full of compassion and long-suffering, that when the wicked turn from their wickedness, and do that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul.

"Turn away from wickedness!" exclaimed the sick man; "I do turn away, I hate the very thoughts of my bad life, and I would prove it, if I recovered, by making amends. I mean to do what is lawful and right. I have bought a house by unjust gains, which I will restore. I owe payment for the very bed on which I lie. I will sell my horses to pay the tradespeople. Yes, I will make what restitution I can; but I cannot recall the hard words and base usage which have made me a terror to my servants, and even to my dogs. I have not been merely a Sabbath-breaker, but a breaker of all the Commandments. I brought my mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, but no one has suffered like my sweet, gentle, devoted wife. There is no mercy for such a vile wretch. Oh, don't make me hope when my case is hopeless."

He paused, being exhausted, and the clergyman said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He was bruised for our transgressions; He was wounded for our iniquities; with His stripes we are healed. Do you believe this?" asked the clergyman.

"No, I cannot; I'm too great a sinner to be saved," he replied.

"Then you don't believe in the forgiveness of sins? Is not the Lord Jesus Christ an Almighty Saviour?" asked the clergyman.

"Oh yes, but I sinned so grievously against light and knowledge," said the sick man, penitently.

"Well, the Lord Jesus Christ is able to save to the *uttermost*, *all* that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"Will He intercede for me?" the sick man interrupted to ask.

"Yes, if you ask Him," replied the clergyman. "Pray to Him with all your heart."

Joining his hands, he fervently whispered, "Lord Jesus, if Thou art able to save to the uttermost, save me," and gasping for breath, he motioned for the clergyman to pray on his behalf, and then, seeing the patient exhausted, he left him to rest, and be refreshed with nourishment and sleep.

A long conflict and distress of mind hindered his recovery, and his body was often endangered by mental excitement; but prayer was at last turned to praise, for the Lord gave him power to believe that Jesus Christ could save him, and he only wished to recover that his changed life might prove the sincerity of his faith.

His loving wife nursed him with tender devotion, and his patient meekness called forth the remark from those who witnessed it, that the lion was changed into the lamb.

No longer following the devices and desires of a wicked heart, he showed the renewal of his mind by doing good instead of evil, and making restitution as far as self-denial would permit him.

When able to leave home, he retired with his wife to a small farm, which was almost the only relic of his large property, and rather than live beyond their small income, he worked the land himself, with the assistance of one man.

By this means he was able to give his children a good education, and though he and his wife lived in very different style to what they had been accustomed, and from what he had anticipated at Bradbury Hall, yet both acknowledged that their latter days were the best, and the wife often boasted that she was as happy as a husband could make her. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him," was her favourite text, as she recalled the past.

Her husband liked to dwell on the Saviour's love, and would say, "The Lord Jesus called, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest;' oh, how can I be sufficiently thankful for that inestimable love which gave His life for my salvation! If there had been no Saviour, I should have been lost."

His wife died at the age of sixty, and the husband anticipates meeting her in that better land, where partings are unknown.

His "hoary head is a crown of glory," for it is found "in the way of righteousness."

He frequently acknowledges the blessings he had in a praying wife, and when he speaks of her he says, "'Not lost but gone before.' Saved by Jesus Christ, we are both of us secure from destruction as was Noah and his wife; only a little while, then we shall be 'for ever with the Lord.'"

Christ Jesus is the Ark for poor sinners. May we all take refuge in Him!

I knew a broken-hearted wife
Bowed down with sorrow and with strife,
Who knelt in prayer, and this she said,
As she spoke softly by her bed,—

"O Lord, my heart is full of fear,
But yet I know that Thou canst hear,
I know not how to form a prayer,
But carry, Lord, my weight of care.

"For Jesus, sake, Lord, think of me,
And set me from my burden free,
Forgive me and my husband too,
And help us both to live anew."

She paused, and heard a still small Voice,
It spoke to her and said, "Rejoice,
Fear not, strength equal to the day
God always sends to those who pray.

"Almighty power is ever near,
And God will wipe away each tear,
The blessed Saviour is your Friend,
He'll love and help you to the end."

"I'm sure He will," the wife declared;
"I'll serve the Lord while I am spared,
And all my trouble and my care
I'll take to God in earnest prayer.

"I know His power is very great,
And while life lasts it's not too late,
Nought could be harder than my heart,
But God has done His promised part.

"He's made it soft, He's made it new,
I'll ask Him just the same to do
For my dear Charles, and then our life
Will be a joy to man and wife.

"We then may look beyond and see
A home prepared for him and me,
Where neither grief nor sickness reigns,
And where's an end to all our pains.

"A rest from sorrow and from sin,
A rest from turmoil, toil, and din,
Of which poor sinners may partake,
All for the Lord our Saviour's sake."

Oh, may we all to Jesus go,
And leave our sins, and all our woe;—
He is our Ark where we may hide,—
And never fear what may betide.

For safe and happy all will be,
Who to the Lord for refuge flee,
He'll never fail, but all may prove
That God is good, that "God is Love."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE LOST DAY.

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

THESE words Aunt Martha whispered in the ear of her niece, Anna Wentworth, who sat leaning her head upon her hand, looking towards the western sky. The young lady's conscience admitted the truth of this assertion, although she made no audible acknowledgment. The good lady sat down in her old-fashioned, straight-backed rocking-chair, and took up her knitting. Anna remained in the same position until the last ray of the already hidden sun had disappeared; she then turned from the window and said—

"Do you think I have *lost* this day, Aunt Martha?"

"Your own conscience must answer that question, my dear girl," she replied. "I do not think any of us realise what a *lost day* is in its literal meaning. I saw a number of years ago this notice written on the leaf of a pious lady's hymn-book, 'Lost, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, a golden hour, set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as it is gone for ever.'"

"I have lost twenty-four golden hours, and sixty times twenty-four diamond minutes!" said Anna, thoughtfully.

"And they are gone for ever!" continued her aunt.

It was some moments before either of them spoke again, and then Anna, taking a chair very near the good old lady, said, "If I only lived in a city I could find many *worthy* acts to do every day of my life, but here there is nothing to do that would amount to anything."

"It is the *little* acts that often prove the most worthy ones. I think you would find plenty of work to do if you really looked for it."

"To-morrow," said Anna, "I will try to do *one* thing worthy of record in the Book that will be opened at the last Great Day. I feel that the majority of the days of my life have been lost ones—a long chain of golden hours set with diamond minutes gone for ever."

The next morning Anna awoke early, the necessity of living for some good purpose more strongly impressed upon her heart than it was on the previous evening. She asked God to help her in her new undertaking, and to place before her the work which He would have her to do. As she passed out from her bed-room, she heard her little brother Sammy crying. Following the direction whence the sound came, she found him behind the hall-door, weeping bitterly.

"Why, Sammy," she said, patting him on the head, "what is the matter? crying so early in the morning!"

"Tom has been plaguing me," he stammered out. "I hate him—I wish he was dead!"

Ordinarily the elder sister would have said, "What, quarrelling again! How tiresome you both are!" then she would have passed on, but that morning she kissed Sammy and said, "I am sorry, brother. It is wrong in Tom to tease you, but it is very wicked in you to hate him. The Bible says, 'He that hateth his brother is a murderer.' You would not like to be a murderer, would you? Come, and let sister wash your face and comb your hair, so you will look clean at the breakfast-table."

Sammy made no resistance; his tears were soon wiped away, and the child's heart forgot its sorrow. Tom was in the garden, weeding; his sister called his name, and said very gently, "Do you not think it is very unkind to tease Sammy? I found the little fellow crying as if his heart would break."

"Well, he bothers me so," replied Tom.

"But you are older than he, and ought to be patient with him." Tom looked up in amazement at this sudden change in his sister—her tone of voice was so unlike her former self. "You could be so happy together," she continued "if you would only do as the little sisters in the story did. They never quarrelled, and when asked why they did not, the elder sister replied, 'Because I let Addie, and Addie lets me.'" Anna walked towards the house, while Tom was acknowledging to himself that he had been the principal transgressor in the matter of the frequent quarrelling. His manner was more "letting" that day than it had ever been before. "'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God,'" whispered Aunt Martha to Anna as they sat down to breakfast.

After the morning work had been finished, Aunt Martha requested Anna to go to the washerwoman's and engage her services for the next day. She found three of Mrs. O'Brien's children ill, and the poor woman trying to finish her week's washing. With waiting on the children every few minutes, and the severe headache from which she was suffering for want of sleep, the washing progressed but slowly. Anna saw the state of the case in a moment,—here was work to be done. Untying her broad-brimmed straw hat, she said—

"I will sit with the children while you are finishing your washing, Mrs. O'Brien.

"Indeed, miss, that will be too much for you."

"Oh, no," she replied; "I will do it gladly."

It was a drink of cold water for Patsy, a piece of toast for Norah, then the cries of the baby in the cradle to be hushed. All these wants she attended to patiently and in their respective order. In two hours Mrs. O'Brien's washing was hung upon the line, the tubs in their proper places, and the floor mopped up. Anna passed out of the door with the washerwoman's "God bless you!" sounding in her ear. As she passed over the bridge on the way home, she saw Charles Collins sitting on the bank of the river, fishing. His trousers were so ragged that they only served as an apology for that article. It was a warm day, to be sure, but Anna thought that a whole pair would be none the less acceptable.

"Charles," said she, "are those the best trousers you have?" The boy hung his head as if ashamed to own the poverty and disgrace to which his wardrobe had arrived. "Why doesn't your mother patch them up?" she inquired.

"They ain't worth patching," he replied.

Anna knew the parents of this boy were habitual drunkards, and that everyone said there was not much use in trying to do anything for them; but here was work to be done, very necessary work too, Anna thought. She went home and found a pair of Tom's trousers, quite good ones, only the knees needed patching. This she soon did, with Aunt Martha's help. After they were mended nicely, she carried them to the river's bank, and gave them to the fisher-boy, who still remained where she left him. The thankful expression of his face more than repaid her for her trouble.

When she returned home, the sun was setting behind the western hills. Taking her seat by the window, she said, "I do not think this day has been entirely lost, and yet I have not done anything that has been *worthy*, I fear."

Aunt Martha kissed the new worker in the Master's vineyard, and repeated these words, "'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me.'" Anna looked up with a happy expression upon her face, and her Aunt smiling upon her, said, "'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.'"

The next morning, before breakfast, Charles Collins was at the front gate, dressed in his new trousers; he had three large trout in his basket, dressed and scaled ready for cooking. Anna was watering her flowers. She opened the gate, and he handed her the basket saying, "These are for your breakfast, miss."

No presentation had more meaning, if any ever had fewer words. "Thank you," she said; "I am very fond of trout, and shall enjoy my breakfast exceedingly." The boy still seemed inclined to stand by the gate, there was something evidently upon his mind.

"Do you go to school?" inquired Anna.

"No, miss, I wish I could go; that is what I would like to see you about," he said, looking down upon the new addition to his wearing apparel as if they were a passport for his acceptance at the school-house.

"Have you ever attended school?" she inquired.

"Yes, I went awhile, but you see no one would mend my clothes, and the boys poked fun at me, so I gave it up."

"I'll go with you to the school this morning, and I will help you to keep your clothes tidy through the term, if you will be a good boy."

"Indeed I will, miss," he said. "Nobody but you thought it would pay to fix me up, but I tell you it shall pay, for I'm determined to be somebody." Charles drew himself up as high as he could. "If my father is a drunkard," he continued, "I'll never touch a drop of the poison."

"I hope you never will," Anna replied.

The young lady introduced her young protegé to the schoolmaster, telling him all she knew of his history. "Such a boy has the stuff in him you may be sure," said the teacher. Time proved that he was right. Anna kept her promise, and his clothes were always in good repair, no boy presented a better appearance in the whole school. The father has gone down in dishonour to a drunkard's grave, but the son has been rescued; he is an honest, faithful, upright boy. That golden hour with the diamond minutes in which that work was done, is part of the treasure laid up in heaven which Anna hopes to possess when she has passed from time to eternity.

A LIFE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

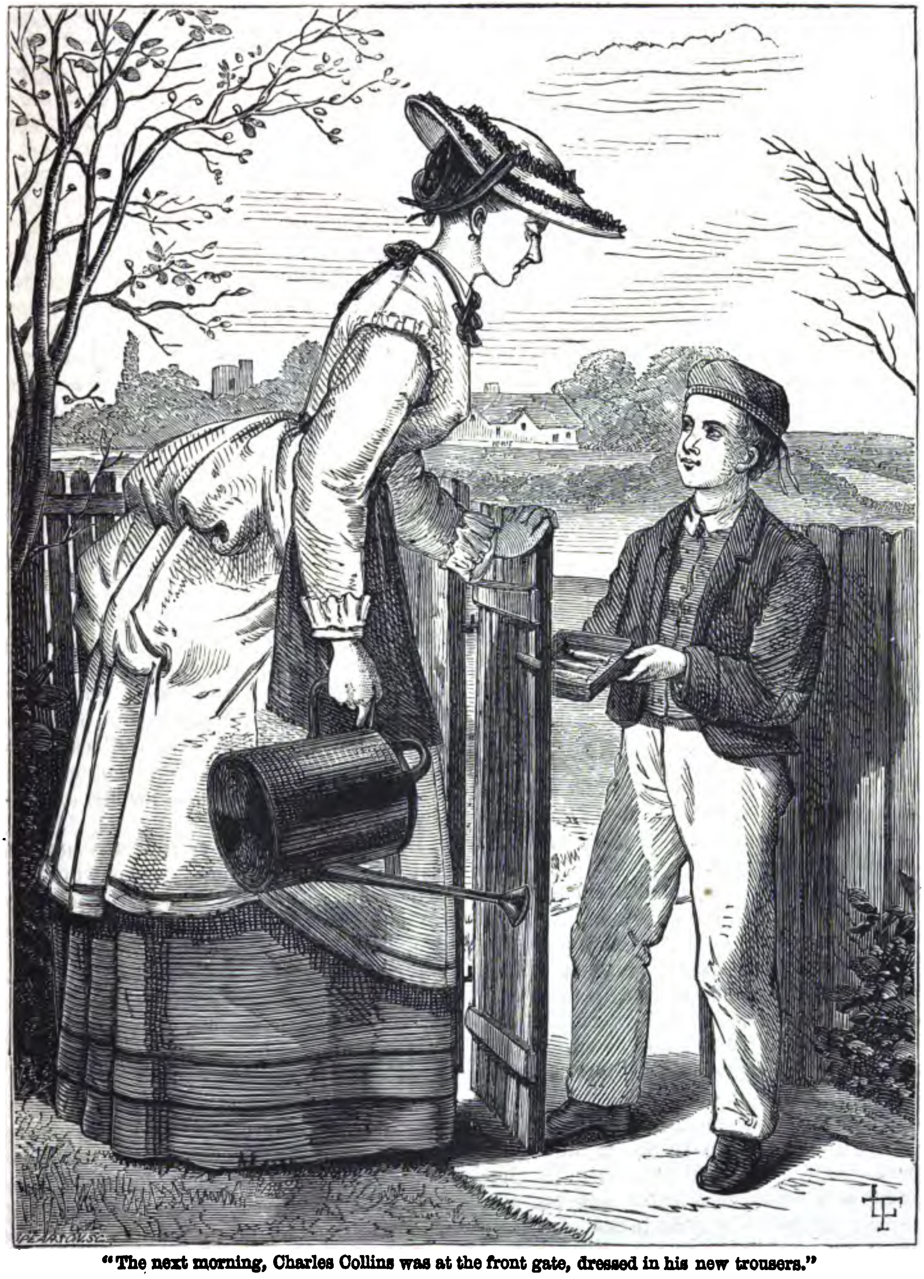
A FEW days later a funeral train was seen wending slowly through the principal street of Abbeyford, and the remains of Florence Lyle were laid beside the spot where her husband slept. The earth in its plenitude of vernal beauty lay smiling in soft golden light, and on the air, fragrant with the breath of flowers, was borne the hum of busy insects; and as Herbert Lyle stood with uncovered head by his mother's grave, the birds, concealed amid the leafy branches of the chestnut-trees which grew in the churchyard, sang merrily. It was sad to hear on such a day the mournful tolling of the bell, and the harsh grating sound of earth falling upon a coffin as—after the reading of the solemn Burial Service—the sexton unconcernedly plied his spade; sad too, to witness the tears and pain of mourners, while in its outer aspect the earth was so lovely and joyous, and full of vigorous life!

But Herbert Lyle's sorrow was not like that of having no hope: even while his heart ached with excess of pain, the promise, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," cheered him greatly.

When the arrangements necessary to be made in connection with the settlement of his mother's affairs were completed, he returned to his duties in the counting-house of his employers.

The next few months of his life were comparatively uneventful, each day being taken up by the monotonous round of business occupations in which he was engaged, and his leisure being still employed in preparations for future usefulness.

At length the time arrived when he was



"The next morning, Charles Collins was at the front gate, dressed in his new trousers."

enabled to enter a College, where under efficient tuition he could pursue his studies uninterruptedly. They were happy days!

It was then that he became acquainted with one who, as his knowledge of her increased, gained his love. Her name was Millicent Clare. She was the daughter of a rural minister, and in addition to a beautiful form, she possessed a sunny disposition, and a heart and mind pure and loving as any.

At that time the prospect of Herbert Lyle's life was fair and bright; hope rose high in his heart, and glad in the service to which he had devoted himself, and in the love of her who had grown so strangely dear to him, he was happy. When the term to which his stay at the College was limited had expired, he left with a high reputation, and went to reside in a populous town in one of the Midland counties.

But again the uncertainty of life and the vanity of human wishes were verified, for he had not long occupied his new sphere, when a trial befell him, which suddenly shattered his hopes and plunged him into the deepest grief.

An epidemic broke out in the town where Millicent Clare lived, and amongst many others who fell victims to its ravages, she too was stricken down. It was a crushing blow to Herbert Lyle.

She had been the one idol upon which his affections were set; his love for her had grown deeper and strengthened with each succeeding day, and bright visions of a time when, as his wife, she would cheer and help him in his work by her sympathy and womanly graces, had often gladdened his heart. No one could ever tell how dear she had been to him, nor what hopes had been bound up in her young life; but the dream was over now, and the hopes were withered and dead.

She seemed to have had a presentiment of what was impending, for in the last letter she ever wrote, and which was addressed to Herbert, she said, after referring to the rapid spread of the disease, "I know, dearest, that you will be anxious about *me*, but whatever may betide, it can only be by the permission of One who understands better than we do what will best conduce to our welfare; and in this assurance we must rest, even though death or misfortune should despoil us of our most precious treasures."

A day or two after that letter was posted she sickened, and in a few hours died. "Tell Bertie we shall meet again in heaven," that was the message she left for him, and when he heard it, his lips trembled and his eyes filled with hot blinding tears, and in his heart was an unutterable agony. But he felt that heaven was more like home, now that the two he most loved were there, than it had ever been to him before.

He did not rebel, but was weary with suffering, nor did he repine, for he remembered his dear one's words, and knew that though the purpose of the trial was for the present hidden, it was ordained by Divine wisdom, and would one day be made manifest. The burden of sorrow which no earthly power could lighten he cast upon the Lord, and even while leading a solitary life, far removed from the scenes of former days, found such rest and peace as only they who put their trust in God *can* know.

* * * *

The July sun was shining brightly in a cloudless sky. The day had been a sultry one, but towards its close a refreshing breeze sprang up. The Sabbath bells were chiming for evening service, and in order the better to hear them, the large window of a room in which was an invalid, was thrown wide open. It was Herbert Lyle who, reclining on a couch close by the window, drank in the sounds of harmony from without.

Upwards of seven years had passed over him since the death of Millicent Clare, years in which he had laboured hard in the service of his Lord.

Many who were now walking in the narrow way which leads to eternal life, traced their conversion to his earnest instrumentality; and among the tried and sorrowing ones of the district in which he lived, there were not a few who could testify to his rare sympathy, and could tell how, while speaking kind and healing words, he pointed out the way to the great Burden-Bearer. His life was ebbing out now; for some time his strength had been failing, and at length he was compelled reluctantly to relinquish his work, and try what rest and change of scene would do. But though at first he seemed to derive benefit from the relaxation, the graver symptoms soon returned, and on this Sabbath evening he felt more than ever convinced that his days on earth were numbered.

Through the open window the delicious fragrance of summer flowers entered; and the splashing of the waves as the tide came rolling in on the sea-shore, the chiming of the bells, and the singing of birds, made pleasant music. He sat listening to these sounds and gazing on the gorgeous hues cast by the sun as it approached the western horizon, until the bells ceased to chime. Then he took up a book which lay open at his side, and turning over its pages came to a passage marked in pencil. It was this—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." For some time he sat quietly musing. Then his lips moved, and he repeated softly to himself part of a familiar verse, suggested perhaps by the words he had been reading:

"The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long and still do bear it; let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given."

He leaned back on the couch, and an expression of unutterable peace overspread his features. His eyes closed as if in sleep, and in that position his landlady found him about an hour later, when she entered the room. She thought at first he was dosing, but approaching closer she found that he had fallen into the sleep which knows no earthly waking; and so with his thoughts intent upon that world to which he had so frequently directed the attention of others, he passed away to it himself.

They laid him to rest beneath the trees in a church-yard of the watering-place where he was staying, and there through the long summer days the birds twitter in the branches which hang over his grave, and the sun smiles on it. A simple stone marks the spot where he lies, on which are inscribed his name, the date of his death and the words—"And so he giveth his beloved sleep."

ERNEST.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

NO spot on earth, however secluded, is free from the tempter's inroads; sin, in some form or another, steals into the purest earthly scenes. It was so with Rosedale—quite isolated from city life and city vices, too far and too little known to be the resort of summer excursionists, very few strangers visited us. The simple-hearted people congratulated themselves upon this fact, and there was no small stir, and no end of conjectures as to who he could be and what he came for, when one Sabbath morning a stranger strolled into the church and placed himself quite opposite the Radford's pew.

The farmer easily recognised him as the young fashionable who had made such deprecating remarks to his daughter. He anxiously scanned Lilian's face; she had either become an adept at concealing her feelings, or she was indifferent; the latter supposition seemed the most probable, he thought, and considering it best not to suggest wrong thoughts to his child, no remarks were made about the stranger in her presence.

But Lilian knew him too well, though she had no idea of letting her parents into her secrets; her mind had become vitiated by reading novels, which no pure-minded girl should peruse; such a course of reading always creates dissatisfaction with the ordinary duties of life, and makes the mind so morbidly sensitive that it can find no happiness but in continued excitement and novelty.

So Lilian had not thought it wrong to elude the vigilance of her governess when at school, and avail herself of stolen interviews with a stranger; neither was it wrong, she thought, to continue a clandestine correspondence, thereby deceiving her indulgent parents: for disobedience to her mind seemed a slight thing in comparison with the disappointment of her own cherished hopes.

"It will all come right in the end," she thought, as if the wrong path most persistently pursued could lead to the right end eventually.

There were soon strange rumours afloat; not a few asserted they had caught a glimpse of Lilian Radford in company with the stranger, and many a matron prophesied harm. Philip Truesdan heard the gossip, and it had one effect upon him, in making him anxious and pre-occupied in thought; he was afraid it was too true, for Lilian always avoided him, and resented his advice as a presumptuous liberty. Mrs. Truesdan noted it all, and meeting Lilian one day, asked how it was.

"Have you had any disagreement with Philip?"

"No."

"Then how is it we see you so seldom now? My dear, as almost your second mother, I feel obliged to advise you; the neighbours make strange remarks about you, but I hope they are not true."

"To what do you refer?" demanded Lilian, her eyes flashing angrily.

It took quiet Mrs. Truesdan a moment to recover from her surprise; then she replied, "I am never willing to listen to gossip, dear, but be a good girl and mind what your mother says."

Lilian thought her advice very great impertinence, and tossing her head significantly, said, "Perhaps *your* ideas and *mine* can be scarcely alike; it is very improbable they could be."

The next person resorted to was Farmer Radford, whose surprise and indignation knew no bounds. As was his custom upon every difficult subject, he had a private consultation with his wife, previous to action.

Mrs. Radford was equally surprised, but more sanguine; she trusted to Lilian's good sense to keep her right.

"But it strikes me very forcibly that she has not got much; a young girl who will carry on a clandestine acquaintance with a stranger, can have very little sense to rely upon," replied the farmer. "But how is it that you have not done as I continually advised,—found her some light employment at home, instead of having allowed her so much idle leisure?"

"I have repeatedly tried, Thomas, but she always has so many excuses, and does everything in such a careless way that I always have to do it over again, and besides, it puts me into such a bad temper, that, setting every other consideration aside, I have left her to follow her own inclinations for the sake of peace."

"It is this constant yielding to wrong for the sake of a little temporary peace that will bring woe in the end," said the farmer, impatiently.

Lilian was sent for; she came, feeling rather alarmed in her own mind, though outwardly cool and collected. The only admission they could elicit was that she knew him when at school, and had met him sometimes since he had been in Rosedale.

"But you will not meet him again, my dear."

No answer.

"Will you not give me your promise, Lilian?"

"I cannot, father."

"But if he is worthy of your acquaintance why not invite him to your home, and introduce him to myself and your mother?"

Lilian flushed proudly, and replied—

"You do not understand what marked distinctions there are in society. Mr. Vivian is a gentleman, and I should be ashamed for him to see how humble our home is; it looks very well outside, but—"

"So it has come to this, Lily, that you are ashamed of the parents who have toiled to rear you in comfort; and the education which we designed should adorn your mind and give you never-failing resources for happy thought and feelings, has been put to a wrong purpose, and led you to despise your home and your parentage. However, I shall enforce my command that you do not leave these premises without myself or your mother going with you until Mr. Vivian leaves Rosedale; your mother will find you plenty to do, so that the time may not be tedious."

"But I hate uninteresting work, and I won't have my hands look like a domestic servant's!" replied Lilian, glancing at her small white hands. "You would have me employed from morning till night either, dusting or stitching, or some such delightful employment! Nature never fitted me for my present position in life. I wish I had never been born!"

Uttering these undutiful remarks she hastily left the room, banging the door after her, and locking herself up in her own room gave vent to her passion in a long, violent fit of weeping.

Her father shortly after strode through the village towards the inn where the objectionable companion had taken up his quarters. The landlady said he was out. A few days after he called again, but this time he had left, "and paid up everything very handsomely too," said the innkeeper's wife.

After this Lilian was released from restraint, but there was a marked change in her conduct—sometimes melancholy and irritable, at others manifesting a levity of conduct equally as unaccountable. Also there was a very decided irreverence manifested with reference to sacred subjects; she refused to go to public worship, said she was too tired, or it was too far to walk.

"Any excuse is better than none, you seem to think, Lily, but your father and myself have always tried to train you in paths of piety; we may have made mistakes—as we see, too late—but we erred on the side of love; and this irreverence and disobedience to our wishes are very grieving to us," said her mother, sadly and tenderly. "Come with us this morning. Remember that 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' and there is very great happiness in keeping His commands."

But Lilian's heart was now steeled against her mother's influence.

(To be continued.)

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. II.

"*NOT a long day, but a good heart rids work.*" That is, to get rid of our work, to make a due clearance of each day's allowance, so that in the morning we may generally be able to start fair and fresh, without any arrears overhanging us, we must go to our labour with a determination not to be conquered by it. No, it is not the long day which makes work light. Do we not continually find that those who have most time at their disposal, seem to do much less than others? Why, the feeling is only too natural to us all; with plenty of time before us we dally and linger over our work; and though we cannot but lament the necessity which, in many instances, obliges a mother to leave her home during a part of the day to gain some addition to the family income, we have observed the homes of some such in far better order, through diligent use of the hour or two they could give it, than were the homes of others more favoured, who had the long day before them to attend to family matters. It is the "good heart" makes all the difference, the "good heart" meaning heartiness, not moral goodness, but a willingness and hopefulness which seizes the moments and employs them to most advantage.

"*The mill cannot grind with water that's passed.*" A hint this, on the importance of making the best of an opportunity, and discerning also that as "there is a season" for everything (as saith the Royal proverb-writer), yet that once past, all efforts to recall it are useless. How often does it happen that the mother only awakens to the need there is of watchfulness regarding the habits her children are forming, when evil ones have already rooted themselves deeply and strongly! And it occurs at times to all of us in conversation that through inattention or some other cause we miss the proper moment for saying something which we feel to be right. But the remark we should have uttered may be quite out of place in a few minutes, and all we can do is to attend to the claims which the present has upon us. The principle is of wide application.

"*Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge.*" It is quite possible, as this proverb hints, for an easy disposition to carry us too far; indeed a great deal that passes for love is only selfishness in another form; we concede this or that thing to some person or to a child, because it is less trouble to give it than to refuse, though the latter might be the right course. Also, though a suspicious disposition should be overcome or kept in check, it is due to ourselves to remember that those we love most, and who, we are willing to think, sincerely love us, have their weaknesses and their faults. The Divine command has bidden us to love our neighbour, and even as we love ourselves, so just as we need to take certain precautions against ourselves, we must act with regard to others. We are all obliged in many ways to hedge ourselves in; and to give in to every suggestion or request of those around us, is like pulling up all our fences and exposing ourselves to injury. We must not let our kindness overrule prudence and common sense.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

RABBIT-STEW.

Cut up a rabbit and put it with a few slices of bacon and some onions sliced, into a stew-pan; add pepper and salt; cover it close and let it stew for two or three hours. Soak a pound of rice for several hours; then boil it in a small quantity of water for ten minutes, and stir it gently into the stew. This, with potatoes and bread will make a capital dinner for six persons.

Notices of Books.

Martha and Mary. By the Rev. G. Turner, LL.D. London: Nisbet & Co., Berners Street. Price 3*d.*

A little pamphlet in memory of two sisters who died many years apart, but have now met in the Father's home, one having laboured for a lengthened period in the mission field.

The Parish Apprentice; or, John Winzer, the North Devon Puritan. By Rev. S. Newnam. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. Price 1*s.*

A remarkable history of one little known beyond the circle of his acquaintance, but who had the honour of doing much for the cause of religion.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "W. B.," "J. W. B.," and "J. R. S. C."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

THE DANGER OF TEMPTATION AND THE FORCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

IF people want a good article, they will go to a good shop, and though treasures have been found in dust-bins and rubbish-heaps, yet they are not the places where treasures are stored. To look for a good wife in the wicked town of Sodom, was looking for a right thing in a wrong place, and we wonder that a righteous man like Lot did not seek a wife elsewhere. If we had not been told by God Himself, that Lot's righteous soul was "vexed" with the filthy conversation and ungodly deeds of the people of Sodom, we should have said Lot was no better than they, for, "Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are," is a true proverb. Lot was taken with the beauty of the situation, and saw it was a place well watered, so he felt it would be convenient and pleasant to dwell there, and though the people were "sinners before the Lord exceedingly," yet he did not seem to think that he should suffer from their sins, though their wickedness vexed him.

But "evil communications corrupt good manners," and he ought to have thought of the risk he was running in bringing up a family in such a bad place. If he was married before he went to Sodom, he ought to have taken better care of his wife than expose her to temptation, and when he felt the evil consequences that resulted, no doubt he blamed himself. What can you expect of daughters if their mother is gay? and Lot's wife is a warning to every woman to keep out of temptation, for even the New Testament reminds us of her sad end, and says, "Remember Lot's wife." She stands out as a warning to those who escape one trial, and shows how easily another may overtake them.

A man who had been in awful storms escaped shipwreck, and I saw his wife just before she was about to set off to meet him at Southampton. He had been absent five years, and the infant he left had grown a fine boy. I saw the little fellow, and he was proud to repeat the hymns and pretty verses he had learned to surprise his father. The wife arrived at Southampton in time to see the vessel sail into port, but imagine her grief when she got on board to find that her husband was lying dead in his hammock! He had not been well the day before, and the anticipated joy of seeing his wife and child had been too much for him, it was supposed. Heart disease was the cause of his death, the doctors said, after examining the body; and the poor widow, who had never thought of illness but only of tempests and shipwrecks, now saw that it was possible to escape death in one form to meet it in another.

If we are only prepared for heaven we need not be afraid; but if, like Lot's wife, our heart is set on things below, not on things above, they will be a hindrance to our getting to heaven. The poor are often tempted to envy the rich, but riches have many snares, and if Lot had not had property in Sodom, his wife might not have been tempted to disobey the command *not to look back.* That last longing look showed where her heart was, and it cost her life! It signifies not whether the heart is filled with cares of this world, of which poverty has many, or the pleasures and deceitfulness of riches; so long as there is no room for God in the heart, there can be no safety and no happiness. But where He is welcomed in the heart, then both riches and poverty are kept under His rule and governance: riches are spent for His glory and for the happiness of our fellow-creatures; they are enjoyed with thankfulness, they are used, not abused; while poverty teaches diligence and care, it does not waste, and the Lord provides against want. Both rich and poor, who dwell in the secret place of the Most High, abide under the shadow of the Almighty; no real evil can befall such, and should death overtake them, it will only hasten them to everlasting life; for sudden death to the righteous is sudden glory.

I knew an old woman named Hannah Faith, who went to America to see her son who was settled there. The country not agreeing with her health, she returned to England, wishing to end her days in her native place. During the voyage a terrific storm arose, when even the captain was alarmed.

"What are you made of, old woman, that you are so calm? Are you not afraid, when any moment the ship may sink?" said he.

Hannah Faith answered, "If the ship sinks, I shall rise to glory, so I've no need to fear."

But many are cut off, *not* to rise to glory, but to sink to misery; and some are left a monument of unrepented sin, as if to warn us of their awful end. Oh, let us remember Lot's wife, and consider our ways.

There is one point of encouragement that we may gather from the Scripture subject. Though God promised Abraham to spare Sodom if there were ten righteous people in it, and not finding so many, saved Lot and his family, yet Lot lingered. As we read, Lot was a righteous man, and we read of only wickedness connected with his family, we should have expected that the angels who were sent to tell him not to look behind would have taken hold of him to bring him away, rather than taking hold of his wife and daughters, if we did not know that the best way to get a husband to do right is for the wife to set the example. The angel knew that Lot would follow if his wife started.

Here is a lesson to wives. How much depends on the steps they take! With a good wife to lead the way, many a man has been led along the narrow road that leads to eternal happiness, and, sad to say, there are some husbands who have followed their wives in the broad road to everlasting misery, "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Woman's influence is great, and her example is still greater. Oh, how important is it for a woman's heart to be right! for then the looks and words, as well as the steps and actions, are right. No looking back on forbidden pleasures, no bad words of sinful persuasion, no steps turning into crooked paths, no deeds which cannot bear God's searching eye. A woman whose heart is changed by the power of the Holy Spirit keeps heaven in view, and she follows on to know the Lord. While walking in the path of duty she prays, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe." Her husband can safely trust in such a wife. He may walk by her side and have no fear of leaving her behind him as Lot had to leave his wife; for if they are both serving God on earth, they will spend a happy eternity together in heaven, and though one should enter glory before the other, it will only be to wait the little while when they will meet never to part:—

"For then with Jesus they will reign,
And never, never part again."

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"I DON'T WANT TO."

"COME, Laura, I want you to help shell these beans." The little girl to whom this request, or rather command, was addressed, was sitting by a table near her Uncle Richard, who was employed in giving her a very informal lesson in drawing. Laura was much interested in this lesson, and quite unwilling to leave it.

"I don't want to, mother," she said; "can't you wait a little while?"

"No, you must come now, or they will not be done in time."

Laura would have remonstrated farther had not her uncle gently drawn the paper from under her hand, thus giving her a quiet hint about her duty. She rose and followed her mother out of the room, but with a very ungracious manner.

Uncle Richard was spending a few weeks with Laura Weaver's parents. Laura was his pet and plaything, and many of his leisure hours were spent in her society. She was fond of her uncle, and liked to be with him very much. On her uncle's part, however, there was one drawback to the pleasure of this intercourse. When Laura became interested in a pursuit or amusement proposed by him, she was very unwilling to leave it to perform any service which might be required of her. Her almost invariable answer on such occasions was, "I don't want to."

Her uncle had several times gently reminded her of her duty, but with little effect. Not only were the beans shelled very unwillingly, but several services were that day performed in a similar manner.

The next morning, before Uncle Richard left his room, he resolved that day to give Laura a lesson.

Soon after breakfast she came to him. "Uncle Richard," she said, "please lend me your knife to sharpen my pencil."

"I don't want to," said Uncle Richard.

Laura was much surprised, for her uncle was uniformly very accommodating and ready to grant any reasonable request. The circumstance, however, was soon forgotten, and not long after Laura came again to her uncle. "Oh, uncle," she said, "I have a new flower in my bed. It is such a beauty. Do come with me and see it!"

"I don't want to," was the reply.

"I do wonder what is the matter with Uncle Richard this morning," said Laura to herself, as she retired, much chagrined. Soon after she put on her sun-bonnet and went out in search of wild-flowers. She would have liked very much to ask her uncle to accompany her, but having received two rebuffs that morning, she concluded not to say anything about it.

As she was returning home, however, she was joined by him very unexpectedly. They walked on together until they approached a high stone-wall. Laura ran on before her uncle to show how nimbly she could climb it. She laid her bunch of flowers on the top of the wall while she got over. As she took them up again she chanced to drop the one she valued the most, and it fell on the other side.

"I need not climb over for it," she thought; "Uncle Richard will get it for me when he comes up." But Laura was mistaken.

"I don't want to," said Uncle Richard when she asked him to pick up the flower for her.

Laura was thoroughly vexed when she saw her uncle spring over the wall and walk on very unconsciously. She was firmly resolved that she would ask no favour of him again that day, and for some hours she kept her resolution. It was, however, at last broken. It happened in this way. Towards evening she met her uncle in a little path leading down to the river.

"Where are you going, uncle?" she asked.

"I am going out in the boat."

Now a sail with her uncle in the little boat was Laura's special delight, and her resolution was at once broken.

"O uncle," she said, "do let me go with you."

"I don't want to," said her uncle.

This was too much for Laura, who turned quickly from him. When she reached a spot which she thought favourable for her purpose, she sat down and gave herself up to tears. The place she had chosen was a spot of green grass in one corner of the garden. Here her father soon found her.

"What is the matter, Laura?" he asked.

Laura told her father that her uncle would not let her go with him in the boat, and added that he had refused everything she had asked of him that day.

"What is the difficulty?" said her father. "Have you done anything to displease your uncle?"

"No," said Laura; "I have done nothing to displease him that I know of."

Mr. Weaver was puzzled, and he was also determined to find out what it meant.

"What is the trouble, Richard?" he inquired, when an hour later his brother returned. "I thought you and Laura were great friends, but according to her account the wind has changed to-day. Why did you not take her with you in the boat?"

"I didn't want to," said Mr. Richard, imitating as near as possible Laura's tone and manner.

Light broke in upon the mind of Mr. Weaver. "Ah, I understand it," he said, smiling; "you have been so much of late with a certain little friend of yours, that you have learned some of her ways. I would advise you, Laura, to set your uncle a better example."

Laura was half puzzled, half conscious. The idea of a grown man like her uncle following the example of a little girl like herself, seemed to be a very droll one. The next morning, when Uncle Richard strolled into the garden, he found Laura there, trying to get a bunch of grapes which grew just beyond her reach.

"O uncle," she said, "won't you please to——" Here she paused suddenly, recollecting some of the incidents of the previous day.

"Won't I please do what?" inquired Uncle Richard, in a tone which was certainly encouraging.

"Mother says I may have a bunch of grapes. I was going to ask you to pick that bunch up there, but——" Here again Laura hesitated, turning very red.

"But I was so disobliging and disagreeable yesterday, that on second thoughts you concluded not to ask me?"

Laura did not reply, but grew redder still.

"You used that little sentence so often, that I thought I would try it just for one day and see how I liked it. The truth is, I did not like it at all. It made me so disagreeable, and others so unhappy, that I do not intend to use it any more."

"Neither do I intend to use it any more," said Laura. "I know what you were about yesterday, Uncle Richard; you meant to give me a lesson."

"It was a good lesson, was it not?"

"I suppose so."

"A good lesson well learned is a good thing. But we won't say any more about that now. I am ready to do all in my power to oblige you now, so I will begin by picking the bunch of grapes."

Laura did not say "I don't want to" once that day; but this was not true of all succeeding days. Bad habits are not easily broken off, and Laura found it so. The words she had used so often would sometimes escape from her lips before she thought; but if they were uttered in Uncle Richard's presence, she was always reminded of her fault by a certain roguish twinkle of his dark eyes, and then she would resolve to be more careful in future. This resolution she tried hard to keep, and the lesson given by her uncle that day was not in vain. "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise," is the golden rule to regulate our intercourse with each other. If Laura had obeyed this rule, she would not have needed the lesson given her by Uncle Richard.

THE LIGHT OF A LIFE ON A HARD TEXT.

BY THE REV. W. K. LEA.

THE text was—"In everything give thanks." The difficulty was in its comprehensiveness. There are few of us who cannot give thanks for mercies, but we stumble over that word "everything." To give thanks when God's hand gently places a joy in mine, and when with sharp blow He scatters it in the dust; to give thanks for the bright light in the cloud, and for the shadow that falls from its gloom on my path; for the new life that comes into the household, and for the silent footsteps of the angel who carries it away; for health and for sickness, for money and for want, for living and for dying—until I wondered whether any human being ever did in *everything* give thanks. There are fortunate people who live in pleasant homes, and men whose touch turns everything to gold, and others whose strong health has never known ache or pang; but from these came many a murmur, many a cry for more, and at best a silent satisfaction where there might have been a psalm of praise.

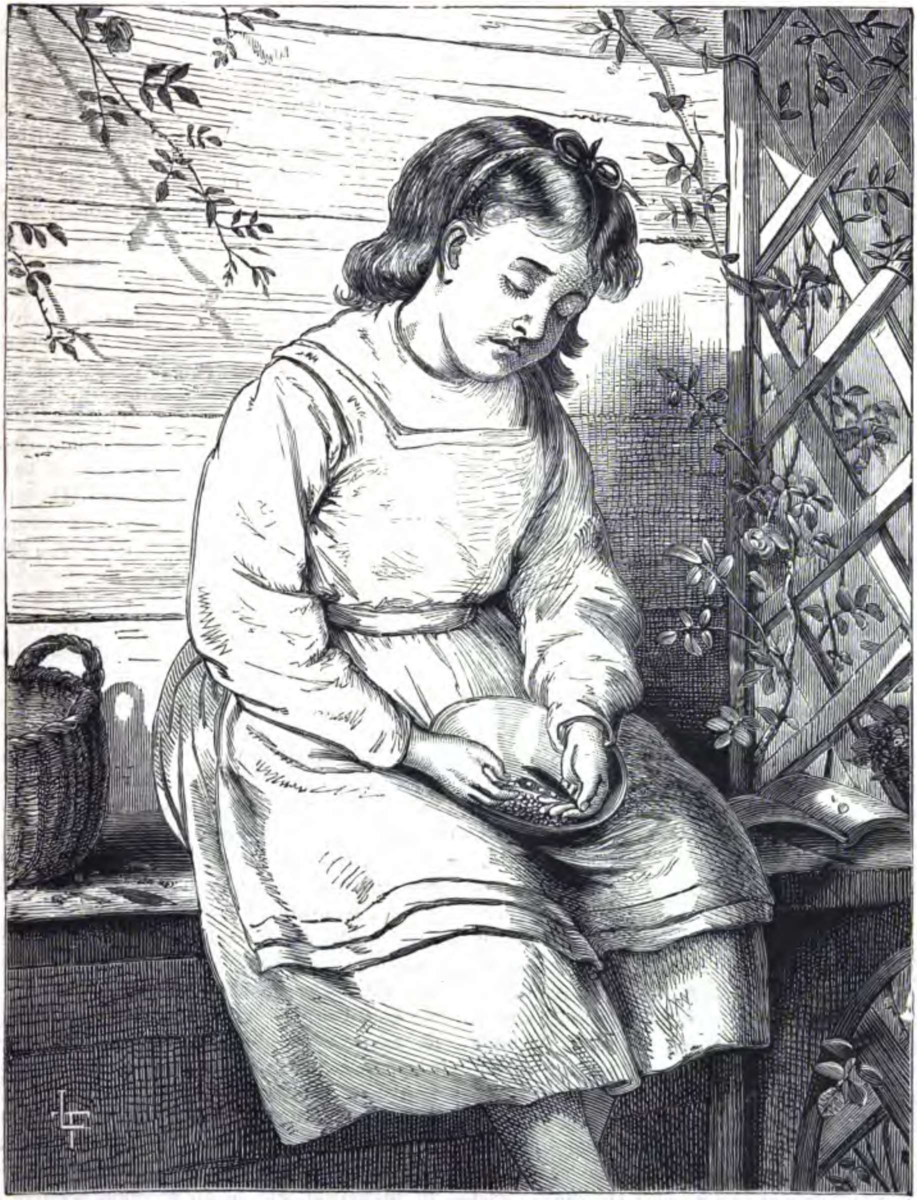
The *text* was written by one who, when aged and in prison said, "I am full and abound, I have need of nothing." Christ made that prison a quiet resting-place in the midst of His apostle's incessant labours, and for this he gave thanks.

I found my *commentary* among the poor, and in no place better than an almshouse. My aged friend, who has now gone from the two small rooms in which so many years of her life were passed, up to the Father's house of many mansions, lived here a lowly life unknown of men, but whose soft still music of continual thanksgiving was pleasant in the ears of the angels. Into those little rooms the Saviour came and dwelt, and His servant, almost blind to any human face, spoke of Him as though she felt His touch and heard His voice, and rejoiced in His companionship all the day long. Her life was always sunny and bright in the light of His smile of love. The almshouses stood on the pleasant slope of a hill, and formed three sides of a square, covered with beautiful grass. They were built for foreigners, who might be without any home in a strange land. Into one of these houses, many years ago, my friend came to dwell, expecting soon to exchange earth for heaven, but she lived on till the age of seventy-five years. The record of her life is simple and commonplace, and yet it was not without its changes.

A native of Sweden, she was driven from home and country, when thirteen years old, by the unkindness of a step-father or step-mother—I forget which—and came over to England, seeking some honest livelihood. After spending a few years in domestic service, she ventured with success to take a house which was let out to visitors. Here there seemed every prospect of more than competence, till she was urged to rent larger and more expensive rooms, with the promise, from a family whose members had constantly visited her, that they would guarantee to keep her apartments always full. For some reason or other, never to be explained, not only did those friends fail her utterly, but not one person ever applied for residence in the more eligible house. The money she had saved rapidly wasted, till, with sterling honesty, she gave up the house, sold all her furniture, paid every debt, and went back to service with seven shillings and sixpence left. This was one of the trials over which in later life she rejoiced exceedingly, since her Heavenly Father had taught her to rest no more in man's help, but to cast her burden wholly upon Him. The lesson once taught was made her own for ever. The Bible lay on a little table always within reach, and but few have studied it more. Its counsels were richly stored in her heart, its words often on her lips. She said, "God brought me by a way I knew not, to read His precious Word. After I came to England, for years I could not read, and had no desire to learn, till I heard the servants speak of a novel (famous enough in the last generation), and I resolved to know English that I might read that book. I was not a Christian then, and it would have been difficult to study in later life. I did not care after all for the novel, but, blessed be His grace, for years I have loved the Bible." She had not a relative left in the world; exile and long life had left them far behind; but God raised up Christian friends, who loved the plain, aged woman, for the saintliness and wondrous grace of the spirit enshrined within. The fine clay had felt the touch of the Master's hand; the pure gold had been chastened into an exceeding preciousness. It was strange to find in one so homely the perfect gentlewoman—a beauty of disposition, a sensitiveness to please, a depth of solid piety, so overlaid with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. No one, in her partial blindness and growing weakness, and strong pangs of bodily pain, ever heard one murmur, while many listened to her rejoicings in her God. Heaven was always near; she waited for years outside its gates, with the glory on her soul, listening for the call, "Come in!" "I am expecting His dear voice to call for me!" she would say, years before she died, "and will not that be a joyful moment! One sight of His face will be more than all the world!" Touched by every act of human kindness, she made each an altar on which the sacrifice of her praise was offered up to God. In her last illness, which was long and painful,—the strong body fighting a hard battle with death,—she was more than patient; the glory to be revealed far outweighed the sufferings. Placing her hand on the shoulders of the faithful friend who remained with her night and day, and looking into her sad face, mournful because of her own pain, she said, "'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God.' Don't weep, you have a rich Father in heaven. Be faithful—faithful to the end."

As death came nearer, she lay half unconscious, speaking very little, but whenever the name of Jesus was spoken to her, the face over which the shadow was stealing, lit up with a wondrous smile. Once she whispered, "Nearer the throne."

At last, when the unseen messenger came close, and, knowing evidently the moment waited for through so many years had come, she cried, "Raise me, raise me!" and looking all around the room, as though she was surrounded with the exceeding glory, a joy came over the worn, aged features,—the



"I DON'T WANT TO."

smile of a new youth, and saying with intense and indescribable fervour, "Beautiful! oh, how beautiful!" the spirit was gone.

Strangers, who were made friends by her piety and the loveliness of her character, laid the body in the grave. For me, a voice seems to come from the silence: it is the memory of a life, lonely, poor, and tried—sorrowful, yet always rejoicing, which says, "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. III.

"*THERE were no ill language if it were not ill taken,*" is an old and shrewd saying. Very wide is this in its application to the common talk which is carried on in our households day after day. The allusion of course is to a certain kind of "ill language," not to evil speech generally. It is aimed at those expressions which come to the tongues of all of us at times, and which in some way annoy or wound others. The proverb notes the fact, which is unquestionable, that a great many persons take offence too readily. "Ill language," it is true, does come from the mouths of many, of set purpose, the speakers not caring how their words are received; but much oftener it is something or other offends which was not designed so to do by the individuals to whom is attributed the cause of the quarrel which probably arises at last. It is surprising how much unpleasantness, or worse, might be averted if the members of families were determined not to be displeased at trifles in speech or manner; and indeed this ought to be carried farther still. If we are Christians, we are bound—and it is quite to our truest interest also—not to be affronted at unkind language used wilfully. As it seems to me, children teach us a lesson in this respect. Those who observe their ways must have noticed that though a child is often enough irritated when its will is directly crossed, it is generally not soon "put out" at remarks which an older person might take in bad part. This arises partly from the fact that at an early age the element of suspicion, which forms part of the character as we grow older, has hardly begun to develop itself, and so a child is, unless its earliest training has been vicious, wont to receive as kindly meant what is perhaps a little doubtful. Much that is sarcastic also is lost when addressed to a child; so it will usually take words in their simplest meaning, and miss a double sense which would vex an adult. Hence, to keep ourselves in such a state of mind that we shall not "take ill" even those remarks which convey blame or censure, we must seek to be, not childish, yet as a child in simplicity and forbearance.

"*Although it rain, throw not away thy watering-pot,*" is a saying which fits into many nooks and corners of human life. I suppose it is a propensity which besets us all, more or less, to judge too hastily from the present as to the future. Both in our joys and sorrows we act just as if what occurred at the moment was likely to continue without change, though if we would only think a little, and look back on the past, we should see how many times we have been deceived about things which we thought would abide with us. The proverb suits mothers well, for besides more important meanings, it has this homely one attached to it, that there are many articles in every household which may seem worthless, or are rendered useless by some change, but after a while, as events speed on, they are found to be of service again. But we must not twist this into an excuse for foolish hoarding of trifles.

"*In a great river, great fish are found, but take heed lest you be drowned.*" We may put this as a set-off against another proverb, "*Nothing venture, nothing have.*" The force of it lies in the fact, which we constantly see, that if we aspire to great things, we may not only fail to secure them, but suffer the consequences of the vain attempt. It is well at times to venture in a direction where by hazarding something we may secure great advantages, yet we must always, if we can, consider whether the risk we run is worth the possible reward. I would suggest this to mothers for their consideration when they have to take steps for the placing their children at school, or in some position in business, as they grow older. Circumstances that appear the most promising may not be so really, when rightly tested. The school that professes to teach most, is not always best for the child; the situation with the largest pay and finest prospects may prove the ruin of the lad.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

A LEAF FROM MINNIE'S DIARY.

AUGUST 1st.—It seems almost impossible to write down all that has happened to-day, my hand trembles so much, but I must try. This morning, as usual, I arose at five o'clock, and, opening my window, I was standing admiring the scenery before me, and thinking how out of harmony sin seemed with such pure surroundings, when I was startled from my reverie by hearing a voice near, calling my name—"Minnie!" I looked in the direction the sound indicated, and imagine my surprise to see Philip Truesdan, looking exceedingly pale and agitated.

"Will you come down, Minnie; I have something very particular to tell you."

All kind of surmises passed through my mind as I complied with his request, for his words and look awakened my anxiety.

"What is the matter, Philip?" I asked.

He struggled with his feelings for some time, and then in a low, hoarse tone, said—"Lilian's gone!"

"Gone!" I repeated, my head feeling so dazed that everything around me seemed to give a little whirl. "You never mean to say that Lily's ——" I could not utter the word; he understood what I meant and replied—

"No, worse than that. Last evening her mother missed her for several hours; but being nothing unusual, it attracted no attention, till at length it grew rather late, and with ill-concealed anxiety her mother went out to the gate to look for her, and afterwards to her room. She returned with a scared-looking face, and holding an open letter in her hand, she said, 'Read it, Thomas; I can scarcely take in its meaning.' I cannot stop to tell you all the puzzled comments that were made. The letter was in Lilian's handwriting, stating that she had chosen a path in which she expected to secure much happiness; she was changing her position for one more congenial to her taste; in short, that she had left home to be married to Mr. Vivian, who would bring her home in a few months to see them. She hoped they would not trouble about her, as she should be perfectly happy, and trusted they would forgive her, but she was afraid they would view it in a wrong light, as they never had been able to understand her feelings. I cannot tell you how long we sat silently looking at each other after the reading of the letter. Then the stricken father looked at me and said, 'What's to be done Philip?' 'Go after her,' I suggested. 'But what is the use,—what direction has she taken?' 'London, probably,' I replied; and though it was like looking for a needle in a hayrick, as he remarked, yet any kind of action was preferable to sitting there in anxiety and grief. He harnessed one of the horses and drove to the next town, as there is a through-train starts from there rather late in the night. I have been staying with your aunt since then, but I feel a poor comforter, for my heart is as sad as theirs."

I knew it, and felt as if a heavy weight, cold as stone, had been suddenly placed upon my heart, and, promising to be at the farm as soon as possible, I returned to the house, though I should have preferred shutting myself up in my own room, just to get rid of the cold, heavy stupor that had come over my mind. The clock struck seven, the girls were busy in the dairy, and being housekeeper, it was my duty to attend to the household comforts; so I prepared breakfast, placed father's arm-chair near the table, brought the Bible, and led the singing of the hymn as usual; but it all seemed to me like the faint, distant hum of voices; the only abiding words were—"Trust in the Lord; cast thy care upon him, for he careth for thee."

I could not utter the words "Lilian's gone!" No one but mother noticed anything particular about me. When I took her breakfast-tray to her bedside, she said, "What is the matter, child? Your face is pale, and you have such dark circles round your eyes, I do not like to see it."

I spent the remainder of the day with Aunt Radford, and finding myself unequal to the duty of comforter, as all my consolations seemed to waver on my lips, we sat silent every few minutes, looking at the clock.

Betty, the milkmaid, passed through the kitchen, singing—"I'm a merry mountain maid." The lively chorus seemed so out of place just then, that aunt shivered visibly. Betty's brisk footstep was again heard along the passage, and her rosy face appeared at the door, all concern, as she said, "Why, missus, there's them pigs have had nothing to eat to-day, and there's some pans of cream that will spoil if you don't make butter to-day."

"Thank you, Betty, for reminding me; I had quite forgotten—my head aches badly."

"Well, to be sure, I thought you were all mazed or something; I suppose master's away on business. Now don't you flurry yourself," as she saw Mrs. Radford's heightened colour, "for I'll try and make up for lost time if you can see to the butter-making." Betty disappeared, continuing her merry song.

"Shall we go to the dairy, aunt?" I asked.

"Yes, Minnie; it won't do to give way like this."

Hours passed and saw us both still busy; the only remark made was, "That looks very nice; the butter has come out beautifully."

Evening came; aunt said she did not expect uncle home to-night, and thought I had better return, as mother would be missing me. I saw she wished to be alone, and, kissing her, whispered, "'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.'"

The evening was calm, its very peacefulness appearing in mocking contrast to my grief, created a dreary kind of feeling in my heart; I could not help contrasting its peacefulness with the sorrow and suffering our own sinful passions bring upon ourselves and others. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of the sea; here and there, as a sparkling sunbeam kissed the calm wave, a gentle ripple would return the salutation like dimples awakened by smiles. I think I stood there for nearly an hour, watching the sea as it mirrored the last rays of the setting sun. The hill and slopes were veiled in mist, while the huge masses of gold and crimson cloud around the sun made up a most gorgeous picture; but none of these things cheered me. I turned towards home, and for the first time became aware that Philip was standing near me. He placed my arm within his own, and said, "This morning, Minnie, when I came to this spot, the waves were lashing each other with angry rage, dashing against the rocks and rushing with a hoarse thunder-like tone through the caverns; the sun arose and enticed the angry waves to rest. It is evening now, and how very calm! I suppose our life's calm does not come till the evening-time of life."

He stopped, and I replied—"'I trusted in thee, O God, my times are in thy hand.' 'At evening-time it shall be light.'"

"Then we must trust and be thankful for the rest whenever it comes."

"Yes," I replied, quoting my favourite hymn—

"Give to the winds thy fears,
  Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
  He shall lift up thy head.

"Through waves and clouds and storms
  He gently clears thy way,
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
  Shall end in brighest day."

But how hard this is to believe when the happiness we hoped for is for ever removed from us. Can anything prove a substitute?

(*To be continued.*)

UNCLE PAUL; OR, "WHAT'S AMISS?"

"WHAT'S amiss?—not so well to-day, Esther?" asked her uncle Paul, as he rested in her cottage on his way home from work.

Esther looked up from her spinning-wheel and replied, "I am better, thank God, uncle; indeed, I am pretty near as strong as ever."

"Then your husband has an extra touch of the asthmatics?"

"Nay, uncle, he's after the *better* fashion."

"Oh, then, it's the children that are sadly?"

"Nothing of the kind, uncle; they are all hearty. The elder ones are at work, and the two younger ones are at school."

"Perhaps they are *going to be ill?*"

"I hope not. Come, uncle, it's not like you to meet trouble half way."

"No, but as you had met it, and are keeping company with it, I thought I would help you if I could, for sorrow is hard work to bear to one's self."

"Ah, uncle, you do not know all my struggles."

"No, I don't; and if you tell me of nothing but mercies, I cannot understand your long face. It seems to say, 'The Lord hath forsaken me, my God hath forgotten me.'"

"Why, uncle, that's just what I feel."

"I thought so by your looks; but that is only because your body is weak, so your faith is weak. Just take a turn in the fresh air, and your spirits will be refreshed. Put on your bonnet, and give me a help on my way home. That's right, put the key in your pocket and come along. Mark my words, you will return thinking of the promises, and thanking God for His mercies."

"Yes, uncle, if I were you, or anything like as good as you, but I am no better than smoking flax. I am no burning and shining light."

"Thank God, Esther, that there's smoke, for smoke shows fire underneath, and who knows when it may kindle to a flame. The Lord never quenches the lowest fire, but kindles it. He likes to see even smoke, and we know, though a chimney isn't a guide in a dark night, yet when the smoke is seen in the day, travellers may call and ask to be guided along their way by some one who is within."

"True, uncle, but I hope no one will ever look to me for guidance. I'm a poor dead soul."

"So it seems, Esther, just now, and that light which once guided your old uncle to the blessed Saviour seems to be put out by your own shadow."

"My own shadow, uncle! what do you mean?"

"I mean, Esther, you have put yourself between the Saviour and your soul. Your weak body has worked fears and fancies, suspicions and doubts, and difficulties into a thick curtain of discontent, so that no cheering ray comes from the blessed Sun of Righteousness. You walk in darkness, and have no light. When a blessing crosses your path you cannot see it, and daily, hourly, mercies startle you as they come down from above, in spite of the gloomy curtains you have drawn round. They speak, 'Can a woman forget her sucking child; yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee on the palms of my hands.' That is a safe place to have our names hid; for look, Esther," said he, holding out his hand, "if a name be written there, it is safer than if it were on the back of the hand, for the fingers can shut over and keep it from being rubbed off."

"I never thought of that. I only wish I could feel sure my name was written there."

"Make it sure, Esther, by asking the Lord to write it. Then listen to His call—'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'"

"I do go to Him, uncle, as often as I can."

"I believe you do, Esther, but there's more for you to do; you must 'make your calling and election sure' by warfare; you must fight against Satan and self."

"Well, uncle, I am sure I never do let Satan master me in wickedness. I watch my words. I can safely say I never uttered an oath in my life; and I guard my temper; the children never see me in a passion. As to Sabbath-breaking, I have gained a victory there. Satan never tempts me now by getting neighbours to entice me by cheap trips. Poor John's cough keeps him in of an evening, so I have no temptation to get drink in fetching him home from the public-house as formerly. Every one knows the public-house is no place for me, so Satan never draws me there."

"No, Esther, the flax smokes, and neighbours know the house where the fire does not go out. Satan knows, too, how you are armed for battle. He does not dare to fight openly, but he comes secretly and lets in a wasp at the chink of the window. This makes you drop your sword; then he appears before you can pick it up, and has a tussle with you about yourself, pitying your hard lot, and showing how much you have given up for others, and how little you have received in return, blinding your eyes to mercies and opening them to grievances. So when neighbours come in they don't find you rejoicing. The flax on the hearth smoulders. The bright voices of the children calling—'Mother, are you ill?' makes you stir it, for you say, 'Thank God I am not ill,' and the words remind you that you ought to be thankful; so the flax smokes again."

"I know I ought to be thankful, and it grieves me that I am not, and when neighbours ask what's coming over me, and laugh at my religion, saying, 'Where is now your God?' it hurts me, and as you came in I was just feeling what a wicked sinner I was, and how my low spirits would set people against religion. There, that's the meaning of my long face, for I was ready to cry."

We shall hope to conclude the conversation next month.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

SCRAP ROLLS.

Make a crust and cut it into pieces, eight inches by four, mince scraps of any kind of cooked meat, spread them over each piece; add pepper and salt, and bake.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

THE DANGER OF TEMPTATION AND THE FORCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

LOT parted with his wife, never again to meet; but a wife whose heart was set on this world could not have been chosen for eternity, unless it were an eternity of misery. How few think of eternity, when they marry; indeed, in all our concerns, is it not Time rather than Eternity that regulates our actions? Do we not live too much with our eyes on the present rather than with a view to the future? We look too much to this world and man, and too little to the better world and God. How well it would have been if Lot's wife had followed her husband's example! For Lot's sake she was not destroyed in Sodom, and thus she had a favour in this world: her death was the result of her own disobedience to the command of God, "Look not behind thee." Blessings in this life often descend for the sake of the righteous. God blessed the house of Pharaoh for Joseph's sake, and God brought Lot's wife out of Sodom for Lot's sake; thus she had a blessing in this life. No one, however good, can save another; salvation is what we must seek for ourselves. We may pray for another, we may entreat, we may advise; but it rests with individuals whether they will answer these calls, whether they will pray and seek for themselves. No doubt Lot's wife heard her husband deplore the wickedness of Sodom; so there was the more reason for her to turn from it, and she would have more to answer for than if she had had no warning. Solomon says, "he, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

I knew a man and his wife who were very poor, though the husband was in regular work, and they had only one son, who also earned weekly wages. The man was a sincere Christian, and the son was steady and industrious, yet the house was the picture of wretchedness. There was hardly a chair to sit upon; and the wife had no bonnet or shawl, which was the reason, she said, that she never went to a place of worship. She deceived me by her religious talk, which she had learned from her good husband; but words are worthless without deeds, and to know what is right and to practise what is wrong, makes a person doubly guilty; while to say one thing and yet to do what is bad is acting the hypocrite. At last this woman's fair speeches were suddenly stopped, for she fell down in a drunken fit on her way from the public-house and never recovered her senses. After her death neighbours said, "Now good old Jones will have a chance of comfort, for his wife drank all his earnings;" and while he mourned that she was lost for ever, his friends thought her a good riddance, for she was only a hindrance to his comfort and peace. When Jones married, he and his wife were both of one mind; but an accident in the coal-pit had roused him, and he had prayed for true repentance. The Lord had heard and answered him; He had changed his heart, so that Jones hated the sins he once loved. But his wife, though she pretended to be awakened to what was right, had no love for goodness and no hatred for sin; so she looked back after drink and wicked companions, until she was cut off in the midst of her sins, like Lot's wife, with no time to repent or pray for mercy.

Such sudden deaths are a warning to all not to do anything we should not like to be found doing if God were to call us away in the midst of it. We may be industriously cleaning the house, tenderly nursing the children, patiently bearing trouble, thankfully eating and drinking, or diligently working to gain an honest penny; and all such like acts, if done to please God, will be good. We need not be afraid of God finding us so doing, for to act out the Bible by being diligent and contented, meek and forbearing,—lifting up the heart to God in the midst of daily duty,—shows a fervent spirit serving the Lord. Such people are prepared to meet God wherever and whenever He should meet them; and they will be as ready to die in the midst of their work as if they had their Bible in their hands or were on their knees in prayer. They have nothing to fear, for they have prayed that the Saviour will wash their sins away in His precious blood; they believe His righteousness will cover them; and the Holy Spirit sheds a light on their way, and helps them to walk in the footsteps of their Divine Master; so they go on in the path of duty, saying, "I will fear no evil, for thou, Lord, art with me." One word more on the importance of a woman's example. Many men will not bear to be talked to; but all can see and feel the blessings of a good temper, honest purposes, straightforward dealings, patient meekness, steady perseverance, clean, tidy ways, and bright, pleasant looks. Such things have made men ashamed of acting contrarily, though perhaps they would not follow fully. Let women only continue in well-doing, and they may hope that earnest prayers and hearty endeavours will at last be rewarded. Let public worship go hand in hand with private practice, and sorrow will be turned into joy where weeping often endures.

"Who can that be I saw go by?
I thought I heard her heave a sigh."
"Yes, so you did; 'twas poor Nell Brown;
She comes from near the neighb'ring town."

"What makes her sigh, my friend?" I said;
"Her husband drinks"—she shook her head;
I saw my friend much more could say,
But, looking sad, she turned away.

One day I sheltered from the rain,
And there I found poor Nell again;
But, oh, so bright! 'twas plain to see
She was not what she used to be.

And then I heard she'd cast her care
Upon the Lord in fervent prayer;
He spoke the word, He set all right,—
It was a wondrous, happy sight

To see poor Nell, and hear her tale
How God alone does all things well;
He called their little child on high,
To lead its father to the sky.

For so it was, the baby died,
The father and the mother cried;
And when she went to church alone,
He said, he'd think about the stone.

"I've carved a number in my time,
Some in prose and some in rhyme;
I'll find a verse in my old book"—
He sought it out with serious look.

"My child is safe in heaven above;"
He paused, as though the Saviour's love
Was more than he could hope to share,
But prayed, "Lord Jesus, take me there,—

"Oh, make me fit to enter in,
And help me to forsake my sin;
Forgive my shocking, wicked life,
Forgive my conduct to my wife."

He wept, and when his wife returned
Her heart with holy fervour burned;
For he declared his good intent
How time and wages should be spent.

"You've had the start and led the way,
But I will follow from to-day;"
Thus said the man, and now Nell's prayer
Was answered, and she lost her care.

For she and John might now be seen,
Quite sober, happy, well and clean;
One God to serve, one aim in view,
With hearts both tender, warm and new.

And thus they looked to meet once more
The little one that went before—
Not lost, but safe with God above,
Who watched o'er all with constant love.

Angels rejoiced with John Brown's wife,
And John spent now a useful life;
With gladdened hopes which last for ever
They looked above, where nought could sever.

Let us, my friends, do just the same,
Then we shall have to bear no blame;
But, living for the world to come,
Christ is our Friend and Heaven our Home.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

WILLIE'S LESSON.

LITTLE Willie Hamlin was in the midst of a game of play with his papa, one winter's evening, when his mother said, glancing at the clock, "Come, Willie; mamma will put you to bed now."

"I don't *want* to go to bed," whined Willie; but his mother said cheerily, as she picked up his playthings for the night,

"But it's eight o'clock, childie, half an hour later than usual! and I'm sure my little boy must be tired."

"No, I ain't tired, and I ain't going to bed," said the child, stoutly, tempted into defying his mother by a mistaken fancy that her gentle, coaxing manner was a sign of yielding.

Mrs. Hamlin looked up surprised and grieved, and, taking his hand, said very gravely, "My son, you must go to bed at once;" but he snatched his hand away, pouting his lips, and persisting—

"I ain't agoing! I'm going to play with papa; so there!"

"No, Willie," said his father, getting up from the floor where he had been doing service as Willie's horse; "I'm not going to play with you any more. Mind your mother, and go straight off to bed."

"I shan't do it!" shouted the naughty boy, beginning to cry.

Mrs. Hamlin hesitated a moment—the child had never so openly defied them before, and she felt that this was a crisis which must be promptly and firmly met; but how? Should she chastise him? or teach him the lesson in some other way? She glanced at her husband, but he had always left the government of their boy to her, and was not disposed to interfere now.

Suddenly a thought struck her, and turning to the excited child she said, "Very well, Willie; but remember that if you do not go to bed *now* you must sit up as long as I like."

Mr. Hamlin lifted his eyebrows in astonishment at this strange concession; but he had perfect confidence in his wife's judgment, so he took up the evening paper and sat down before the fire.

Willie could hardly believe his ears. He scarcely noticed the condition imposed—indeed it conveyed no idea to his mind; but he was wild at the thought that he could positively sit up as long as he had a mind. What fun! and he began to romp about in his joy, determined to make the most of the occasion. His mother sighed at his thoughtlessness, half-fearing she had made a mistake; and, taking her work, she too settled down for the evening. Willie enjoyed himself immensely for a while, then it began to trouble him that papa and mamma did not notice his pranks as usual. He turned somersaults, slid on the arms of the sofa, and tried in numberless ways to attract their attention. But there they sat, absorbed in their work and reading, and never so much as raised an eyelid. He stopped at last, and stood watching his mother, and even his childish eyes noted the grieved look about her mouth; while he looked, a bright tear rolled down her cheek and dropped glittering on her work. His own eyes began to fill with tears and his lip quivered, but the thought of going to bed hardened his heart, and he ran off to his play again. Nine o'clock came, and his father, after locking up the house, went to his room without giving Willie a "good-night kiss." His mother folded up her work, and Willie thought his time had come now; but no, she took up a book and began to read. The tired child made one more desperate effort to enjoy himself. He piled up all the stools and made a carriage, and hitched his bright lines to a couple of chairs and said "Go on!" and "Whoa!" but, somehow, his horses were only two wooden chairs that night and wouldn't go at all, so he got vexed with them and put them into the stable upside down. Then he got out his Noah's Ark, but he discovered that Father Noah had lost a leg, and half the animals were more or less disabled. All his usual amusements had lost their zest; and, as he began to realise that he *must* sit up, he had lost all desire to do so. At last he put his favourite picture-book on the table, and, propping his sleepy head on his two hands, he tried hard to look at the pictures; but he couldn't keep his eyes open, though he rubbed them vigorously with his chubby fists. He looked longingly at mamma, but she read on steadily; so he slipped down from his chair and went into the bedroom.

"What!" said papa, "not in bed yet?"

"Mamma won't put me to bed," sobbed Willie; "mayn't I get in with you, papa?"

"Oh no, you can't get into bed with your clothes on; you must wait till mamma is ready to undress you."

"But I'm *so* sleepy," pleaded the child, completely subdued at last.

"You have been very naughty, and must tell mamma you are sorry first," said his papa, sorry for the child, but not knowing exactly what course his wife meant to pursue. "Run away now, papa wants to go to sleep."

Willie went slowly back into the other room, longing to beg forgiveness; but a glance at his mother's grave face made him afraid to speak to her, and he crept into a corner of the sofa, sobbing as if his heart would break. Poor mamma's loving heart yearned over the sorrowful little one, but she knew it was not time to yield yet; and she read on and on without realising a word that was before her.

The clock struck ten, and glancing up mamma saw that the little fellow had cried himself to sleep. She called to him, and every time she saw the blue eyes close and the golden head nod, she relentlessly waked him up; till at last he burst into a perfect storm of tears, and running to her laid his head in her lap, crying,

"O mamma! I so sorry. I never, never do so any more. Oh, kiss me, mamma! I so sorry."

Mamma gladly gathered the sobbing, penitent child into her arms, humbly thankful that the victory was won; and, without striving to deepen the lesson by words, she hastily undressed him and laid him in his crib just as the clock struck eleven. So weary was he with his long day, and worn out with crying, that he was asleep almost before his head touched the pillow.

And ever after, if he insisted on sitting up, it was only necessary for his mother to say, "You know what the consequences will be, my child;" and he would start at once. It was a severe lesson, and one that Willie never forgot.

AN ANCHOR OF SAFETY.

"THIS little sister will be an anchor of safety to her brothers," said a friend, on being shown a new-born baby girl. She did not seem, as her little, round, expressionless face looked out from the blanket in which she was wrapped, as if she could *anchor* anything but a fond mother, whose wondrous love would maintain a sleepless watch over the tiny helpless form, and whose ear would understand each cry. How could anything so small and feeble, so ignorant, so uninteresting to strangers, be an anchor of safety to a family of romping, whistling, whittling, uproarious boys. "A birch rod, a shaking, a dismissal from school, being sent before the mast, is the anchor they need," some would say, who know not the soft, sweet kernel in the boy-heart.

God, who made the dear boys, and gave them their vigour and manly energies, so troublesome in childhood, so useful in after-life, knew better than any one what kind of an anchor they needed, and so sent a helpless baby, whose tiny touch would disarm Satan's power. From the day that "the boys" admitted their schoolmates one by one to the privilege of "seeing our baby," and laughed, and sported over her staring eyes and tiny fists, to their dying day, that sister is a power for evil or good. It is a sweet, honoured place in the family! Her winning smiles, her cheerful ways, help to make the home an inviting spot to tempted boys. A boy who loves and is loved by a patient, kind, Christian sister, is far harder to ruin, and if he sins, is more apt to repent and reform, than one who is denied that sweet relationship.

Dear young friends, are you an *anchor of safety* to your brothers? Do you keep them at home, when bad boys and worse men are tempting them to sin? Are you patient with their rough ways and boisterous games? Or, do you scold, and frown, and fret when your brother steps on your dress and tears it? takes some of your valuable bits of ribbon and materials for dolls' dresses to make a kite's tail, or tips over and breaks your cup and saucer? Do you feel relieved when the "boys are out," and say, "How quiet and pleasant a house without boys"? Then you are no *anchor of safety*. You are not doing the sacred, holy work for which God placed *sisters* in families.

Dear girls, *bear with your brothers!* Their loud, noisy manners are given them that they may push their way among hard-hearted, rough men. Nothing pays better than loving, and petting, and bearing with a headstrong boy. Satan fears a sister's caresses, and smiles, and loving confidence, and will do all that he can to make you neglect your work. He is never sure of the destruction of a youth who tells his secrets to a *sister*. When you leave your book or your sewing to mend a rip in a ball, while a big, boisterous brother stands whistling, beating time with his thick boots, and hurrying you, and finally runs off, tripping over a chair or two, and leaving all the doors open, without a word of thanks, remember that he is a *boy*. Forgive his rude ways. Give him a heart full of tender love. He will return it in his own fashion. A brother's love is a priceless possession through life. Don't complain of him, or lecture him. By-and-by, when he is a man of influence and worth, he may say, as many others have done, "I tremble to think what I might have been, but for my little sister."

"But my brother is so wild and rude,

and teases me," says one little girl. "Mine has gone away to sea, or somewhere, and I can't do him any good." Never mind where brothers go, or what they do, a sister's love can reach them, and will, with God's help, save them. Remember, that your work in the family is to be an *anchor of safety*, to hold the heart of the precious, wayward, roving, headstrong boy in the harbour of *home*. No nobler task can be assigned to a daughter. M. E. W.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

IN a few days Farmer Radford returned alone, looking pale and stern. No one knew what passed between him and his wife in that hour they spent together; the understanding was, that their child's name was never to be mentioned between them. The stricken mother silently acquiesced. It was better so, she thought; for the mention of it only wrung her heart. Whenever the nights were unusually dark and misty, a flickering light might have been seen in Lilian's room window, her mother thinking, "If she only comes to look at the old place she will see there's a welcome for her still." The farmer saw it, but made no remark; his heart was not steeled against his child, he was but trying to hide a wound too deep for curiosity to unveil. Children little think what anguish they cause parents by disobedient, undutiful conduct.

* * * *

Have you realised the anguish of months of suspense? Have you known what it is to wait in breathless anticipation, and then your heart to give a quick little flutter as the postman's rat-tat resounded through the house, and, after all your expectancy, your heart to sink with a cold, disappointed feeling as you examined the envelope and pronounced it the wrong letter? Thus day after day passed on, bringing no tidings to the anxious parents; sometimes they strove for indifference, hoping that if they were not expecting news a surprise might await them. But days, weeks, and months passed, bringing no trace of the wanderer; and love and justice held many an argument in their hearts. The latter suggested that one so cruel and indifferent about their happiness should cease to be their daily and hourly sorrow; why should all their life be o'ershadowed with grief for one who cared so little for them? But love came off victor; how could they help it? Autumn's mellow sunsets faded; the harvest was gathered in; fruit-time passed, and the winter approached, with its wild boisterousness and its cold, gloomy aspect. The winds shrieked dismally through the chimneys, and shook the casements; while the old elms swayed and creaked as if in agony. A middle-aged woman stood by her garden gate, her apron thrown carelessly over her head; the wind frolicked with her dress and scattered a few stray hairs over her face.

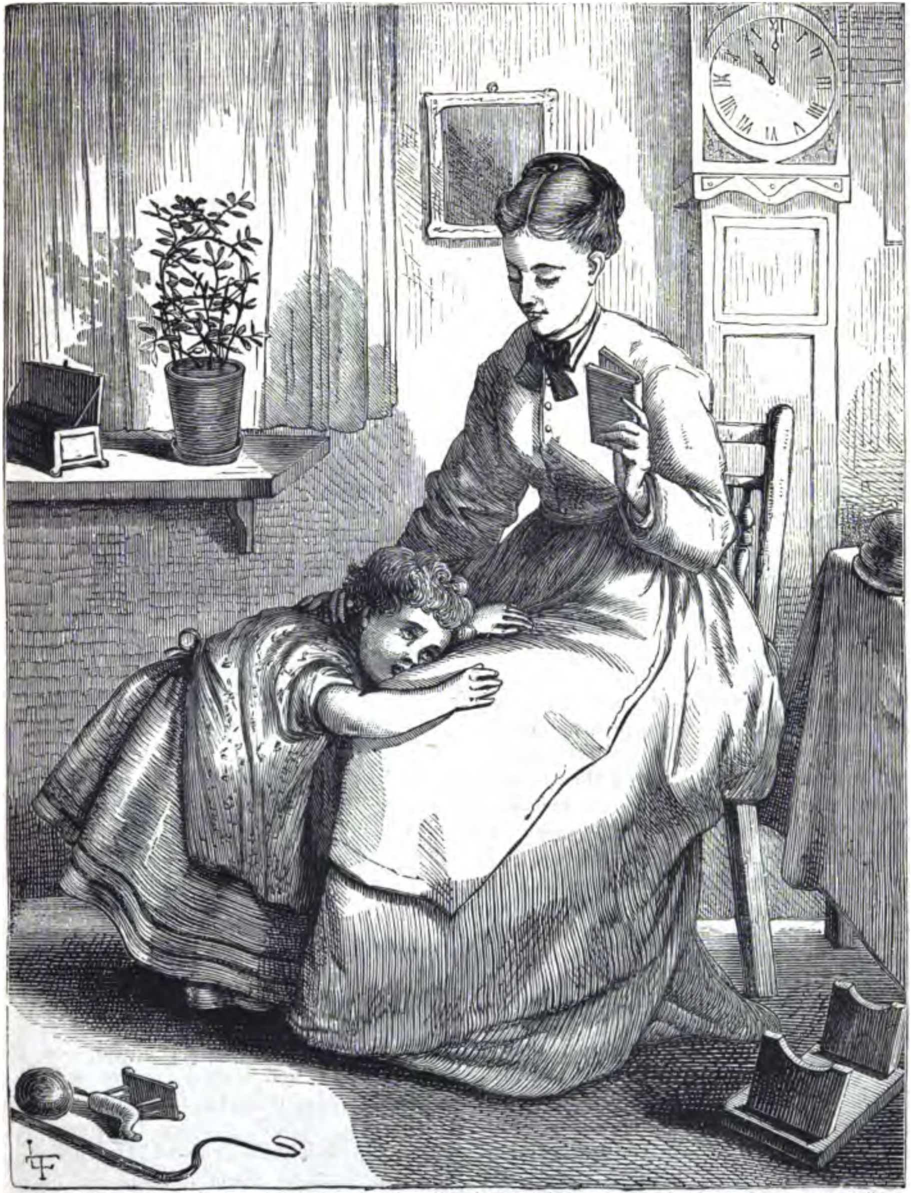
"It's a wild night," she uttered, half aloud; "Lord help the wanderer!"

She retraced her steps to the farm-house; she opened the door, and the wind saved her the trouble of reclosing it by performing the business most unceremoniously, accompanied by a wild gust which resounded through the house.

"It's a wild night, Thomas," she remarked to her husband.

"Ay, it is, wife; Lord help all who are obliged to brave it."

Half-an-hour passed, and no word was uttered. The farmer laid his pipe on the mantel-shelf and leaned forward with his elbows on his knees, his face half buried in his hands. A soft, prolonged "whew" had taken the place of the lively whistle with which he was wont to cheer himself on former winter evenings. He glanced at his wife: she was always industrious, but now the woollen



Running to her, laid his head in her lap, crying, "O mamma! I so sorry, I never, never do so anymore."

stocking was forgotten, the darning-needle dangled down to the end of her apron, her hands were listlessly folded, and one tear after another coursed down her cheek.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband, assuming a surprise he did not feel.

"Oh, Thomas! ——" and the grey locks were intermingled; suppressed feeling opened the flood-gate, and long pent-up sorrow flowed forth.

Tears are indeed a great relief to an overcharged heart, and persons say they are better for a good cry; but I will tell you what is better still, and what these two did. Feeling had its way; then Mrs. Radford raised her head and said, "Let's pray together, Thomas!"

There was no question asked, What for? no word of explanation was needed; their hearts were full of the one desire. They knelt together and prayed for help to bear their trial, and for the wanderer's speedy restoration. When they arose from their supplicatory posture, the room was nearly in darkness, the candle started up one bright spire of light and then died out, the wood fire was charred and smouldering, but there was more light and hope within their hearts than there had been for many a day.

"Now we will have some tea, Thomas," said his wife in a cheerful tone; and she went about her preparations with a comparatively easy heart, for her mind was full of that promise—"And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him." It was this faith in a prayer-hearing and answering God that had raised such a heavy burden from her heart; she felt assured it was one of those petitions God would answer, for was not His love extended to poor wanderers from paths of truth and virtue? Was He not willing and waiting to welcome such to paths of righteousness?

After the tea was cleared away the farmer occupied himself with a newspaper lent by a neighbour, and his wife resumed her darning. Neither of them was inclined to be very talkative in the happiest times. The clock made the most noise, a cricket chirped merrily now and then, and the tame jackdaw occasionally sharpened his beak upon the rail of the chair where he had perched. Old Rover suddenly awoke from his nap, pricked up his ears, gave a sharp little bark and ran to the door.

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

A loud shrill whistle announced some one; and without further parley the door was opened. The wind put the light out, sent the farmer's newspaper across the room, blew the smoke in all directions, and most seriously incommoded Jack, who hopped down, stood up his feathers and screamed "What!"

"Why, dear me, it's Saunderson!" said the astonished pair, not for one moment imagining his errand.

"Ay, sure, and it is Saunderson! and what do you think he has brought you?"

He did not wait for an answer, but, holding a letter before them, continued, "It's right this time. I know the child's writing well; she's living, that testifies; so now I'm off, wishing you all a pleasant night."

The kind-hearted postman was out of sight before the astonished pair could express their thanks for coming all that distance on such a rough night. Mrs. Radford took the letter in her hand and read the address, and wondered what was inside; then the farmer took it, put on his spectacles and examined the address too; then, handing it back again to his wife, said —"Had you not better open it?"

"No, do you, Thomas; my hand trembles so much, I could not hold it still;" and tenderly, though eagerly, the longed-for epistle was unfolded.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE PAUL; OR, "WHAT'S AMISS?"

(CONTINUED.)

"WELL, Esther, I am glad I stopped you from crying; and now take the medicine that the Good Physician sends for poor, frail human nature. He gives it without money and without price, to brace the nerves and cheer the spirits; and it will give appetite for daily bread, and will help you to digest it."

"I know; you mean prayer."

"No, I don't; but I believe you'll have to pray before you'll use the physic."

"Ah, it's the promises."

"Nay, it isn't; but it will help you to lay hold on the promises."

"Then it is a contented mind."

"It is a help towards a contented mind, for it's nothing more nor less than fresh air."

"Oh, uncle; and leave my work to get it?"

"Yes; you'll save time rather than lose it, if you go on an errand to the shop, or fetch a pail of water, or take your husband's dinner. Let the children go with you, if you like; but don't let them go instead of you. You would work with double spirit when you returned; both body and mind would be better. Yes, Esther, and your religion would shine brighter. God helps those who help themselves; and, when He gives fresh air, it is for those to use it who are not too ill to get benefit from it. There are some poor afflicted ones who must keep in, and to them it is often a hard struggle to fight against fears and doubts; but the Lord does not forget them. He sees their efforts; and, when He has tried them in the furnace of affliction, He brings them out purged of the dross of selfishness, and pride, and wickedness. He shines upon them with such brightness that His beauty is seen in them, and they, too, faintly shine. They say, 'O, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.' And when the fine gold becomes dim, and tarnishes, oh, how does the Great Artificer look upon His handiwork with sorrow, as He begins to burnish and rub off stains of self and sin again and again! Yes, Esther, 'He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.' But we must be conformed to the Lord's image, and I have learnt that we need putting again and again into the furnace of trial. Thank God I can say 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

"Well, uncle, in all your trials you never lost heart."

"I soon should have done if the Lord had not upheld me. He brings healing in His wings, and I have learnt to cast my care upon Him. Whoever trusted in Him and was confounded, Esther?"

"No one, uncle; and I had not trusted as I ought. I thought I did; but my spirit would not sink with every wave that washes over me, if my heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord. I know I ought to rejoice."

"Yes, Esther; every Christian should rejoice. Friends may fail, money may fail; but Jesus is 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Those who can say, 'Jesus is mine and I am His,'

'What can they want beside?'

asks the hymn."

"I was just thinking of that line; it was sung in service last Sunday, and it has come into my mind many a time this week."

"But you found your cares were too much for you after all? Why don't you cast them on the Lord, and leave them with Him? Are you afraid He cannot manage them, or don't you like to part with them, Esther?"

"Oh, uncle, I should be beside myself if I did not take them to Him and ask Him to help me; but it is not so easy to *leave* them with Him. They follow me, whether I will let them or not."

"True, Esther; they are just like some wilful children that I watch every day of my life, for they are our neighbours. The mother goes out and tells the eldest girl to mind the little ones and keep them in; but she does not lock the door, so they go out and scream after her; she takes them back a time or two and scolds and beats them. At last they seem determined to follow her; so she lets one hold her dress, while she carries the other; thus she is tired and hindered."

"Oh, dear: and she lets them manage her! Well, if they are her master when they are young, what will they be as they grow up?"

"Why, a pest and a scourge to her, to be sure. She ought to make her will *law*, and lock them up. The more determined they are to follow her, the more determined she should be to keep to her word; for I know you need to be firm with children, and it is hard work not to give in."

"Just so, Esther; and our cares are as bad as wilful children—they will follow us again and again, if we only give one look at them; they are sure to turn after us and catch hold of us. Yes; if we pick one up to carry it our arms are burdened, and if we let another cling to us we are hindered."

"So we are, uncle, but how are we to help it?"

"As you would manage your children, manage your cares; don't let them be master. Don't listen to their cries; having left them safely with the Lord in prayer, then go on your way rejoicing, and tune your heart to praise. Don't look behind at them; don't have a word with them. If they call after you, drown their voice with singing one of the Lord's songs. I have found this a help to me against many a vexation; for, thank God, it is no great trouble of late I have had to bear; and, when my heart has tuned itself to praise, my voice has soon chimed in and I have forgotten my worry."

"I wish I could do the same; for, like you, uncle, I have no great trials; and it is that which vexes me, for, when the Lord fills my cup with blessings, it seems shameful that I should ever speak anything but thankfulness, and I am angry with myself for being put out with trifles."

"Yes, one is ashamed at one's own faults, and one does often need to ask for almighty help against little worries; but, Esther, it is 'the little foxes that eat the tender grapes,' and they get through a small hole in the fence; so we must guard the vineyard at every corner, and we must pray the Lord of the vineyard to keep it every moment, and ask him to drive off the little foxes, while we do our best to prevent their entering; for, Esther, while we can do a good deal ourselves, we need never do anything by ourselves; and it is when we lean to our own understanding that the Lord shows us our weakness by the failure of our faith, and then we learn we have not trusted in Him. You see it is while man works in God's strength that God's will is done, and our labours bring glory to Him."

"I'm sure I wish to glorify God, and I don't want to lean to my own understanding; but I get overdone with work."

"Yes, yes; and this walk and fresh air will give you fresh spirit to go back to your duties. The body helps the mind, so get a taste of fresh air every day to strengthen it; the mind will help the body, so tune your heart to praise and bless the Lord, and forget not all His benefits. Good-bye, Esther, for I won't tempt you down the hill, as I know it is a good pull to climb up again."

"Thank you, uncle, for considering it. I was so taken up with your words, I never thought how far I had come; but I must hurry back now, or the children will be home from school before I am there to let them in."

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. IV.

"*THE comforter's head never aches.*" This is putting the matter in the strongest light, as proverbs often do; and yet how true is it that, in doing kindnesses to others, we ourselves reap large benefits. Not that we are to show sympathy and compassion merely because it will be, in the long run, to our own advantage; we must seek so to live as to feel that in gladdening or consoling those amongst whom we are placed we are engaging in one of the highest duties of the Christian life. And those we are sure will be the most successful comforters, who are themselves in constant communication with the Divine Comforter. A mother has often to act the part of a comforter as well as a loving corrector; and, though we cannot promise her a full immunity from headaches, especially if the young folks are of lively temperaments, it will still be true, that in comforting them she will often remove or forget pains and annoyances of her own.

"*Haste comes not alone.*" This proverb may seem at first a little dark, yet its meaning is brought out by many occurrences we constantly witness. As another saying has it—"More haste, less speed"—so it may be taken for granted that he or she who is in haste has either committed some mistake or fault, or is in danger of running into one. We are in haste, and the companion of haste is generally something disagreeable. It is not easy, when we are doing anything in a hurry, to keep our temper if we are interrupted or further delayed; and, as hasty work is seldom done in a satisfactory way, we may have after all to go over it again, or in some way cause ourselves further trouble. So that it may be well for us to keep in view the truth, that when we have to go about anything in haste, as must now and then be, we are in danger of adding to our difficulties or making new ones. It has been said—and the greater impulsiveness of the female character may account for the fact, that women get more easily into a hurry than men at some trifling provocation. If so, mothers may remember this proverb with advantage for themselves and for their children, since a very large portion of the faults of the juveniles arise simply out of haste, or impetuosity, which is closely related thereto.

"*Love without end hath no end*" is a quaint saying which we owe to the Spaniards; and the point of it lies in this, that selfishness, whether persons are aware of it or not, is really at the root of most human attachments. Every day we see the end of attachments which, when they commenced between two friends, promised to last for life; and, what is more lamentable, we find that near relatives, whose love was mutual and seemingly sincere, become cold to each other, or the feeling turns even to dislike. And why? because the love was, in secret, on account of some advantage received or hoped for; and a disappointment or a new favourite ran the shallow water dry. It was not a well of love. In our present life, it must be granted that none of our regards are quite free from selfishness or self-love, but just according to their measure of purity so do they last. "Love without end," that is, with no design at its bottom, "hath no end"—is nearly certain to continue even should the object of it alter. But we know from Scripture there is but one love which really knows neither end nor boundary, and that is the love of God, which surpasses all thought and knowledge.

"*Bells call others but never go into the church themselves.*" I fear that this proverb touches many of us in a tender place; not actually, perhaps, with regard to church-going, for many mothers are willing or even anxious to send their children to church, though they themselves are rarely to be found in any place of worship. But not only so; it has a significant reference to an almost universal practice—that giving good advice to others which we ourselves practically neglect. There are plenty of human bells who go about ringing safe counsel and wise suggestions in the ears of young and old; while, being only "sounding brass" themselves, they fail to influence, because what is really good in their speech is marred through that most efficient teacher, the lack of example!

NO MOTHER!

WHAT a volume of sorrowful truth is comprised in that single sentence—No mother! We must go far down the hard, tough paths of life, and become inured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms, before we can take home to our experience the dread reality—No mother! without a struggle and a tear. But when it is said of a frail, young girl, just passing from childhood towards the life of a woman, how sad the story summed up in that one short sentence! Who now shall check the wayward fancies? who now shall bear with the errors and failings of the motherless girl? Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrow be overfilled by the harshness of your bearing or your unsympathising coldness. Is she heedless of her doings? Is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, she has no mother!

AN INFANT'S FAITH.

AT the time H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was so dangerously ill, a little girl of two years and a half old was taught to pray for him in her prayers. When the danger was over, her mother said, "Violet, are you not glad the poor Prince is better?"

The little one answered, "Yes, mamma, and God made him better because *I* asked Him."

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

BEEF BUBBLE-AND-SQUEAK.

Cut into pieces cold roast or boiled beef, fry them with pepper and salt, when done lay them on a drainer, have in readiness some cabbage already boiled, chop it small and put it in the frying pan with some butter, add a little pepper and keep it stirred. When taken from the fire sprinkle over the cabbage just enough vinegar to impart a slightly acid taste. Place the cabbage in the centre of the dish, and arrange the slices of meat round it.

READING ALOUD.

This is a thing which we cannot but perceive there are very few proficient in, even among educated persons, and the principal cause of this is, that the habit has not been formed when young. If it does not form part of the routine of school, mothers and fathers would do well to accustom their children to read aloud when opportunity offers. Faults of too great rapidity or slowness, of imperfect articulation and mispronunciations, are easily corrected *then*, which cost the man and woman much time and trouble to conquer, perhaps only partially after all. And there is another point of importance: the exercise is of great advantage to the chest and lungs, and may do something towards warding off consumption and other dangerous disorders. Many a husband, too, might be prevented from wandering away from his home, to seek excitement elsewhere, had his wife been taught to read aloud with distinctness and animation, and were she able thus to interest and refresh him after his day's toil.

Notices of Books.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge. Interesting pages for Sabbath reading.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "J. R. S. C.," "J. B."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S FAITH AND HELP IN DUTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

IS anything too hard for the Lord? The Bible asks the question and gives us this answer: "With God all things are possible." The Scriptures tell us of many wonders which we should have thought impossible, if we did not believe that God was all-mighty, so could do anything. And He is the same now. He can make a way for us when all seems hedged up with difficulty. He can prepare a meal for us when there is no bread in the house; but then we must put our whole trust in Him, we must call upon Him, we must do our utmost to serve Him truly if we would rejoice in His Almighty care. I knew a woman who had seen better days, but losses had brought her very low. She sought work at shops, which supported her for a time, and when that was stopped she prayed much that the Lord would help her to some employment. A lady, hearing of her distress, sent her some braiding. With a thankful heart the poor woman worked to get it finished, and with her last penny bought four farthing candles, resolving to sit up till it was done. A little warmed-up coffee was all the support she had that day, but, expecting payment early in the morning, she kept up her spirits, and anticipated a loaf for her breakfast. By nine o'clock she set off with the work, hoping it might not be too early to see the lady; but greatly disappointed was she to find she had gone from home the day before, and was not expected back for a fortnight. With a heavy heart and an empty stomach she turned into a church where the bell was tolling for morning prayers; and oh, how earnestly did she join in the petitions, and especially in the words, "Give us this day our daily bread;" and she felt cheered and full of hope that she should have something to eat.

She was a stranger to all connected with the church, or she would have told her trouble to the clergyman; but she resolved to make her distress known in her own district, though, as she was only a lodger, and had not been long there, she feared her case might not be believed. However, she walked away with a lighter heart, not doubting but the Lord would help her, as she knew she was not suffering from sin or folly. Yes, she had called upon Him in trouble, and He would help her she was sure; in fact, had He not always been her friend and helper?

As she passed a baker's shop she longed for a loaf, but said she to herself, "I never go into debt, and I will not now; I will wait to see what the Lord will provide for me."

When she reached her lodging she saw the remains of a loaf and beefsteak on the table. She could hardly believe her eyes, and while she wondered whether she had made a mistake in the room, the landlady came and explained that a gentleman who called himself her uncle had wished to see her, and had ordered lunch, which he had taken, and as he could not wait, said he would call again. "He has paid handsomely," added the kind-hearted landlady, "so you had better finish what he has left." With surprise and thankfulness she knelt in gratitude to God, and then she satisfied her hunger. Scarcely had she finished when the postman's knock roused her, and a letter enclosing a post-office order for one pound enriched her purse. It was money that had been owing her, but coming when she was in such want it seemed like a gift. And that morning's experience encouraged her more than ever to stay her mind upon God, for she learned that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Though she has often been straightened since, she has never been without daily bread; for the Lord has always raised up friends to help her in time of need; and when adversity seemed to be her only portion, Almighty aid came to turn her sorrow into joy.

Manoah's wife was one of those simple, trusting women, whose faith could rest in the Almighty word, that she, who had given up all hopes of being a happy mother, should have a son; for, had not the Lord Himself assured her of this? It was not for her to look at impossibilities, but to believe in the Almighty power of God, who could make the "barren woman to keep house and to be a joyful mother of children."

The Jews—God's people—were sorely oppressed by the Philistines on account of their sins; but when they cried unto the Lord with penitent hearts and prayed for His help, He looked upon their troubles, and in mercy promised them a deliverer from the Philistines. God generally is pleased to use means in His dealings, and He raises up special people for special work. The Jews would have liked to have been released by a special interference of Divine power; but God saw they needed further humbling, and their faith must be tried by having to wait patiently. The Lord had not forgotten them, but before the deliverer could be born even his mother must be prepared by self-denial, so that the child might not imbibe anything that would give him intemperate inclinations. How often children suffer from the self-indulgence, evil practices, and headstrong passions of their parents; and how often a cross, sickly infant is the fruit of intemperance.

But Manoah's wife followed the Lord's direction in her abstinence, and she told her husband what Divine wisdom had made known to her. Manoah, like a good man, prayed for further knowledge, asking to be taught how to train their promised child. Oh, what a lesson to parents to pray that the anticipated infant may prove a blessing. We may also observe the gratitude of the parents, for we read they offered a sacrifice of praise even before the child was born. This showed that they believed God's word would be fulfilled, and it showed their thankful hearts. How well it would be if directly we have a blessing in prospect we thanked the Great Giver of all good; but is it not too often the case that public thanksgiving for special mercies is gone through as a form more from the fear that some calamity would befall if it were neglected, than from the overflowings of gratitude.

When the Lord showed by His wonders that He accepted their sacrifice, Manoah was alarmed; but his wife calmed his fears by her faith, and said that God would not have sent an angel to tell them about the birth of their child if He had meant anything but love and mercy. How well it was she could believe in God's love, and trust that all must be right and good that He ordains and permits; for *all* the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth to such as keep His covenant and His testimonies, as Manoah and his wife did. Happy are those who can trust when they cannot trace, who can believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and, though circumstances seem contrary, yet can feel sure that the Lord will set all things right.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TOM'S MASTER.

"SO you are really going, Tom? I hoped you would have thought better of it."

"No," said the boy, sorrowfully but firmly, "I promised my mother on her dying bed that I wouldn't break the Sabbath, nor do what I felt was wrong; and I will keep my promise, if I starve through it."

"My poor lad, it's of no use trying to persuade you to go back, I know; but it's very hard for you to be turned adrift on the world so early." And he covered his face with his hand, while he rested the other on the lad's shoulder.

"It's no harder for me than for a thousand others," answered Tom, cheerfully. "I'm not a bit afraid of getting my own living when I can have the least chance of it; but there's nothing to be had round here just now, so I must go and try elsewhere. Only don't you fret about it; I shall do very well, I've no doubt; and when I've made my fortune I'll come back and see you all."

These rather boastful words were heard by somebody who was not meant to hear them. This was Tom's late master, who happened to be passing by. They made him very angry; for it seemed as if the boy cared nothing for the loss of his place, nor at all regretted the past. And he knew, though he would not own it, that he had done wrong in dismissing a poor friendless boy from his service, because he refused to work for him on a Sunday; and, as is often the case, the consciousness of having injured him made him dislike him. So it was in a sharp contemptuous tone that he said, "Come back when you have made your fortune, indeed! You are much more likely to come back to the *workhouse*, I can tell you."

The boy looked almost too indignant to speak. To be taunted thus by the man who made him homeless and penniless! It was too bad! His cheek flushed, and his lip quivered, as he exclaimed, "Take care, Mr. Grimes, that you don't go there yourself in the end!"

"Hush, hush, Tom," whispered his uncle; "what would your teacher say, if he heard you?"

Tom cooled down directly at the thought of his teacher. "I'm sorry," he said, "if I spoke too hastily, and I don't bear any ill-will to you, sir; but you ought not to have said *that* about the parish, for you know I'm an honest, hardworking lad, that would be ashamed to be beholden to anybody while I had a finger to help myself with. But, Mr. Grimes, I am going away directly, sir, so you will surely listen to me. You will never prosper in the long run without God's blessing, and His blessing cannot be yours if you break His commandments, and try to make other people break them too."

Mr. Grimes walked proudly away before the close of Tom's speech, and took no notice of it. Perhaps he heard it, perhaps he did not choose to hear it.

Such was the parting between Tom and his old master. The parting between Tom and his uncle was far more tender and touching, for Tom's uncle was very fond of him, and would gladly have provided for him; but then he had a sickly wife and a large family of young children to care for, and the times were hard, so he was obliged to let him go, and trust him entirely to God's care.

With a sad, yet with a brave heart, Tom went his way,—went to battle with life's trials in his boyhood, and to earn among strangers the bread which had been denied him at home. But he took with him a "conscience void of offence," and a simple faith which made the promise of Jacob his own, "Behold I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." Was not the orphan boy, after all, more to be envied than Mr. Grimes? Several years rolled away, and Tom was almost forgotten—except by his uncle—in his native village. Not much had been heard of him since he left. It was said that he was gone to Australia, and was doing very well there; and this was as much as any one knew about him. One bright summer's day he unexpectedly came back, and brought with him—a fortune? Yes, Tom was really a rich man. But I was not thinking of that just now; I was thinking that, although he had parted with his poverty, he still kept fast hold of his faith in God, and was more than ever devoted to His service. In finding money he did not lose his religion, and it is not every rich man who can say that. God had greatly blessed the orphan lad, and proved in his experience the truth of these words, "Them that honour me, I will honour." But what had become of Tom's old master. He had lost his business, lost his credit, lost his health, and was now, in his old age, an inmate of the workhouse; yes, of the very workhouse with which he had once threatened the forlorn and friendless Tom! And what did Tom do? He provided a comfortable lodging for Mr. Grimes, took him out of the workhouse, and took care of him as long as he lived. Was not this heaping coals of fire on the old man's head?

A BIBLE WOMAN'S LETTER TO MOTHERS.

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT.

MY BELOVED FRIENDS,—Permit me to thank you, on behalf of my husband and myself, for the kind interest and sympathy you have shown us in our late sad bereavement. I feel truly grateful to God for the many expressions of love I have received from so many kind friends, as well as from yourselves. I have been now amongst you some time, and have ever felt the deepest interest in your welfare, both temporal and spiritual. I have, by God's grace, endeavoured in some humble measure to encourage and comfort many of you, and to point all to Jesus, whose blood alone is able to cleanse us, not only from original sin, but from all our actual transgressions. I believe that I have been holden up in my duties and trials through the prayers of many of you, for which I thank you.

My dear babe was indeed a precious treasure to me, as every child is to a loving mother's heart. He was my first-born—my only one. He was the child of many prayers, both before and after his birth; but now our prayers must be exchanged for thanksgiving to God, who was pleased to take him up so early to glory. His life on earth has been very short—only six months—yet as far as I was able to make it, it was a very happy one. . . . . Now he is in the presence-chamber of his Saviour, gazing with wonder and admiration at that Beloved One, whom *we* see as yet only through a glass darkly, but *he* face to face. I know that some of you, my beloved friends, have passed through the same trial which I have just had to endure; and your infants are now with mine, enjoying the blessed company of heaven, and above all the presence of Him who said when on earth, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Let me now ask you, as I would ask myself, "Are we made ready, through faith in the blood and righteousness of Christ, to quit this house of clay and to enter into that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" The same Saviour who redeemed our infants is seeking to save us! He has shed His precious blood on the cross for us. What more could He do? He has also sent His Holy Spirit down to witness for Him, and to draw us to His cross; and now His words of love and mercy are, "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Can any one of you treat with indifference this most precious Saviour? O do not for one moment longer, I beseech you, but hasten at once to Him and cast yourself at His feet, and use some such words as those did who came to Him in the days of His flesh, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me whole." "Lord save me, I perish!" "Lord help me!" We need not multiply words before Him; the shortest petition for mercy, if uttered in humble faith, will be sure to reach His ears, and bring down into your soul answers of peace, such as the world cannot give nor take away.

And now, in conclusion, allow me to say to you, dear friends, let us all press forward to that home and "rest which remaineth for the people of God." When the messenger of death comes to call us hence, it may be that those dear babes and loved ones who have gone before will be amongst the first to welcome our happy spirits into the heavenly courts, and that the dear Saviour whom we through grace have loved and served here below, will greet us in His own words, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then we shall join our dear ones and all the heavenly host in the highest strains of praise to God and to the Lamb for ever and ever.

Pardon me if I have wearied you by this long epistle; but my heart longs for the salvation of all your precious souls, and my prayer shall continue to ascend to Jesus for this end. I ask that you will continue to pray for me, and for all those who meet with us from week to week. Farewell. From your loving and sympathising Friend,

E. J. B.

[The writer of the above has since gone to join her babe in the better land.]

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

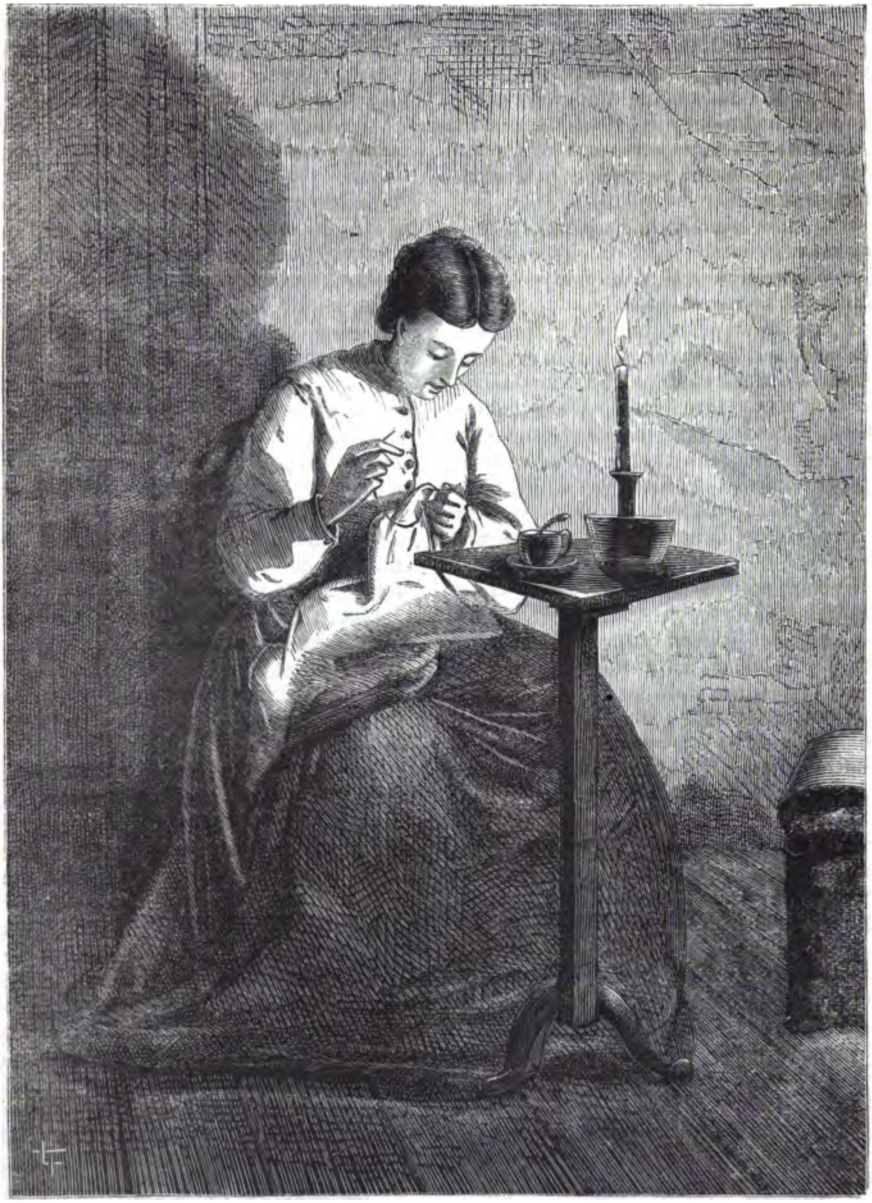
(CONTINUED.)

LILIAN'S letter, which Mr. Radford now read, was as follows:—

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—Will your feelings, outraged as they have been, allow you to read this letter from your prodigal child? Shame has for a long time withheld my hand from writing; and hearing from some source that you were well, I thought you might, in your righteous indignation, have excluded the wanderer from your heart, as she deserved. But my heart yearns for only one word of forgiveness, and possessing that, I feel I could die in comparative peace. You have not received a letter from me before. This I did not know for some time, and as I feel deeply conscious of my sinful conduct, I also think it but due to you that I should write a full explanation; and as I find it more easy to give a written statement, you will, I hope, bear with me, and in remembrance of your love for me in past days, read this letter to the end.

I must commence before I left school. Some of the young ladies at first used to shock my better feelings by their conversation during recreation hours, their only hope being a speedy release from school restraints; they seemed to think after that they should be able to gratify any of their fancies, however romantic. Too soon I became one of them, and was admitted into their most secret confidence. Through one of these young ladies I became acquainted with the cause of my ruin. Our meetings were of necessity secretly arranged, and my heart often misgave me as I thought of the deceit I was continually practising; but he, adding an insinuating address to an exterior which I in my folly considered noble and handsome, and the whole affair presenting such a keen relish to my desires after romantic adventure, I have to confess that I became a willing dupe to his schemes. You, my father, saw him for the first time at the railway station. I knew of his intentions to visit Rosedale in a few weeks' time, and purposely made myself peculiarly disagreeable and useless at home, so that I might have plenty of opportunities of meeting him. Oh! it wrings my heart with sorrow now to think of my unkind words and selfish actions. When I came to spend hours instead of moments with him, I became aware of many sentiments till then unheard of by me. At first I shuddered to hear his sarcastic remarks upon every sacred subject; but I listened until I could laugh with him over those whom we in our ignorance considered poor dupes of priestcraft. He told me that no means were wrong that could bring the attainment of our own personal happiness; that every association that disgusted us, and was in antagonism with our feelings, we ought to rid ourselves from by any means within our power, as our personal gratification ought to be our one aim; and as all ended with the last spark of life, our only hope for happiness was in gratifying every desire our heart yearned for. I read with him infidel authors, and knowing how much my practice was in opposition to the pure teachings of my childhood, I felt glad to fancy I believed in their statements. With all these thoughts in my heart can you wonder at what followed? But, oh! what a contemptible heart; how despicable its pride, that could arrogate to itself more wisdom than the pure Word of God! You know too well the circumstances of my departure from home. Three weeks after I was married to Mr. Vivian in London. I wrote to you then; he took the letter from my hand, promising to post it; afterwards I found out that he did not do so. Weeks passed, and I fancied myself happy; my life was one whirl of excitement. Sometimes I felt uncomfortable misgivings in my mind, for my heart seemed to loathe the society of the wicked, sinister-looking men who resorted constantly to our house. We lived in furnished apartments, and one day when I was quite alone the servant ushered in a female. I was unusually low-spirited that day, for a very marked change was visible in my husband. He had begun to complain that my early education in morals was a great hindrance to my usefulness to him, and I could not help wondering what form this usefulness took. I was very much surprised at being visited by such a quiet, respectable-looking female as the one just admitted, for those who generally came were anything but to my taste. At first she looked compassionately at me and then angrily, and seemed to experience a difficulty in speaking. I moved a chair towards her and asked to whom I was indebted for the kindness of this visit. She refused the chair, and replied—

"You will not thank me for my visit presently. You are, or suppose yourself to be, Mrs. Vivian!"



"With a thankful heart the poor woman worked to get it finished, and with her last penny bought four farthing candles, resolving to sit up till it was done."

"I am," I replied, feeling very much astonished at her peculiar manner.

"You are very young and very pretty," she remarked, pityingly; "and it is because I feel sure you were not aware of the truth that I have come to release you from a false position."

Still more astonished, I asked, "What do you mean?"

She drew a portrait from her pocket, and handing it to me, said—

"You know who that is! He is *my* husband, as I have every reason to believe myself his first victim. He lives—shall I tell you how? by scheming and gambling; and he married you, fancying your pretty face and innocent manner would, with a little instruction, render you of great service to him in his wicked plans; but now I have found him, I intend prosecuting him."

I heard no more; when I awoke from a long fainting fit the woman was gone.

I will not harrow your feelings with a relation of what followed. I found her words too true; but justice was cheated, for he escaped, and no one has heard of his whereabouts. I left those apartments, the landlady retaining the best of my wearing apparel in lieu of rent. I took a small room in a poor locality, where I intended hiding myself as long as I could. The people in the house said I was proud, for I never associated with them. I was obliged to keep my door locked, to prevent their intruding. No one would give me work of any kind, for I had no character, and no one to recommend me. One evening I went out and pledged the last article of clothing I could spare—all was gone. I had given a week's notice to leave my room. I had no idea what to do or where to go. I walked up and down the streets, my heart full of wild and rebellious thoughts almost to madness, and I thought no one would miss me were I dead; but the love of life and dread of the unknown future checked the wicked deed. Temptation in various forms passed through my mind. I saw poor fallen creatures, wearing false smiles and talking flippantly, and cold and hungry as I was, I pitied them from my heart. Whether it was these softened feelings or the brightness that streamed from the windows of a chapel as I passed that attracted me just then, I could not say, since I attribute it to higher influence. After a few doubts as to whether I should enter or not, an old lady asked me if I wanted a seat, and taking silence for consent, she opened a pew door and motioned me to sit beside a kind-looking young lady. The latter handed me a Bible and hymn-book, and pushed a footstool towards me, accompanying the action with such a pleasant smile that all my pride melted away. There was no sign of officiousness in her attentions, her actions bespoke a heart as loving and gentle as our Minnie's.

The preacher seemed in unison with the place; kind and benevolent in his expression, he reminded me of our vicar. The first part of the service over, he opened the Bible and read the text; the very similarity of the words to my own case attracting my attention, "And Jesus said unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." The preacher pointed out how great the sacrifice the Son of God made in leaving His Father's home and enduring all the poverty the text represents. "And why did He do so? Because, poor sinner, He loved you, and could not enjoy all the glories of heaven while the creatures of His love were grovelling in their sins, and groaning under the burden of a broken law." He made a most touching appeal to those for whom Christ suffered all this trial and sorrow, and concluded by drawing an illustration of a beloved child leaving home against a parent's wish, and wandering in paths of sin; he pourtrayed the father and mother's love and anxiety, their search for the prodigal, and their joy over their child's return. His voice penetrated my heart as he asked the question—"Poor wandering sinner, will you not come home? Your Heavenly Father has long sought you, but you have slighted His love and despised His atonement, but still He seeks you. Will you not come home?"

[We will conclude Lilian's letter next month.]

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. V.

THERE are not a few proverbs which have a double meaning, or perhaps it may be that in course of time the words of which they are composed have altered in their sense. And of some proverbs you can hardly tell the meaning unless you know the circumstances which gave rise to them. Other proverbs call up a picture in our minds such as this:—

"*The glass dealer's horses fell out, and he looked to see which kicked the hardest.*" We see the incident as it might actually have happened, when travelling dealers in glass and earthenware were more common than now. The merchant has his cart loaded with glass goods, he has left them for a short time, and comes back to find the horses plunging and rearing; and one would naturally suppose he would rush forward to secure his brittle commodity or to quiet his struggling steeds! But no! he looks on with idle curiosity, just to see what will be the end of the struggle. A man would be foolish indeed who would act thus, though such a thing might be; but a similar line of conduct is not unfrequent in real life, and many mothers are guilty of it.

Parents have often to witness the little disputes and contentions which must arise at times even among the best trained and instructed children; and mothers may be seen coolly looking at them, or listening to their excited talk, without making an effort to compose matters or to punish the offender and vindicate the innocent one, if such there be. And again, when young folks are engaged upon some piece of mischief or some daring exploit, both men and women will stand as spectators, curious to see the result, instead of interposing quickly and firmly.

"*A cow is not called dappled unless she has a spot,*" is a foreign proverb. Of course a cow having only one, or at least but a few spots, is certainly not properly entitled to bear the name of "dappled" as its peculiar designation; but human nature is prone to exaggeration, and where we see some spots we are apt to fancy there are many more. But it is by no means a fault to be dappled, at least among cows; and we have to find the bearing of the proverb upon ourselves, for it is evidently not intended merely as a hit at carelessness or untruthfulness in describing things. The point seems to be this, that there is scarcely any tale or rumour afloat regarding a person which has not had its root in some fault or indiscretion which they have committed. No doubt there are cases when the tale-bearer has spread abroad very spiteful stories which have not the slightest foundation; but in most there is something, trifling enough perhaps, as the beginning of the tale of the "Three black crows," yet enough to be a starting point. It is a common, though we think an unfair idea, that women are more given to talking scandal than men; but this at least is true, that women are generally much more sensitive to unfavourable reports than men are, and a bit of gossip which a man would laugh off, or frown at for a moment, and then think no more about, is to many a woman a sore subject of reflection for days. If this be so, it is especially needful that women should be careful, most of all should she be wife or mother, that she gives as few opportunities as possible for any scandal to attach itself to her. Spotless she cannot hope to be in this life; but the more spots she has, the more probable is it that report will say she is "dappled," to use the figure of the proverb.

An Italian proverb it is which says, "*An idle man is the devil's bolster,*" meaning thereby, doubtless, that the father of lies has little need to tempt an idle man, since such an one is most manifestly laying himself open to innumerable temptations from the world without and his evil heart within, and therefore, as far as he is concerned, Satan might lie down and sleep. But there are two lines of an old poem which run thus:—

"Man's work runs from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

And if this seems too hard upon the weaker sex, we must remember that much of woman's work is of a kind which does not put the strain upon mind and body which the labours of most men do if properly performed. Idleness it is feared is not an uncommon sin in women as well as men; and women, especially those whose lives are spent at home, have more opportunities of being idle, without being observed or called to account for it. An indolent mother is above all, a sad sight, since her idleness causes inevitably various neglects and troubles, and it is quite likely her example trains others in idle habits also.

"I SEND THEM TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL."

IN my duties as a Christian man, I have visited the abodes of many parents. Especially do I remember one. To every allusion about the future welfare of their children, I received the assurance, "I do the best I can for them, and I send them to Sunday-school." That abode was not a Christian home—quite the reverse; but to every faithful word, I could get no more than: "Yes, I do my best," &c.

Parents! the Sabbath-school is a noble institution, but it is not responsible for the spiritual welfare of your children. Those who labour from Sabbath to Sabbath to bring the little ones into the fold of Christ, do their best; but what can be expected when the parental influence counteracts what has been taught in the Sunday-school.

I explained the need of right influence being brought to bear upon their children, and received the smile of approbation. I fear the smile had an evil effect upon the young ones present; for to acquiesce in what was good, and yet carry out in their daily lives something totally different, must have been observed by the little ones.

Parents! you are responsible. Do your duty. The Sunday-school will supplement what you do; you cannot expect home-influences counterbalanced by Sunday teaching. Every act of a parent is a precedent for the child. They build their characters upon that of the parent. Oh! look to the foundation you are laying, and you will see in miniature the superstructure.

J. W. B.

LONG WAITING REWARDED.

CHILDREN hear new words, and often use them with little idea of their true meaning. They are frequently blamed for doing, or not doing things, when their little minds have by no means comprehended the words employed in giving them directions.

"Mamma," said a wee child one Sunday evening, after having sat still in the house all day "like a good child," "have I honoured you to-day?"

"I don't know," replied the mother; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the little one, shaking her head, "the Bible says, 'Honour thy father and mother, that thy days may be long;' and this has been the longest day I ever saw."

"ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?"

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin.
The thunders roll, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round raindrops dash—
"Are all the children in?"

They're coming softly to my side,
Their forms within my arms I hide—
No other arms as sure.
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near;
They'll go from this warm shelter here
Out in the world's cold din.
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow;
I'll sit alone, and long to know,
"Are all the children in?"

Will they have shelters then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; His will is best.
I'll shield them now, and leave the rest
In His most righteous hand.
Sometimes the souls He loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If He should call me home before
The children go, on that bright shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till He, the Keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

S. T. P.

A DESOLATE HOME.

THE following beautifully touching reflections were written by a father on the sudden death of a beloved child:—

"The charm of home depends upon the perfection of its circle. Break the circle, and the charm is broken. Death is a fearful visitor, no matter how and when he may come. His advent, even when his face is mostly veiled and his footsteps most cautious, is terrible; but when he uses his power as if he loved to use it, and surrounds his missions with superfluous and peculiar horrors, then the heart-string must snap, and the blood curdle in the veins. Our darling has indeed departed. For the few hours that her little form remained with us, we felt we had her still, but now we know that she is gone. It was a bright morning when we followed her to her rest but we brought back with us only darkness. The home which she sunned and made musical seemed as gloomy as a cavern. A few days ago it seemed like heaven; but now the stars have fallen out, and the lark that sang at the gate has fallen with an arrow in her breast; and when the night came on, how it brought a new measure—fully heaped—of lonely agony! How we sought to sleep, and seemed to hear her dear voice, her pattering footfalls, her thrilling touch! We could almost fancy she was there; but when we looked round and saw her not, then the truth returned like a sudden blow, and our hearts sank again. She lies in her little coffin; the leaves fell solemnly, the wind moaned like a chained beast about her dismal bed. It is hard to leave her there, it seems so cold and dreary for the child; and yet we know it must be. Yet, why not tell what we know as what we feel? Our bird now sings amid the eternal branches; our bud now blooms in the garden of God; our darling reposes on the bosom of the Crucified! It is well. God loved the child, and loved her most when He took her to Himself. We will eat this sweet morsel of consolation, and it will strengthen us."

WORTHY HELPMEETS.

THE poor woman who, with a scanty wardrobe, is ever clean and neat in her person; amidst various and trying duties is patient, gentle, and affectionate; in her domestic relations, with small funds, is economical and judicious in her household management—she, as presenting every day a practical exposition of some of the best lessons in life, may be a greater benefactress of her kind than the woman of fortune, though she scatter the tithe of her wealth in alms. The poor man whose regularity and sobriety of conduct co-operate with such a woman, and who shows his fellow-workmen what temperance, industry, tenderness, and superiority to low and sensual temptation, can effect in endearing a home which, like the green spot that the traveller finds in the desert is bright even amid the gloom of poverty, and sweet even amid surrounding bitterness—he, too, does good as well as the most eloquent of men.

AN INCIDENT.

IN the management of children, I feel that a great responsibility rests upon the mother, and also the father, that each may second the wishes of the other, that all family government may be mutual. We often err in leniency, and as often in not appealing to the child's views of right and wrong. I will relate briefly a little incident which came under my own observation:—

A blithe, bright-eyed little boy of some four or five summers had disobeyed his mother. He saw it in her countenance, and was grieved; and when asked what must be done said, "You may punish me, but I want you to pray for me, mother, that God may forgive me." Whenever he had done wrong there was nothing that would subdue his feelings like prayer; and then he would ask his mother to forgive him. May we not hope that such an one may be brought into the kingdom of God, although years may intervene? Yet we need to study each child separately; even the members of the same family cannot be influenced by the same motives. Therefore we are commanded to work while the day lasts; to "sow thy seed in the morning and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which may prosper, this or that." J. W.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

RHUBARB SHERBET.

Boil six or eight sticks of peeled rhubarb for ten minutes, in a quart of water; strain the liquor into a jug, in which is the peel of a lemon, cut very thin, and some lump sugar. Let it stand for five or six hours, and it will then be fit to drink. In summer this will be found a very refreshing and agreeable drink.

IRISH STEW.

Put two or three pounds of the breast of mutton into a stew-pan, with a pint and a half of water and a little salt, and let it stew gently for an hour. Then cut the meat into small pieces, take off the fat from the gravy, and pare and slice some potatoes and onions. Put all the ingredients into the stew-pan in layers, and sprinkle seasoning of pepper and salt between each layer; cover it closely, and let it stew gently for an hour or more, shaking it frequently to prevent its burning.

BREAD PUDDING FOR INFANTS.

Grate some stale bread into a tea-cup, pour boiling milk over it, and when cold mix with it the yoke of an egg. Boil it in a cup for a quarter of an hour.

Notices to Correspondents.

We present our thanks to "W. T. H.," "Beta," "J. R. S. C."

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED
THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S FAITH, A HELP IN DUTY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

I WAS acquainted with a pious couple whose hearts were set on things above, and they prayed earnestly before the birth of their first-born that the child might be a blessing. They dedicated it to God in fervent prayer. A more lovely child never was born, and its sweet disposition seemed to reflect the character of its father and mother. As little David grew in stature he grew in wisdom, and the parents, remembering their promise to God, told him that he was to be trained for the ministry, like Samuel. His young heart readily agreed, and even his play was in imitation of his future life. He would preach to his little brothers and sisters, and he used to write letters to his nurse about the love of Jesus. When people praised him, and called him a good boy, he said, "I ought to be good, for I am God's child; and when I grow up I shall be His servant, and carry His message of mercy to poor sinners." The parents watched his advancement with much interest, and after praying for divine guidance, they placed him at an excellent school. He made great progress in learning, and the master pronounced him to be unusually clever; while his open, generous, and kind heart made him a favourite with all.

When he was at home one Christmas vacation, his brothers and sisters took the scarlet fever, and just as they recovered, young David was seized with it. His attack was very serious, and in a few days this hopeful boy died. No pen can describe the grief of the bereaved parents, and in their sorrow they were almost tempted to fear that his death was a sign of the Lord's displeasure. But a wise friend bid them remember that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth;" and told them that they should believe this was loving correction, not just judgment, and a special token of mercy rather than a mark of anger. They might have made an idol of such a child, so God removed the snare out of their way, and thus did well for them. While, for the dear boy, his early death was early glory, and his bright intellect was prevented being a hindrance to his spiritual advancement; for the Lord fitted him for heaven before he had been tempted by earthly honours to set his heart below, and he was called to wear his crown before he felt the weight of a cross. Love is the motive of all the Lord's chastisements to His children, and we must believe that they have a wise end in view, even to train us for a happy and glorious eternity; while often in this life we may be permitted to acknowledge in due time that the hand of the Lord is upon all them for good that seek Him, though in the first outburst of trial we may not be able to discover the good. I remember being deeply grieved for a poor widow, who was left with one only son, and he deaf and dumb. But at the time of the Crimean war, when he had grown into a fine, tall young man, I heard his mother rejoice and express her thankfulness that he was never likely to be tempted to enlist; and as he turned her mangle, fetched water for her washing, and took home the baskets of clean linen, for she was a laundress, she often blessed God for giving her a son to *stay* with her and help her. Thus her trial had mercy in it, and her thankful heart rose up in praise to God, bringing down showers of blessings when she least expected it; for gifts came to the poor widow from those who pitied her afflicted son, and at last his case was taken up by some who had it in their power, and he was sent to an asylum, where he learned to read and write. In time he became a clerk in a lawyer's office, and supported his mother in her declining years. Thus she, who had always been thankful when many would have murmured, could now raise a fresh song of praise to the Lord above, who does all things well; and while her heart was specially drawn to her deaf and dumb son, she felt there was a tender cord constantly drawing her in prayer to the throne of grace, that both he and she might obtain help in time of need. "He drew them by the cords of a man, by the bands of love," was a verse she liked to quote when she referred to the Lord's dealings; and she was happy in believing that He who loved them would love them to the *end*, and would never leave nor forsake them. She had faith like that of Manoah's wife, who believed that God means to bless in all He does. Let us refer to this good woman once more, and consider what a comfort she must have been to her husband. No doubt this was not the first time that Manoah had been troubled, and that his wife had been ready with a word in season; for they seem to have been a husband and wife who knew how to help one another, and their mutual confidence makes us feel they were a happy couple. Oh, what a blessing it is when a husband is able to tell his fears to his wife, and when she can soothe him with a cheering word. But no one can give what they do not possess, and a woman may have the best intentions, and may try to speak comfortably, but unless the Lord's comforts cheer her own soul, she cannot expect to be able to comfort her husband. We must first be comforted by God before we can offer His comfort to others. It is when we are refreshed by what the Lord has poured into us, that we are able to say, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." We must ourselves have drawn water from the "wells of salvation," if we would be able to recommend its refreshment as a cordial to the faint. Let us look back once more at the living faith of Manoah's wife. She showed that she believed God's promise by obeying His command; and when her son Samson was born, and became that mighty deliverer who judged Israel and fought against their enemies—subduing the Philistines, both in his life and at his death—she would see her hopes fulfilled, and her faith changed to sight. Now let us ask whether *our* faith is a reality? Does it influence our lives? We say we believe in God; but is our belief like that of Manoah's wife? When God speaks to us in the Bible, do we obey His commands? and do we abstain from what He forbids? If we do, then we may

be sure that One mighty to save will be our Deliverer, for the Lord Jesus Christ is the Helper and Deliverer of all that put their trust in Him. Blessed are they that shelter under the shadow of His wings.

A greater than Samson is Jesus the Lord—
Almighty to save those who trust in His word;
Believe on Him now, and your life will profess
That Christ is the Saviour, the God you confess.

Thus your life tells to all that love is your creed,
Both to God and to man, in word and in deed;
Sobriety, honesty, shows you believe
There's One looks on all whom none can deceive.

Such a life of belief sets trouble at rest,
It is sure that the Lord will work for the best;
So while it puts forth all earnest endeavour,
It knows God will order both now and for ever.

Yes, this is true faith, that can look beyond sight,
It sees even sorrows all gilded with light;
For the Saviour above a blessing sends down,
And faith upward points from the cross to the crown.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

HARRY DALE'S REVENGE.

"I MEAN to make Joe Williams pay for his conduct before next Saturday," said Harry Dale, as the close of Monday found him in his pleasant home, where his mother sat sewing.

"What has he done?" she asked, in a quiet, sympathetic tone, that was quite a contrast to Harry's excitement.

"Done! Why everything, mother, to be provoking. He is the meanest, worst-bred boy in the school. He hasn't a bit of manners."

"Perhaps he isn't wholly to blame for that."

"Well, he knows a great deal better than he does. He sits behind me, and is always on the look-out to do me some ill turn. If I have to go to Mr. Bruce's desk a minute, when I come back my examples are sure to be blotted, or ink spilt somewhere. But for him, I should have got the prize to-day for best penmanship—my copy was better than Fred's, Mr. Bruce said so; but that one blot, that was not on it when I left it, spoiled all. I saw the look of triumph on his face when I came back. He is a jealous, mean-spirited fellow, but I'll settle him this time. Frank Lee saw him spill the ink; he told me so."

His mother laid her hand gently on his shoulder—a soothing way she had. "How very provoking," was her quiet remark. "It would have been nice to have shown papa and Uncle Lee."

"But they will both know I could have got it, only for Joe, and that it was not my penmanship that prevented. All the boys know, too, for Mr. Bruce said so."

"Yes, that makes it very much easier to bear. But how about paying Joe? One should take into account what kind of an enemy they have to fight: an equal, inferior, or superior. Who is Joe?"

"O, he is just nobody. His father drinks, and doesn't do anything for them; and his mother takes in washing. Such a place as they live in, at the back of the jail; dark, dirty rooms, full of steam—wet, cold, and uncomfortable; and Joe's clothes are so ragged and worn, that the boys say he looks like a beggar. I never said so, or anything of the kind, mother," he added, seeing her face cloud; "but he ought to behave better."

"I can't say that I know how a boy feels, but if I were one I shouldn't think of fighting Joe—not that way. I might be very indignant against a boy like Edwin Dare, who has so many pleasant and beautiful things, but my heart would sink before I could lift a hand against a poor neglected creature like Joe. I would fight him, though in a different way. Look over your morning chapter, and see if you can tell what I mean."

Harry was not slow in finding and reading the text he had read somewhat thoughtlessly before. "By long forbearing is a prince persuaded, and a soft answer breaketh the bone."

"So you see," said his mother, "there is a much more effectual way of fighting than yours. You can even break his bones; and what is more, if you do it rightly, instead of having Joe for a daily plague and tease, you can change him, I think, into a warm friend, which is no small gain. Besides, you can do him good by making him believe that he has one friend,—one person kindly disposed towards him. I dare say he hasn't a real friend in the world."

A new idea had dawned on Harry's mind, and he was really eager to try the result of Solomon's plan. How the boys would wonder! Would they think him a coward? Well, mere opinion did not matter, so long as the fact was untrue. Next day he started betimes for school. Joe was generally there early. Perhaps he found the well-warmed schoolroom more comfortable than the cheerless home Harry had described; but the thought now occurred to Harry for the first time. How the fire in the stove roared that cold morning. Joe was evidently determined to enjoy as much of it as he could, for he sat so as to leave little room for Harry to warm his feet, never noticing him.

"Joe is trying if he cannot appropriate stove and all," said Bob Allen, laughing.

"Never mind," was Harry's good-humoured reply. "He comes a good distance, farther than I, and is colder."

Joe's face did not relax, nor did he budge an inch. He did not look in the least like a conquered foe or a warm friend; but then the new plan had not been tried. At recess, Harry took out his lunch-basket. He did not display it, but quietly laid two nice cakes on Joe's desk, where no one saw them but Joe. "Try them," he said; "they are good." Many times before he had seen Joe eye them, but until to-day had never wished for him to share them.

Now Joe doubted his sincerity. "Something in them—a trap," he said, scornfully. "You cannot fool me."

"If you are afraid, I'll eat half;" but somehow Harry felt ashamed as he said so. That suspicion spoke badly for both.

"I do not want your cakes," said Joe, desperately. "Give them to some of your friends."

Harry cut them in two, ate half of each, and left the two pieces on Joe's desk. He took no notice of them after that, and they disappeared. But Joe's notions of hospitality were not Arab-like; he had no scruples about lifting up heel or hand against those whose bread he had eaten; he would as soon have knocked Harry down as not.

Next day the whole school was alive with excitement. There was to be a skating party by moonlight, and the boys were all eager to see who would win the race. There were few better skaters than Joe, but he stood no chance at all, for he had only the most worthless skates, and could not afford to buy new ones. When night came, he watched the boys intently as they gathered in crowds at the river-side, without offering to join them.

"I do not believe," said Harry, manfully gulping down the thought of the lost writing prize, and Joe's share in it, "that any one would stand a better chance of reaching the mill first than you, Joe. You are such a good skater, but you cannot do yourself justice in those old things. I believe you could beat us all, and I want to see you try. My skates are splendid, and I know you will take care of them. Put them on now, and start."

This was storming Joe at a weak point. There was nothing he liked so much as skating, and much of his envy and ill-will had risen against the possessor of those beautiful skates. And after all the boys' taunts, to be able to compete with the best of them!—as he knew he could—his eyes fairly sparkled, and withal he felt the first twinge of honest shame.

"Well, Harry," said Frank, a few minutes after, "I did not know you were such a fool. Your new skates, too! As likely as not he will break them for you."

"I think not," was the quiet answer. "Besides, I can lend them to him again, you know."

"I believe you have lost your senses."

"I do not," rejoined Harry, smiling. "I am sorry for poor Joe, and the more I try to do for him, the better I feel towards him."

There was absolute amazement on the ice when Joe shot past in all the glory of burnished steel. Harry took a real interest in him, being the only one who wished him to succeed; and Joe, knowing it, did his best. He reached the mill before any of the others.

"It was all through your skates—they are splendid," he said.

"Yes, on the feet of a good skater," replied Harry, laughing. "You have been very careful of them, and you shall have them again."

When the boys met after the skating trial, Harry's strange conduct was the theme of much speculation and wonder. A few, however, were influenced enough by it to show more kindness to Joe, who had hitherto been unnoticed by them all. That week, a terrible event occurred. Joe's wretched father, returning drunk at midnight from the public-house where he spent most of his evenings, fell through an open cellar, and was found dead in the morning.

"O mother!" said Harry, "a great many of the boys are kind to Joe now; but he says he can never think so much of them, because I was kind to him before, and now it looks like pity only. He knows I am his friend, and it does me good to have him feel so, and look to me for comfort."

"It is the Gospel plan, my son," said his mother, gravely. "You can do poor Joe good now that he will feel while he lives."

Harry was not slow to take the hint. Joe's heart was tender, and easily led by his one friend; and Harry inwardly resolved, by God's help, to watch over the boy whose heart he had won by kindness.

J. B. M. B.

OUR GARDEN.

I KNOW a pleasant garden, through which I will ask you to roam with me, and I hope we may not regret the minutes thus spent, for I know few spots with such a power to suit various moods. I do not anticipate, however, that we shall find this garden in particular sweeter or pleasanter than many another. Could these relate their experiences, they would disclose, no doubt, many secrets long ago buried, and covered over by the fresh carpet of new growth every spring—conversations which would thrill, in after years, the pulses of those who originated or took part in them.

It is strange to think that there has been a time when other feet, unknown to us, have trod the familiar ground; that others have enjoyed in like manner the shade of the fine old trees, have listened to the monotonous love-making of the wood-pigeons who year by year build in them. Many a one must have paced the same walks that we tread, in deep thought, regardless of the patient flowers at their feet, which at other times would not fail to attract their attention. Plans of life have been worked out; thoughts of love breathed into willing ears; plaintive murmurings of bereaved hearts; and perhaps, more touching still, that mute interchange of sympathy which is often more consoling than audible expressions of it.

Besides all these, there have been the every-day relaxations enjoyed by one and another of those unknown inhabitants of our present home. To each human being, nature, if permitted, will speak, and it rests in great measure with ourselves in what *manner* she speaks. In some moods *we* appear to influence nature, if I dare say so. Even the greyest day is made glad by the steadfast hope within us; the brightest sunshine is made cruel by the strong contrast with the deep shades of sorrow or regret in the secret recesses of our hearts. At other times we are influenced by nature's moods, and well it is for us to keep ourselves open to these influences, which are regulated by a wise and all-seeing Power.

To return to this garden. We must first notice the tall "sentinels" at the entrance, two fine elms, girded with rope-like ivy stems, the branches of which trees meet and intertwine in an everlasting embrace. On either side of the road leading to the house stand spruce and larch, at unequal distances, which have witnessed the downfall of sister trees by the storms of years, and now are awaiting the time when the canker-worm and strong north wind will force them to succumb to a similar fate.

Of grass and lawn there is no small proportion in this garden, and winding paths, and beds stocked with summer flowers in their season, and hedges of evergreens for winter shelter.

Half a minute's walk takes you to a terrace with borders of old-fashioned flowers, flags and honeysuckles and stocks, with lavender and rosemary. This overlooks the only bit of distant view which the garden possesses.

A gently sloping field, leading to other fields, takes you quickly to a brook, which is so circuitous in its rambles, as to make all but islands of some portions of the pasture ground.

On the other side of the brook the land gently slopes upwards for a mile or so. Farther than this you cannot see, which makes you long to walk to the higher ground, to investigate what lies beyond.

One of the sweetest spots in the garden is a grass slope, with five or six walnut trees, whose shade in summer invites you to seek rest beneath them.

A more uncultivated part is not the less charming to some, where a boundary wall, built of loose stones, laid one upon another, is shaded with ash and horse-chesnut trees, the ground underneath them being carpeted with wild ivy and white-blossomed wild parsley.

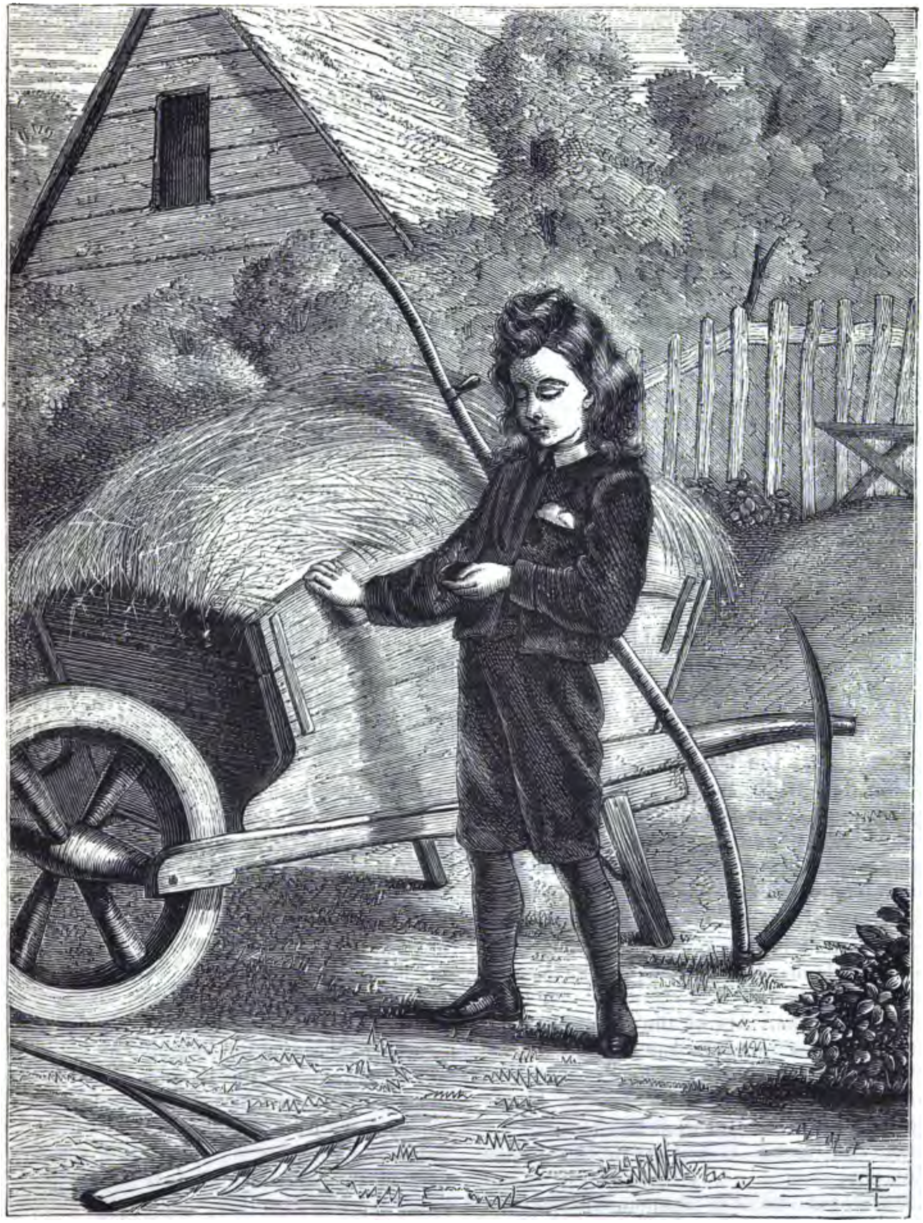
You can hardly walk long in this garden without meeting the pleasantest thing in it, namely, a child, little Arnold, the delight of this home, whose play-hours are spent in roaming under the apple-trees, which sprinkle their pink and white blossoms upon the flower-beds.

The child's lively imagination creates new and fascinating worlds for him, and he talks of wild places in the garden, which appear to older persons only little alcoves of shady green floored with the early celandine and wild periwinkle.

One summer's morning the child had roamed the closely clipped lawn, and by the heavily-piled wheelbarrow filled with new-mown grass, he found a little dead bird, which the relentless scythe had not spared. The little brown thing was lifted tenderly in his hand, and the child was heard to murmur gently—"I wonder if it is happy now!"

Thus the unformed minds of children will touch and dwell lightly on subjects which in after years are food for long and deep thought. In a minute the child will bury the little brown bird, and run off to play, turning his mind unconsciously to the next subject of interest which may cross his path.

Let us imagine for a few moments that our hearts may be compared to this garden, and perhaps we may find that they are more alike than we at first imagine. Are there not, at the door of every heart, sentinels, whether we are conscious of them or not, to guard the entrance, as eyebrows to the eye, against the storms and dust which would enter there? Are there not pleasant paths gay with summer flowers, and sheltered with winter evergreens? distant views of possible



"One summer morning the child had roamed the closely-clipped lawn, and, by the heavily-piled wheelbarrow filled with new-mown grass, he found a little dead bird."

"green pastures" to be enjoyed? "still waters" to be led by? dim horizons of hope, to be seen or not, according to our clearness of vision and pureness of soul? There are boundary walls, too, which can be easily taken to pieces, stone by stone; and who is unconscious of the "wild places" in his heart, which for the most part he would keep his fellow-men from looking into, oftentimes forgetting that he cannot hide them from his Maker.

Such is the charge which is given to every human being. It is for each one to cultivate this garden, and keep it well weeded and watered, so that when we hear "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day," we may not fear to meet our best Friend, but pray Him to come and make His abode with us.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONTINUED.)

MR. RADFORD proceeded with Lilian's letter:—

I said that the similarity of the words of the text with my own case attracted my attention; but the longer I listened the wider apart I seemed to get, for my case was poverty through sin, and His to release poor sinners. The benediction uttered, the congregation began to withdraw. My pew companion courteously remarked—

"You look very pale and ill. Which way do you go? If you will not consider it an intrusion, I should like to accompany you, as you appear too ill to go alone."

I smiled bitterly, replying, "Thank you for your kindness, but though my dress speaks of better days, at present I am very poor, and would rather not accept your kind offer."

"But you are not so poor as Him we have heard of to-night," she replied, reverentially. "Pardon my importunity; but your face so much reminds me of a dear departed sister, that my affections were yours directly I saw you. Do allow me to be of service to you."

Her sympathy was so genuine, that softened as my heart had been by the words of the preacher, I thought I would not add to my sins ingratitude to this kind Christian, who seemed to esteem it a favour to be permitted to render me a service. This was only the first of unnumbered kindnesses received from her. She obtained plain needlework for me; and I often wonder at the liberality of my employers, who, through her, pay me considerably more than my work deserves. My mind is suffering from great anxiety. I feel my position as a disobedient child to my earthly parents, and as a sinner against my heavenly Father; and have no peace in my mind day or night. Can you forgive me? The memory of your tenderness in former days assures me you will. I have been putting by a little money since I have had plenty of work, and after I have finished the work I have at present, I will try to come home. Till then, hoping for your forgiveness for your penitent child,

LILIAN.

This letter was perused with deep feeling, and afterwards read and re-read, to see if there was not some clue to her address. The farmer knew quite enough of London to confidently assure his wife that it would be useless to start on what would sure to be a fruitless search. The anxious parents considered the omission of the address as a sure sign that she was coming soon; and her father signified his intention of going to the railway station every day to meet the London train, as there was only one each day that stopped at their station. This could easily be accomplished. And what preparations were now made for the wanderer's return! The snug room which Lilian had called her own ever since she could remember, underwent a complete renovation. Each day a bright fire was lit, and an arm-chair was standing in a most inviting position near the glowing grate. The snowy sheets were turned over the equally white coverlid. But all these preparations were in vain! Days and weeks passed, and no Lilian came. Each day the farmer returned home with a deeper shade of disappointment depicted on his countenance.

* * * * *

Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

To faint, to grieve, to die for me—
Thou camest not Thyself to please;
And dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Thus sang Minnie Clarkson, as she stood by her mother's chair, bathing her hot temples, and with every soothing effort trying to alleviate her pain.

"There, that will do; thank you, my dear; you are a dutiful child. I like that hymn you sang just now, Minnie, though it seemed to reproach me for my murmuring spirit. To-day I wondered why it is, that while others are so healthy, I should always be suffering pain, which often irritates my spirit, and makes me a burden to those about me."

"I hope, dear mother, that we never give you cause to imagine that it can be anything but a pleasure to alleviate your sufferings."

"Oh, no, my dear; never have any of you done so. The trouble is of my own imagining; but I could not help thinking how much easier is physical pain to bear than the constant suspense your poor aunt is suffering. Move my pillow just in the position I like it, and then read a few verses to me."

Minnie opened the Bible at her mother's favourite consolation, and read, "Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by Thy right hand; Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

"And what an unspeakably precious portion He is, my child! Yes, I would rather be here all my life, if it is His will, and have so much of His presence as He has given me since my affliction, than be strong and healthy again, and drown His voice in life's bustle, and forget His presence in daily cares. There are times when my mind seems quite a blank, with the exception of the one feeling of nearness to Christ. When weakness seems to exclude all earthly remembrances, the one of His presence and love is ever with me. Leave me to think, now; and go and see whether you cannot cheer up your aunt. She needs comfort, poor soul!"

We often see those who need a constant comforter themselves, the most thoughtful for others. It was so with Mrs. Clarkson; always depending upon the help of others, her constant thought was the desire to make others happy.

Minnie drew her cloak closely around her, for the night was dark and cold. The rain had been falling all day with a most persistent unweariedness, but now a fresh land breeze was driving the rain-clouds across the sky. As Minnie came in sight of her uncle's farm, she glanced hastily at Lilian's room window. The light was out: this was the sign of another day's disappointment.

"I cannot understand it," thought Minnie; "it seems so strange she does not come."

Just then a light broke through the clouds, and the moon shone forth triumphantly, surrounded by a mass of white fleecy clouds. Minnie's thoughts and feet were arrested at the same time, as she perceived a figure standing quite in her path.

"Who goes there? friend or foe?" she inquired, cheerfully.

The veil was thrown back, and revealed the features of Lilian.

Words cannot express Minnie's joyful surprise as she clasped the wanderer in her arms, and said, "Kiss me, Lily dear!"

"And do you forgive me so readily, Minnie?" asked Lilian, her voice trembling with suppressed emotion.

"It is not the duty of frail, erring creatures to withhold forgiveness from those whom God forgives," was the reply. "But how is it that you are here now? Your father has been to the station every day since he received your letter, expecting to meet you."

"I got out of the train seven miles from here, fearing to be recognised. Is it true they can have forgiven me, Minnie? I have been waiting here two hours, watching. I saw the light put out in my room, and once mother has been to the garden-gate; but still I lacked the courage to present myself. Will you go and prepare them for the surprise of seeing me?"

Minnie opened the door. Her uncle and aunt were pleased to see her.

"Bad news, as usual, Minnie," said her aunt.

"But what would you say if I have brought you very good news?" asked Minnie, her countenance revealing the whole, without the necessity for more words. In a few moments more the long-lost child was restored to the home she had despised and the parents she had wronged. But love covered all her sin. There was joy that night in Rosedale farm.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

GOD NEVER FORGETS.

THERE resided some time since, in a small town about one hundred miles from London, a mother and daughter, both widows. The daughter had two sons, fine, noble boys, who were everything that could be wished to the mother and grandmother; cheerful, affectionate, and obedient in all that was required to promote their comfort and happiness.

But as they advanced towards manhood, and became acquainted with men, some of whom were soldiers and sailors, and listened to their stories of life on the ocean and in the army, the elder boy became exceedingly anxious to enlist in the army or navy, and made known his wishes; but was met with decided opposition, and so strenuously, that he consented to postpone his purpose for a year or two.

At last he broke through all restraint, and his mother and grandmother were obliged to give him up. With almost broken hearts they fitted him out with what was necessary of clothing, and such comforts as they could get together, not forgetting the blessed Bible, which he had been taught to read; and with many prayers and tears committed him to his and their God, and he sailed for Bombay as one of a regiment of soldiers.

Forgetting all his religious training, and leaving his Bible at the bottom of his chest, where his mother had placed it, he immediately began to turn his back upon everything that was righteous and wise and of good repute, and before the end of the long voyage to India he became as bad as any of his companions. These habits after a while broke down his fine constitution, and brought him to death's door. He was placed in hospital, where he lingered a long time, and seemed hastening to his grave.

At this time he was visited by a missionary, whose faithful instructions and prayers were blessed to his conversion from sin to holiness, from the service of Satan to the love and service of his blessed Redeemer. With this change of heart came improvement in health, and when well enough to leave the hospital he obtained a release from the army, and enlisting under the banner of the Captain of salvation, became a lay missionary, and was sent some eight hundred miles into the interior, where he was an instrument of great good. Before his illness he was wholly unmindful of his home and of those once so dear to him, who were weeping and praying for him of whom they had received no tidings since he left them. On his recovery, however, he wrote to his mother, and continued to do so, but by some defect in the postal system none of his letters reached their destination.

Meantime the younger son, after long and tenderly affectionate attention to his mother and grandmother, was seized with the same spirit of roving; and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother, followed his brother as a soldier, fell into the same ruinous course, and was placed in the same hospital to die. Of him no tidings came.

About this time the elder son was in the providence of God brought back to Bombay, and was requested to visit a very sick soldier. He went, and found him in a hopeless condition, and sought to lead him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, but the man was hardened and indifferent. However he continued to visit, converse, and pray with him, and being led to ask his name, was shocked to find that this poor soldier was his own dear brother, whom he supposed safe at home with his mother. After this he did not leave him, but day and night watched and prayed with him, until he was brought to see his lost and ruined condition, and led to lay hold upon the hope that was set before him in the gospel; and he died rejoicing in the hope of salvation through the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Of all these deeply interesting circumstances, the sorrowing ones at home remained in total ignorance, and had come to the sad conviction that their dear boys had fallen victims to the diseases of the climate, and lay in unknown graves.

At this time the mother was taken sick and died, but on her death-bed, having heard that there was a society in London for sending missionaries to the heathen, she said to her daughter: "There is a twenty pound note in my drawer, and I wish you to promise that when I am gone it shall be sent to help the blessed cause of missions." She promised, and performed the promise, wondering why she should be required to give so much of the little she had left for the support of her lonely widowhood. But she sent the note, and with it gave its history, praying that God's blessing might accompany it.

Now she was alone in the world, yet not alone, for she knew the way to the throne of grace, and the preciousness of those words of our Saviour—"Come unto me all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and though she wept bitter tears, she had joy and peace in believing.

After the death of his brother, the survivor wrote a full account to his mother of all that had occurred in relation to them both since leaving home, and committed the letter to the hand of a friend, just about to embark for England, who promised to seek the mother and deliver it to her. Months passed before he reached his destination, and on his arrival he sought the home of the lone widow, and found her hopeless of ever knowing the fate of her boys.

The friend said, "I have brought a letter from your son, whom I left in India, labouring as a faithful missionary of the Cross."

It is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of that (as she supposed) childless mother. 'Twas like a voice from the dead—it was hard to realise that it was true—it seemed like a beautiful dream. But there was the living messenger, and there was the letter that told of the moral death and spiritual life of both of the long lost sons. Now she knew why she was required to send the twenty pounds to help the cause of foreign missions; now she knew the meaning of the words of Christ, that a cup of cold water given in His name shall not be unrewarded. God never forgets.

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. VI.

As an excuse for falling in with evil doings, some persons quote this proverb, "When we are at Rome, we must do as Rome does;" which saying contains a principle so unsound that it scarcely needs to be exposed. But we will take a proverb rather similar in its dress, which really does contain an important truth, and it is this:—

"*He who wishes to live at Rome must not quarrel with the pope.*" That is to say, it may be very right and necessary to quarrel or contend with the pope, but if you do so, it is not at Rome that you can hope to live in peace and comfort. However the particular case here supposed in illustration may be open to doubt, the point of it is apparent enough—that if we wish to keep on good terms with our neighbours, we must not offend them needlessly. We are not, by compliance with what is evil and hurtful, to injure ourselves; still, we should not put forward offensively those things in which we act differently from our neighbours, and in everything which is not contrary to God's law, we should strive to be obliging, if not cordial. This is quite another matter from the following Roman ways because one has to live with Romans. Many a married woman, whose lot has been cast in a place where she is in a manner—whether she chooses it or not—compelled to hold intercourse with neighbours, has made her life uncomfortable through the neglect of this wholesome precept.

"*All saints do not work miracles,*" is a proverb which one could rightly guess had its origin in a Roman Catholic country, yet Protestants may learn something from it; for it implies that a person may be very excellent and estimable, yet be nevertheless quite different in some important things from what we would have them. It is common among us to be unreasonable in our expectations, and the plan of conduct which we think others ought to follow may be good for us, and yet not suitable for them. Mothers may do well to remember this saying. There are children that are very far from working miracles; that is, they do not show those qualities which older folks display, or at least should, and yet they may be as good or better than the average. We are apt to forget that our private standard of what ought to be is not infallible.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

TOAD-IN-THE-HOLE.

Cut a pound and a half of steak into square pieces, and cut up a sheep's kidney into quarters. Put them into a pie-dish with some pepper and salt. Make a batter, and pour it over the meat; place it in a tolerably quick oven, and bake for an hour and a half.

BRAZILIAN STEW.

Cut two pounds of shin of beef into small pieces, about an inch and a half square; dip them in vinegar. Put them with some onions and other vegetables, and pepper and salt, into a stew-pan, without any water. Let it stand near the fire, and stew very gently for three or four hours. The meat will be beautifully tender, with abundance of gravy.

Notices of Books.

The Little Sower. The Little Gleaner. Gleaner and Sower; Lessons of Truth for Home and School. London: Houlston & Sons, Paternoster Buildings.

Little publications full of Bible truths, and very useful to Sabbath-school teachers.

Old Jonathan. London: Collingridge.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S FEARS AND TRIALS IN FAMILY SICKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

WHEN a woman marries she takes her husband for worse as well as for better; but many a woman finds, like the poor negro, that it is *all* worse and *no* better. When Job's wife married the rich patriarch she had a husband with an extra *P*, for besides the four, Piety, Prudence, Property, and Parts, Job possessed Patience in an unusual degree. We have only to read his history, to see by his prayers and actions that he was a man of Piety; his management of his affairs showed his Prudence; and his Property is told us in the number of cattle he possessed, so that "he was the greatest of all the men in the East;" and the change sickness made in his appearance makes us conclude that he was once good-looking, while his learning and enlightened intellect proved him to be a man of Parts in mind as well as body. The Bible sums up his character in these words, "He was perfect and upright, one that feared God and eschewed evil." What a trial to his wife it must have been when this gifted husband was bereft of his children, his wealth, and his health. In all these losses his wife was a sharer with him, but how thankful she ought to have been that Job was a patient man; for listen to his words when all his children were killed and his cattle were stolen: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord;" and it is added, "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." When afflicted with boils all over his body, his wife bid him "curse God;" but he said, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" while again it is recorded by Divine inspiration, "In all this did not Job sin with his lips." The New Testament also confirms the Old, and says, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Yes, it was not till provoked by his wife and by some professed friends that poor Job gave vent to lamentations, which the Lord did not refer to afterwards, but said at the end of his history that he was angry with those that had provoked Job, for they had not spoken right, as His servant Job had; and "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."

Thus, as God laid the blame of Job's irritation on his friends, we need not refer to it, for God forgave it, and Job might never have been impatient at all if he had had a wife like Manoah. No doubt it was a great trial to Job's wife to lose her children and her property; but when her husband was smitten, it was both cruel to him as well as wicked to God to ask him to "curse God," and thus excite him to rebel against the Almighty. We all know a sick husband is a great trial, for there is not only sympathy with his sufferings and sorrow for them, but a man seldom seems able to bear up under pain. Job, however, was a pattern of patience till he smarted under the words of his wife and his friends. Yes, he bore his pain and his losses without a murmur, but "a wounded spirit who can bear?" Job's disease must have been very trying to his wife to see, but if she had been tender and loving, she would have helped him to bear the affliction by hiding her own feelings; and when he was patiently enduring the pain, she would have reminded him of God's consolations, and would have diverted him with hopes of recovery. What would many a wife give to have a Job for her husband! A man little thinks how it goes to a woman's heart, and unnerves her, when he groans and sighs over aches and pains which, after all, are not more than she often silently endures and constantly conceals. It is in small illnesses, such as a cold or a sprain, a spasm or a touch of rheumatism, that a man's temper is most tried. He frets and worries till he is better or worse. He often takes serious illness quietly, and bears to be laid by for a month better than for a day. Now, when a husband has even a touch of sickness, it is the time for his wife to remember that she took him for worse as well as for better, and instead of aggravating his troubles, as Job's wife did, her duty is to try and mend matters. I know it is difficult, for when a man is out of sorts, everything goes contrary and nothing will please. The gruel is too thick or too thin, the tea is too sweet or not sweet enough, the toast is under-done or over-done, and it needs a kind feeling to pass over hasty words and try to set right what seems wrong. Many a woman has learned patience by such practice, and has found more blessings in a husband's sick room than ever she did in his health; for the trouble has taken her in prayer to the Lord, and He has helped her over it. Her husband also has observed how tenderly she has borne with his irritable nerves, and how self-denying she has been, not sparing herself, that he might be tended and cared for. Yes, many a man has learned more of the true value of his wife on a sick bed than ever he did before; and when his heart is softened by illness, then is the time when, having been won by patient nursing, a husband may be drawn to listen to words of counsel and profit. What a blessing it is at such times if a wife can read or repeat a text just when her husband is willing to hear it, and therefore it is well to have good words ready in the head as well as in the heart. She need not wait to find a book, but she can speak what she has learned. I know many who have found it very useful to recall good words learned at school when a child. Some mothers keep up their knowledge, and take in fresh stores, by learning from their little ones, who are proud to teach what they have been taught at school. With a mind thus furnished, a woman has better words at hand than Job's wife; and though the tongue brings out what is uppermost in the heart, yet a heart that takes in good, is one that wishes to be good, so it prays, "Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit!" and therefore it is helped by words in season.

We must always bear in mind, that

although a woman's place is at home, a man's place is at work, and therefore it is a greater trouble for him to be in the house, for no one right-minded likes to be in the wrong place. So if sickness or accident keeps a man from work, allowance must be made for his frets and fidgets. It sometimes helps a man, when he has to stay in, if he is asked to hold the baby; and though perhaps he may grumble at first, yet when he is persuaded to take it on his knee, and the little thing touches his buttons, his thoughts are diverted, and he gets amused. This reminds me of the poor Whitmores.

John and Betty Whitmore were a happy, industrious couple, with a large family of little children. I remember three little girls at the Infant School; then came little Jack, and Bob, and the baby, who were too young to leave their mother. It needed clever contrivance to keep a comfortable home, and all tidy, without going into debt, and to make both ends meet. The wife was glad to add to her husband's earnings by taking in washing and needlework, but with so many little children, she could not go out to earn, nor could she take in as much work as she wished; for the day was not too long to mend and make, wash and clean, nurse and cook, for her family, and no one but a busy woman like Betty Whitmore would have attempted any work beyond.

It was a sad day for this poor woman when her husband was brought from the coal-pit more dead than alive, a great quantity of rubbish having fallen upon him, from the roof of the coal-pit giving way. It was some time before he showed any signs of life, and then groans were the only token of consciousness, and proved that he felt and suffered. Oh, what days and nights of nursing that poor woman had while watching her suffering husband! No one can tell what she went through.

At last the doctor gave hopes of his recovery, and advised that John should be removed to the Manchester Infirmary, now that he was equal to the journey, which was a distance of seven miles.

In about two months he returned home, the doctors saying that nothing more could be done by medicine, and that country air would help to restore him, as far as he could be restored. It was pitiable to see the once strong man now walking with the help of two sticks, and his former handsome face disfigured by the loss of an eye, a broken nose, and other blemishes. His poor wife could not speak of him without tears, but John seemed to think of nothing but how they were all to be fed. He had five shillings a week as a pension from the works where he met with the accident, and the parish allowed two and sixpence a week, so there were seven shillings and sixpence to feed and clothe eight, and to pay for rent, coals, and candles. The mother felt it little enough when, having set aside two and sixpence for rent and firing, she thought how she could lay out the remaining five shillings to the best advantage.

"We cannot think of clothes at present," said she; "but if I take a stitch in time we need not be in rags."

Kind friends often helped the afflicted family, and thus they got over the winter. The school was free to the children, for which they were truly thankful.

(To be concluded next month.)

TWO WISHES.

Let us be faithful to the hour,
The seed that is in darkness sown,
May rise in power.

I.

THE wishes were made a good many years ago, in a talk between Esther Grey and Nelly Wilson, as they walked home from school together one day. Nelly spoke first.

"Esther, don't you ever wish something would happen to you?"

"Why something always is happening, Nelly."

"Ah, but I mean something *particular*. Now, don't say everything's particular! Something quite out of the common way, there, that's what I mean."

"But what sort of a thing, Nelly?"

"Well, I should like to do some great good thing, save somebody's life, or something like that. Last Sunday, when your mother was telling us everybody could do some good if they tried, I began to think about it, and I don't see what I can do unless something was to happen as I said."

"Why Nelly, surely you've plenty to do at home, helping your mother."

"Yes, but that's such little things, Esther; any baby could do them."

"No dear, not so well as you do. Your mother told mine the other day, that you were as good as two daughters to her, you were so quick and handy."

Nelly smiled, and Esther went on—

"You were thinking of our Sunday talk, Nelly. Do you remember what mother said afterwards, I mean about not choosing our work?"

"I'm not sure, I should like to hear it again."

"She said if we only did what was right for us to do, and tried our very best to do it well, it didn't matter whether it was great things or little things. And she said, too," Esther continued, in a lower voice, "that God would give us each the work He wished us to do, if we asked Him; and if we are always trying to do His will, and not choosing for ourselves, we never know what good things He may help us in doing. That's nice to think of, isn't it, Nelly?"

"It sounds nice, Esther, when you talk about it, and I do try to do like that; but I can't help sometimes wishing for something more."

"Do you? I don't think I do. I would rather go on doing all the little things, and ask Him to take care of all the rest. But here we are at home, and there's mother watching for me. Good-bye, till to-morrow."

II.

To-morrow, and many years of to-morrows have passed away, bringing their changes with them. Esther and Nelly are both grown-up women, and their lives have gone in different directions. Esther is living, not very far from her old home, with an old lady, to whom she is maid. Nelly has a place as nurse in a gentleman's house in one of the suburbs of London; and it was there that some time ago she had her wish, and something did "happen" to her. She was walking one day with her charge, a little boy of four years old, down a narrow road, with a high thick hedge on one side and a wall on the other; and they had just stopped to rest under a tree which hung over the wall, when a shout from behind made Nelly look up, and she saw a furious bull tearing down the road towards them. What was to be done? The end of the road was far off; little Arthur's short legs would never get there in time, nor could Nelly run with him in her arms. One wild thought of escaping alone, and a quick prayer against the thought darted almost together through her mind. The next moment another thought came. Quick as light she threw a little shawl she had on her arm over the child's head, and lifted him, she never knew how, to the top of the wall, saying, quietly, "Catch hold of the bough, darling, tight, and don't look."

The little boy obeyed, wondering what the new game might be, and Nelly had just time to feel that he was firmly seated before the bull was upon her; and after that she was only dimly aware of confusion and terror and pain, till she awoke from a long unconsciousness to find herself in bed, and her mistress nursing her, with a grateful tenderness, which was very sweet to Nelly in the long weeks that followed, while she lay in pain and weakness, but with a glad feeling at her heart, for she heard little Arthur trotting about the house safe and merry; and she thanked God because He had given her that wish of hers, spoken so earnestly long ago.

III.

And what became of Esther's wish? She heard of her friend's brave action, and rejoiced, remembering their old talk together. She had time for remembering things in her present life, so quiet and changeless, that any one less patient and brave than Esther would have been weary of it. A few weeks after the news came, however, she had leave to go to a grand feast given in honour of the wedding of the squire's daughter, in Esther's native village. The old manservant was to drive her there and back in the light cart, and her mistress made her promise to be home in good time in the evening. There were many old friends at the feast, and the evening was very pleasant; but Esther, true to her promise, persuaded old John to get the cart ready early, so as to have plenty of time for the drive back, and resisted all inducements to stay longer in the bright scene which was a delightful variety in her life. They set off under a stormy sky, where the moon went in and out among dark clouds driven by a chill wind, and had gone about half their way, when Esther suddenly said, "Hark, John! what's that?"

John pulled up and listened, and it came again, a faint bleat from somewhere, not far off.

"I expect it's a strayed sheep," said John. "I daren't leave the horse to-night, he's so skittish, or I'd go and see."

"Oh, I'll go," said Esther; and she got down and sought about in the shifting light, in spite of cold and damp, till she found a little lamb, wounded and torn with briars, lying close to the edge of an old chalk-pit. She lifted it tenderly and carried it back to the cart, where John looked at it by the light of his lantern.

"It's one of Farmer Grove's lambs," he said. "We pass near the back of his house, and there's a short cut across the field, but you won't like——"

"O yes, I will," said Esther, quickly. "Let's take it home, John. Poor little thing, it might die before we get it to mistress!"

So when they reached the stile leading to the field-path, Esther got down again, and carried the lamb to the farmer's house. Just as she reached the back door the moon broke out, and showed her to her astonishment that one of the lower windows was open and unprotected. She knocked at the door, which was presently opened by the farmer himself, in clothes hastily put on, and looking surprised and sleepy. He thanked her warmly when she handed him the lamb, and then she told him of the open window. Mr. Grove turned back to the stair foot and called out, "Come, you careless fellow! you've left the kitchen window open." The call was answered by a tall boy, fully dressed and wide awake, with a strange, scared look in his eyes. At his father's bidding he fastened up the window, while Esther helped the farmer to make a bed for the lamb. He thanked her again when they had done, and sent his son to walk back with her across the field. Tom was rather a silent companion, but at last he said, abruptly—

"What made you bring that sheep back?"

"It seemed so bad, poor thing!" Esther answered; "and 'tis so far to where I live, it might have died on the way."

"Well, if it had," said the boy, "'tisn't yours."

"No, but we must do things for other folks sometimes; and I'm the more glad, since I've seen what a kind man your father is."

The boy looked up quickly, but Esther went on, more to herself than to him: "When I saw him caring for that poor little lamb, it made me think of the story in the Bible, about the lost sheep and the shepherd taking it home."

Tom did not speak again till they reached the stile, where they parted with a kindly "Good-night." The cart drove off, and Tom went slowly back to the house, thinking. He had enough to think about, indeed! It was not the first time that the window, which it was Tom's business to fasten up, had been left open, that he might go out late without rousing his father, who slept just above, to meet companions of whom he knew his father would not approve—foolish, wild youths, who had persuaded him to join them in many shooting and fishing excursions, in which, as he argued with himself, "there was no harm." To-night, however, they had planned a regular poaching expedition, on the estate of a gentleman living some miles off, and Tom's half expressed horror at the idea had been scoffed and bullied down till he promised to go too. But the weak fear of being laughed at, which had made him promise, could not overpower the noble fear of doing wrong which he had not been able to crush quite out of his heart, and which had tortured him ever since. How much, he knew now by the keen sense of relief with which he said to himself that to-night at least he could not go with Jack Norton; it was already past the time of meeting, and his father would not be asleep again for awhile yet. Somehow, too, that kind woman's words about his father had roused a sharp pain, which seemed as if it had been asleep in Tom's heart all the time. Was he really so "strait-laced" as Jack had said? so strict, that his son had a right to deceive him? Tom looked at him as he stood waiting, and something seemed to choke his voice, so that he could hardly say "Good-night, father," in answer to the "Good-night, lad," with which his father parted from him at his room door. He did not see the anxious look, nor hear the sigh, "Ah, lad, if thy mother had lived!" as the old man turned into his own room.

IV.

The next day Tom and his father were out in the fields together, when a passing neighbour asked Mr. Grove if he had heard of the fight in Colonel M.'s grounds the night before, between his keepers and some poachers, in which one of the keepers had been so terribly wounded that he was not expected to recover.

"They've got the rascal that did *it*, though," said the man. "'Tis that Jack Norton. He'll catch it now, and serve him right too, the young scamp. Keeper's got a wife and a family of little children, too, they say."

Then having delivered his news he walked on, and the farmer was turning again to his work, when the sight of Tom's face startled him.

Tom had been longing all the morning to undeceive his father, and the sudden horror of the news he had just heard drove away all other thoughts, and with white lips he poured out his story, from the first disobedience to the project of the night before, which had nearly involved him in such fearful consequences.

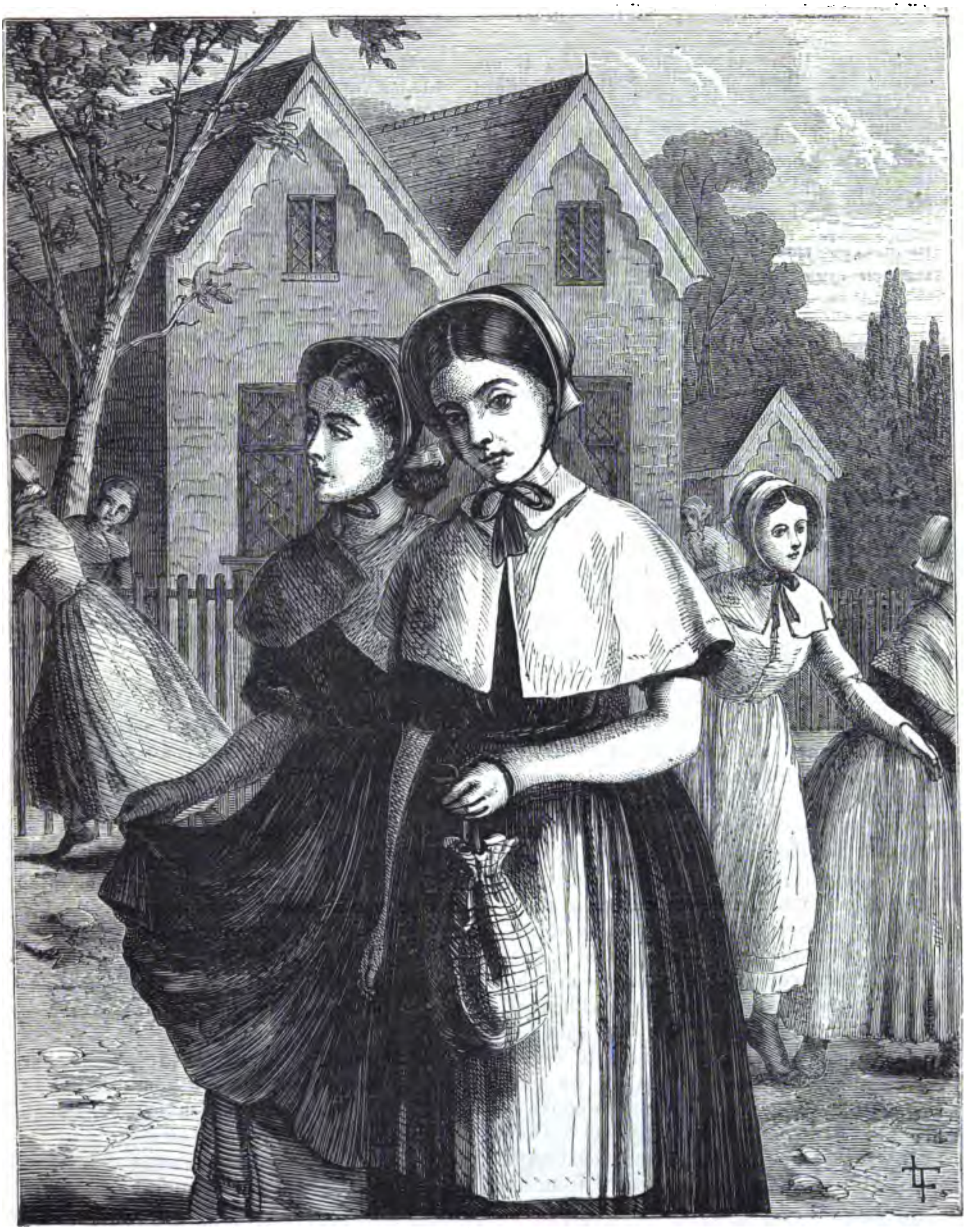
He stood, not daring to lift his eyes when he had finished; but to his utter surprise he felt his father's hand laid on his head, and heard his voice, saying gently, "There, my boy, we'll say no more about it. You'll not do the like again, I think."

Tom could only answer, "Oh, father!" and then he broke down in a passion of tears.

That was all they said about it just then; but later, as they walked home together, Tom said, shuddering, "Oh father, to think how it might have been!"

"Thank God that He saved you from it, lad," said the old man, solemnly.

Tom will never forget that day; it was a turning-point in his life. He and his



Esther Grey and Nelly Wilson walking home from school.

father are always together now, and have no secrets between them; and Mr. Grove thinks no one ever had such a good son as Tom.

And Esther knows nothing at all about it. The other day, when she was reading the parable of the lost sheep, she remembered that dark night and the little strayed lamb; but she does not know of that other work that she was allowed to help in doing.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

A NEW scholar came into my class one Sunday, a sweet, rosy-faced little girl, who could lisp our language but imperfectly; for she had quite lately come from her native land beyond the sea.

The parents had been urged to part with this lamb of their flock, and to leave her in the care of adopted parents from their own country, who had no little ones of their own to watch over. Desirous that she might be instructed in our language as well as her native Scandinavian, they had requested permission for her to attend our Sunday-school.

Julia's teachable and affectionate disposition soon won our love. It was pleasant to notice the careful study of her prized little English testament, and the delight expressed in every feature when she was able to read for herself the first precious words she had been taught,—"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then how the Sunday-school songs seemed to charm her. I have often heard her cheerful, happy voice singing in the twilight, as I passed the house where they lived—

"Around the throne of God in heaven."

Her adopted parents were past middle age, and much attached to little Julia. She was truly the light of their home. Teachers were employed, and no pains were spared for her thorough instruction in both languages; but with all her advantages as she grew in years, Julia retained her artless simplicity of manner, and grateful, affectionate spirit.

She was always deeply interested in the Sunday-school lessons, and as the "coming unto Jesus" of her favourite passage was made plain to her understanding, she seemed to accept the invitation as given to herself.

This dear child was not more than ten years of age when she gave evidence that she had chosen the great Friend of children as her Friend, and her beaming face of love and gratitude ever after showed her delight in serving Him.

One cold wintry day Julia came to our house to study a Bible lesson. Her cheeks were rosy, and eyes sparkling as usual, and she showed us with great glee a warm new hat trimmed with fur, which she thought would keep her so warm for the winter. We little thought then that we should hear her sweet voice no more. In a few days we heard that she was attacked with diphtheria, and when I went to see her she could not speak to me, although she tried with much difficulty to ask about friends in the Sabbath-school. I repeated a verse of the little hymn she loved—

Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie,—

and the dear child tried to express her assent to the words. A few hours more and the Saviour she loved had taken her, as the hymn says, "to His home on high."

Although Julia was far away from her own relations, there were many who mourned her loss. We had indulged the hope that a kind Providence was training her for usefulness among the numbers who come to us from her native land, but Jesus called her early to a higher service.

Some time after she left us I went one day to see the kind lady she had called mother, and found her with tearful eyes, intently examining Julia's pile of Sunday-school papers, which she always carefully preserved.

"O Miss S.," she said, in her imperfect English, "I want to find Julia's hymn that she love so much: she sing it all the time."

"What was it about?" I said. "Can you remember?"

"It was about the angels with harps," she replied.

And then I knew it must be—"I want to be an angel," the first Sunday-school hymn that she had learned to sing.

Some years have passed since little Julia tuned her harp with the angels in heaven. Last Sunday, as I was preparing the lesson for the day on our Saviour's words about receiving the kingdom of God as a little child, my thoughts went back to Julia and her artless, trusting faith; and I wished that not only many dear children in our own Sunday-school, but all over the land, might early come to Jesus, as she did. Then will they be prepared to spend useful, happy lives here, or to sing His praises in the better country where the children's Friend waits to welcome His redeemed ones.

E. L.

THE ERRING DAUGHTER; OR, A LIFE'S AIM.

(CONCLUDED.)

VERY quiet were the inmates of Rosedale farm for many weeks, but one day the blinds were drawn in Lilian's room, there was a quiet bustle, and very anxious faces flitting from room to room. Then a feeble infantine cry, and a little stranger introduced itself to their care. But there were no joyful greetings for the little one; it opened its eyes upon a world which would always doubt its right to a name or place.

Lilian, before she held the tiny hand in her own, had stifled nature's cry and asked God to take it; but now all these thoughts were gone, and tenderly kissing the innocent, she murmured: "Poor little darling, may God bless thee and be kinder to thee than the pitiless world which is always too ready to visit a father's crime upon the defenceless head of innocence."

How she longed for life now, to shield her innocent babe from the world's cold charity. But little Alice, as they named her, did not stay to prove what reception she would receive beyond the boundaries of three hearts that had so lovingly received her. The Good Shepherd took the pure spirit to Himself, and deposited Lilian's only earthly treasure where her thoughts and desires were henceforth to be.

The removal of these loved ones is designed to bring heaven nearer our hearts. There are times when we fancy the pure spirit hovers near us, and the remembrance that one, whom our heart yearns after, has gone to that place, where, as followers of Christ, we are journeying, seems to bring a calm hope into our hearts. We think it is not for ever, and we anticipate with pleasure going to live where all the treasures of our love have been gathered.

The light struggled through the darkened window, and revealed enough of agony to soften a heart of stone—a mother weeping over her first-born child. Some would have said that it was retribution, but whenever did you see the merciful Father visit His penitent child with the scourge? No, it was love that severed the sweet earthly link, and it was love that healed the wounded heart, pouring in the sweet consolations of His love, which is the only real efficacy in times of trouble and bereavement.

This severe trial was the means of bringing the accomplishment of the assurance in

Lilian's experience, that though "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Lilian left the newly-dug grave a much sadder but a wiser woman, strong in an imparted strength to do right. Her natural inclinations suggested to her that she ought to hide herself as much as possible from the sight of others, but the new nature within conquered.

"No," she thought, "it is but right that I should bear my cross. I cannot show my victories to others, to incite them to pious efforts, but I can and will unveil my scars, and warn them what to shun."

Lilian's life after that was a path of light. No self-denial seemed too great to make for the happiness of others. Her fervent love to her Redeemer won many a heart to His service. In her was fulfilled our Lord's words, as in one of old, that the sinner forgiven most loves the most.

Lilian also had the happiness of seeing two that she felt she had wronged made happy. Philip had long ago recovered from the shock Lilian's conduct gave him, Minnie comforting him so effectually, that at last he found he could not do without her sympathy, and opened his eyes to the fact that she had now most securely usurped the position before held by Lilian. He could not help thinking how much more enduring charms were goodness and a well-cultivated mind than mere beauty of form and feature; and so he chose one whose cheerful disposition and well-stored mind were ever to him delightful refreshment after the toils of his daily calling were over and evening came, when he could return home to a wife whose counsels he could trust in under the most difficult circumstances. He has never regretted asking Minnie Clarkson to be the partner of his life, and though far away from Rosedale, he still acts up to those principles which he loved when only a miller.

What would Lilian say now? Would she throw a rosy light around the folly of her youth, and call it delightful romance? No —she sees it now in its true colours, and would tell you now that all aims are false unless the heart is consecrated to Christ, its rightful owner, and that earthly happiness apart from that is like some bright meteor occasionally flashing before you, and then for ever lost in the darkness of the grave and the soul's eternity.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

If this tale should lead any to desire that life, whatever its position, may be adorned with piety of heart, the writer will feel amply rewarded. M. A. P.

PICKINGS AMONGST PECULIAR PROVERBS.—No. VII.

WE find that some persons quote proverbs to justify them in the doing of bad actions, but there are few of these common sayings which can fairly be taken up to defend the evil-doer. Leaving out a small fraction, the rest of them are certainly on the side of morality, if not of religion. Of course some are open to more meanings than one, and it is necessary, to judge a proverb fairly, that we ascertain what it is upon the face of it intended to teach. The most intelligible interpretation is likely to be the true one, as a rule. This proverb might puzzle some persons: "*Whilst the tall wench is stooping, the little one has swept up the house.*" It cannot be intended to prove that it is a disadvantage to be of a good stature, though certainly a tall woman has her peculiar annoyances to bear. But the point of the proverb is just this, that the time some persons expend in preparing to perform any job of work, is turned to such good account by others, that they have well-nigh finished ere the tardy ones are in the thick of the task. The tall one is obliged to *stoop*. In so far she is impeded from a circumstance she cannot help, yet it must be confessed that many of us who are not actually tall find it a hard matter to bend ourselves to our work. A friend of mine, however, who has visited a good many homes, will have it that there is literal truth in the proverb; and reports, as the result of his own observations, that where the mothers were short or of moderate height, he always found the brightest and cleanest children and the tidiest rooms. Rather too bad upon the tall women, we must admit; and there is this to be said for them, that sometimes more is expected from them only because they are tall, which is scarcely a fair conclusion.

"*It is easy to threaten a bull from a window*," say the Italians, and it is a proverb not inappropriate to that people; for they are impulsive and rash and deficient in that courage which comes from firm reliance on the justice of one's cause. But there is no lack of people in Britain who are given to threaten bulls from windows, and such bravery, in the absence of immediate danger, only renders persons more unnerved when the peril comes upon them. We find so very common this habit of boastfulness or pretended indifference—for frequently it is only feigned—when troubles are abroad in towns or in neighbourhoods, be it sickness, money difficulties, or some other disaster which seems impending. While the matter is the subject of conversation in families, though there will be some who give way to needless fears, there are others who are prepared to discuss it very coolly so long as they think that misfortune will not enter their own doors. They are quite prepared to shout loudly at the bull outside from their safe position overhead, but let them be surprised by him on level ground, and they have not the least idea what to do. The saying may be looked at, however, in another light. The threatener from the window is safe, and so may speak freely, yet it must be remembered the bull is safe too. All the angry words that are directed at him do not even harm a fly that is sitting upon his horns; and so it follows that we learn also how wrong and foolish it is to aim spiteful remarks at those whom we cannot or dare not touch, but by whom we think we have been injured.

"*You may buy pleasure too dear*," is an English proverb, and a foreign version of it is, "*He pays dear for honey who licks it off thorns*." This proverb suits a time when there is a great fondness for honey — for amusement and gratification, no matter how they are obtained. Among those things which ought at an early period to be made intelligible to a child, this is surely one: that though God has granted to us many enjoyments which are lawful, we ought not to be too eager for their attainment. If we are, we may commence by getting the honey of pleasure in a way which is not hurtful, but before very long we shall be found amongst those who are taking it off the thorns; and many a one who has taken honey from the thorns in his youth, has embittered all the future by the wounds which he has thus made in his heart and conscience at the time these were most susceptible.

No mothers are without their troubles, and these troubles are not only more numerous at certain times, but they change in their nature, and verify this proverb—"*Little children and head-aches; great children and heart-aches*." No doubt the latter are really the worst; but, alas! some children cause both by their wilfulness and disobedience. Parents hope, and perhaps fully expect, that as their children advance in age they will prove, if not a solace, at least no longer a source of anxiety; and though it may be that increasing intelligence, as years pass on, renders a son or daughter most anxious to spare a parent pain of any sort, others there are who by their conduct cause deeper troubles to the heart than to the head. Young children are noisy, worrying, boisterous; but we can allow for all that, and scarcely feel anything from it amounting to a heart-ache, because with them misconduct has not so much of obstinacy or wilfulness as afterwards.

THE MARKET BASKET.

'Twas Saturday night. The busy streets
Were crowded with rich and poor;
All seemed engaged but a working man
Who stood at a gin-shop door.

He watched neat couples wend their way
To well-stored shops hard by;
And as he marked their purchases,
He heaved a bitter sigh.

He thought of his dark and wretched home,
Of wife and children there,
And blushed as he shook his empty purse,
And remembered his cupboard bare.

"Alas!" cried he, "what a fool I must be
To throw all my wages away
At a gin-shop bar, when I earn enough
To buy a good dinner each day.

"For drink I leave my babes to starve,
Their mother grows pale and thin;
My home is comfortless, because
My money all goes for gin."

As thus he thought, a ragged form
His roving eye descried;
And soon his eldest daughter, Jane,
Came running to his side.

"Where are you going?" he gruffly asked
The little breathless maid.
"O father, I am going to pawn
This basket now," she said.

"It is the one, my mother says,
You bought her years ago;
And when she gave it me she cried,
But why I do not know.

"Here, take it, Jane," she sobbing said,
"We ne'er shall want it more:
Ere your father took to drink, it held
Full many a goodly store.

"So I am going to pawn it now,
To buy a loaf to-morrow;
For mother has no money left,
And knows she cannot borrow."

"Stay Jane," the father gently said,
And tears came thick and fast,
As he took the market basket up,
And thought of all the past.

"Come, tell me child," at length he said,
"How think you would it look,
If I, when I come home next week,
Your mother shopping took?

"If this good basket, once again,
Was filled with bread and meat;
And if instead of buying drink,
I bought shoes for your feet?"

"O father," cried the smiling girl,
"That would be joy indeed;
I know that if you'd sign the pledge,
It would to comfort lead."

"Well, so I will, this very night,
So take the basket home.
My foolish steps I trust no more
To tavern doors shall roam."

He kept his word. Next Saturday,
With bosom light and calm,
He took his way to market, with
His wife upon his arm.

HINTS FOR HOME USE.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.

Boil a pint of milk with a little cinnamon, sweeten with loaf sugar, strain, and add a quarter of a pound of vermicelli; boil ten minutes, then put in an egg or two, mix well, and bake it for some time.

BROKEN BREAD PUDDING.

Break up scraps of bread, crust or crumb, no matter how stale, and put it into a deep pie-dish greased, cover it with as much boiling milk as will soak it, in which has been stirred two or three table-spoonsful of chopped suet, a little sugar, and salt. When nearly cold pour over the top an egg or two beaten up, mix all well together with a spoon, smooth the top, and add a few pieces of butter or dripping.

FAITHFUL IS HE
THAT HATH
PROMISED
JUST AS THE TWIG IS
BENT THE TREE'S
INCLINED

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

WOMAN'S FEARS AND TRIALS IN FAMILY SICKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD PETER PIOUS."

WHEN the warm weather came, John Whitmore was able to walk with the help of only one stick, but the sight of his remaining eye was so imperfect, that he was not able to work, even by going an errand, without having a child to guide him; and weeding in the garden was out of the question, as he could not distinguish a weed from a flower. Feeling his inability to earn a penny, he was sorely downhearted, and would sit with his head resting on his hands, sighing piteously.

"If he would nurse the baby, or put a bit to the fire, I could do needlework or washing; but he has no spirit for anything," said his wife. "He don't even go to the door, unless I start him with his hat and stick, though the doctor orders him to keep in the open air. It is as much as I can do to see after him and the children, or I would gladly work."

Knowing that it would help the family if the poor man could be occupied, a friend called to get his wife to go to the station for a parcel which was to arrive by the next train, saying,

"I will give you a shilling, Mrs. Whitmore, if you will go."

"I wish *I* could go," said John.

"I wish you could, but you can mind the baby while your wife goes," suggested the lady.

John looked doubtful, but his wife got the baby to sleep, and leaving some food for it by the fire, in case it should wake during her absence, she set off, promising to be as quick as she could. Baby woke before she got back, but it was pacified when the father took it out of the cradle and fed it. Little Jack and Bob had many a journey to the corner of the lane to see if mother was coming, and never did she get such a welcome home as that day when she returned after an absence of two hours.

It was a great thing to have earned a shilling, and she cheered her husband by telling him it was all *his* doing; that she should never have done it if he had not taken care of the baby. Then she told him she had an offer of a day's cleaning every week, and a day's washing besides, but it depended upon him whether she accepted either.

"I doubt, wife, whether I could manage a whole day without you; though now baby can stand, he'll soon run, and I believe he'd be good."

The father said this as if he were pleased, and his wife encouraged him.

It was touching to see the poor man sitting on the bank by their cottage, with the baby on his knee, and amusing little Jack and Bob as they gathered him a posy, or pretended to play marbles with the small stones they brought him. Oh! how fond they grew of poor father. Little Jack would lead him, lest he should trip his foot over any rough place; and his wife said it did her good when she got home at night to hear him relate the doings of the day, what Jack and Bob had said, and how sharp the baby was. It was a proud day for John Whitmore when the baby did actually run alone, and his mother declared it was all its father's teaching, for no child before had ever got on like their Tommy. The father was delighted, and so was the little fellow, who henceforward was constantly straying from his father's knee; but his voice calling "dad," always brought his father after him, and thus the poor man was kept constantly out of doors. It was wonderful how his spirits improved and his strength increased. One day, when the children had followed their mother to a neighbouring hayfield, and John had also given a helping hand in tossing the hay, he returned home to rest before the others, for he could not see to rake. While sitting in his cottage he was roused by a scream, and hurrying with his stick to where the sound came from, he was just in time to save little Jack from a watery grave. The child being thirsty, had gone to a stream to drink, and, overbalanced, would have been drowned, had not his father caught him by his frock. Oh! how thankful were the parents at this deliverance, while little Jack loved his father more than ever.

That summer he and Bob were thought old enough to go to the infant school, and as their mother had regular employment, their circumstances improved.

It was nice to see John and his wife going to God's house together, and as time advanced, little Tommy would run at their side, and give warning of the church steps when they reached them.

Years have passed since then, and all the boys are Bible scholars and honest colliers. The industrious parents are helped by their children. The patient father sits in the chimney corner, and gives a helping hand to his wife, who prepares a hot supper for their six children when they come from work. The girls are employed in the factory, and the boys in the coal-pit; and as they lay down their wages, there is enough to provide food, clothes, and keep a comfortable home for all. The father always gropes to the door to give them a welcome, and the mother tells him he won his children's love by his care, so they are proud to work for him, and this poor woman has more comfort in her afflicted husband than many whose husbands are hearty; and I am inclined to think that if there were more cheery, patient, striving women like Mrs. Whitmore, we should perhaps find here and there a patient Job instead of a grumbling Jonah among the men. But I don't mean to be hard upon the poor wives. I know they are often sorely pressed, and bad treatment, little food, and weak health make a sick husband a sore trial; for when he fails the means fail, and no wonder the wife's heart trembles with fear as to how they are to live, and if the Bible did not say, "The Lord will provide," I should fear they would all starve. But the Lord God Almighty can raise up means where we see none. Our duty is to pray earnestly, to work honestly, to wait patiently; then we may be sure that they who seek the Lord shall not want. Let us do our part, and God will do His.

Poor Job entreated his wife to be kind to him, even for his children's sake; but such a heartless woman had no feeling, and she is not named again in the Holy Bible. A woman like Job's wife is hardly to be found, I hope, in this Christian land, and I am sure we all wish to avoid her example. If we do to others as we would be done by, we shall endeavour to relieve the sick, to cheer the troubled, and patiently endure what God in His love and wisdom permits.

'Tis hard to be both poor and ill,
But still God's word He will fulfil;
For strength will come just as our day,
To those who strive as well as pray.

A father once was ill in bed,
The mother prayed they might be fed;
But when from school the boys ran in,
Oh how did then her fears begin!

She'd only just a little bread
To give her husband, when he said,
"Dear wife, what will the children get?"
And then they both began to fret.

"This will not do," spoke Jane the wife,
I've ne'er been baffled in my life;
It's just because I took up care,
When I should leave it all in prayer."

So wiping both her eyes, she went,
And at the shop a sixpence spent;
It was the very last she had,
She felt the times were sorely bad.

When she came back, just by her door,
The boys were playing out before,
And tuning up a hymn they knew,
The words were simple, plain, and true;

About the blessed Lord above,
Who watches all with tender love;
Who feeds the birds and paints the flowers,
Who sends the sunshine and the showers.

She said, "Those words bring me to reason,
I know the Lord feeds all in season;
I'll wait on Him and do my best,
And He is sure to do the rest."

The children ate their sparing meal,
Their mother prayed, and tried to feel
Quite sure that God would help their need,
For does He not the sparrows feed?

Again, when she went up to bed,
She prayed that God would give them bread;
And in the morning, at the school,
Halfpenny dinners were the rule.

The mother gained by going out
Just for an hour or thereabout,
To turn a mangle for a friend,
Who begged a helping hand she'd lend.

So when the children homeward ran,
And asked to have their little can,
With just twopence, and nothing more,
To pay for dinners for the four;

The mother hardly could believe
That each a dinner would receive,
At just a halfpenny a head,
For can of soup and piece of bread.

But so it was, she gave the pence,
The eldest boy then had the sense
To ask, "Did God the pennies send?
You told me you had none to spend."

"I did, my child, but I have gained
These pence this morning, though it rained,
And I could not go far away;
But I have worked, and that's the pay.

"The Lord above, who cares for all,
He helps us each, both great and small,
We waited on Him in our prayer;
You went to school, I did my share.

"And father dear, he patient lay,
He did his best to wait and pray;
Almighty God has proved our Friend,
We'll love and trust Him to the end."

Yes, so they did, and God each day
Gave strength sufficient for the way;
And daily bread was daily sent,
All they required for nourishment.

O let us learn to do our part,
And serve the Lord with all our heart;
Then He will be our Guard and Guide,
And will for all our need provide.

Quite strength enough, but none to spare,
Will always come from daily prayer;
So do not fear, but strive and pray,
And help will come with every day.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

HOW PETER BECAME RICH.

THE silvery voices of the Christmas chimes rang out clear and sweet on the frosty air, telling to all the "glad story of old," as they had done many and many a time before. But Peter Crawford, listening in his low attic room, thought it quite new, as it was to him, poor little heathen that he

was. One day in his vagrant wanderings he had strayed into a mission-school, and there for the first time heard of Jesus.

"I 'spect the story about His coming here to die for us is true," he said to himself; "but just to think of His leaving sich a grand place and comin' to save everybody, when He knew they'd misuse Him and then nail Him to a cross. O, I couldn't never have done that, 'cause when anybody hits me, I hits back, I does. Now there's Jim Ryan is allers a worrittin' me, an' I calkerlate to give him about as good as he gives; don't I though! O, I couldn't be good, nohow; but then I guess I'll go to the festible. The man said for to come, though I'se drefful ragged," and Peter eyed his forlorn old jacket and trousers ruefully. "It must be nice," he continued, "to have nice clothes, and 'nuff to eat, and not be kicked and cuffed all the time; nobody cares nothin' for me. The old woman don't care for nothin' but gin and keepin' shy of the perlice. O, it's drefful!"

Now I must tell you what Peter did, for he had to work, as almost all such boys do. He had a small box with rough wooden wheels, which he drew about. With this he went out every day and gathered coals from the ash-barrels that are set out in the morning to be emptied. This he took home and washed, and put in bags for his mother to sell. When he had poor success, as he often did, he was sure of a beating, besides being sent to bed supperless. Peter tiptoed around softly, for fear of waking the wretched beings who should have been his father and mother, who were sleeping off the last night's debauch. Daylight crept softly in, telling the same old story, "Poverty, hunger, and dirt." Gin had driven out everything else long ago, and Peter had never known what comfort was.

"O, dear!" he sighed, as he drew a long breath, after reaching the street, hungry as a bear, and nothing to eat. "Christmas is just like other days, only worse, 'cause it's drefful aggrawatin' to see sich lots of nice things."

Then Peter set off on a good round trot down the street, and soon found himself in a more civilised locality. The great restless city was already astir, and bakers' windows were heaped with tempting brown rolls and fresh crispy loaves, that did seem more than usually "aggrawatin'" to Peter as he stood with his hands in his pockets eyeing them hungrily.

"If a feller had only a penny now," he said to himself. "Wittles looks awful good."

Then he crouched down over the grating, where warm air came up from the shop below, and thought himself quite lucky. Harvey Vail coming out of the shop an hour later, with a basket of rolls, found him there, and with the liberality born of Christmas, tossed him a roll. Peter caught it up eagerly, and devoured it at two mouthsful. Harvey stared at him in breathless astonishment a moment, and then broke forth with, "Halloa there, are you one of Pharaoh's lean kine?"

"I don't know," says Peter, "but I'se awful hungry."

"Well, why don't you get your breakfast then?" said Harvey.

"Ain't got none," returned Peter. "Don't never have nothin' but dry bread, any how."

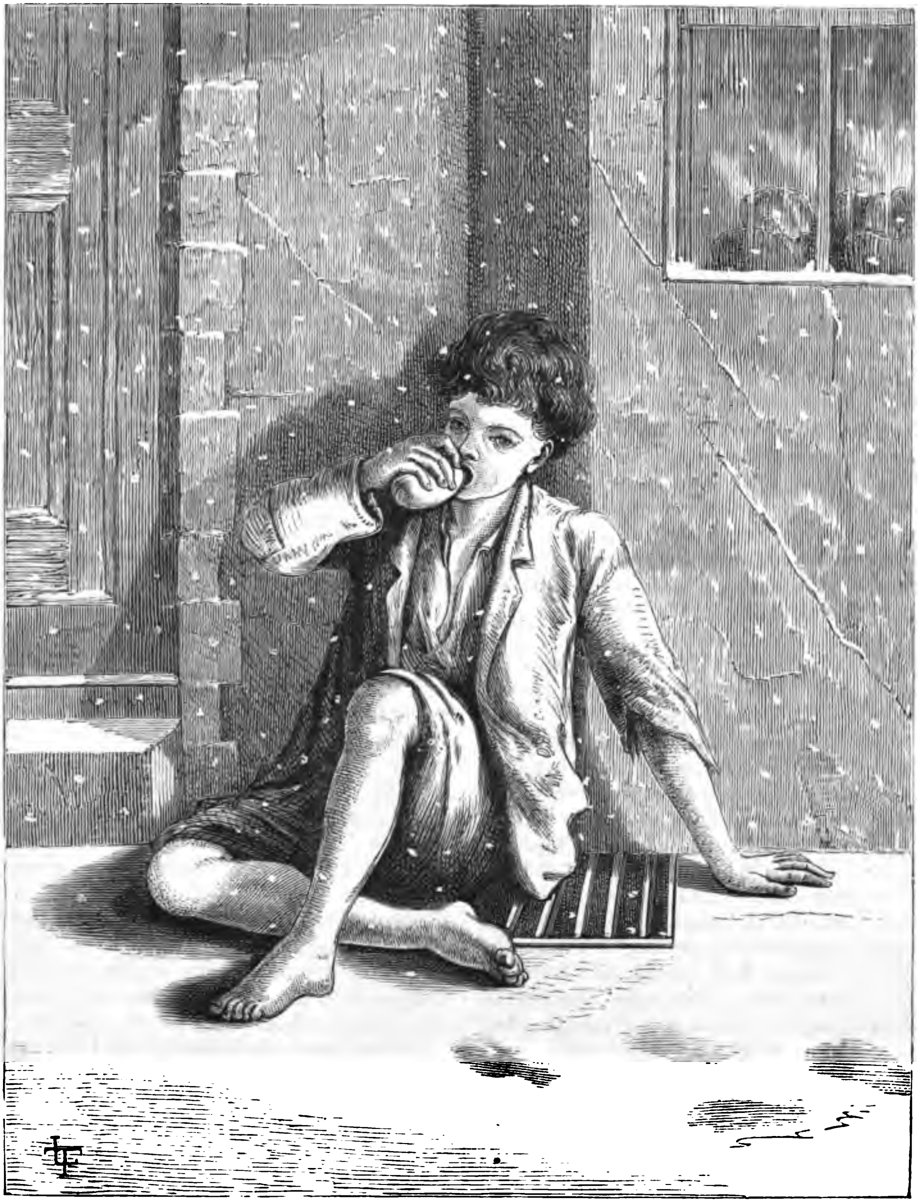
"Whew! don't your father earn anything?"

"'Spect so," says Peter. "He's blind mostly all the time, and stands down by the cathedral, whining, 'Please to help the blind.' Reckon he'll get a heap to-day, but it'll all go to the gin-shop, every penny of it."

"Blind most all the time," cried Harvey; "what do you mean by that?"

"O, some days he don't do that," returned Peter, "and then his eyes are good enough. You ain't up to that dodge, are ye?"

"That's one way to get a living," said Harvey.



"He thought himself quite lucky."

"We don't get a living at all," said Peter. "We just sleep in some straw in an old attic, and eat what the old woman begs."

"You have a rough time of it, take it all together," said Harvey.

"Don't have nothin' else," returned Peter, "but I'm goin' to the festible bymeby, and I 'spect that's somethin' nice."

"Where ?" asked Harvey.

"In that big building down at the corner of that street," said Peter.

"O, I know," said Harvey, "my father teaches there ; go ahead, you'll get lot's of things. I must be off, or the folks will think I ain't coming: here's another roll to stay your stomach," and then Harvey's heels flew pretty lively for once.

Now I must tell you that Harvey had started out with a vague sort of feeling that he was a very ill-used boy in some way: he could hardly tell how. He thought Santa Claus had not done quite the right thing by him. To be sure, he had a book full of pictures, but Fred's had one more picture in it, and so with other things. The fact is, he had so many blessings he did not appreciate any of them. His conversation with Peter sent him home in a thoughtful mood, and for the first time in his life he felt ashamed of his grumbling propensity. In the mean time Peter, feeling somewhat strengthened, sat over the grating until he saw some children going into the mission building, and then he ventured to follow. Most of those gathered there were tidy, and there was now and then a dismal attempt at finery, but all were eager and expectant; for the gay Christmas trees, blooming with dolls and knives, and tables heaped with cakes and oranges, told them pleasant stories. Peter could scarcely believe his eyes, and to make sure he was not dreaming, he commenced a spirited conversation with a little red-faced German by his side.

"Ain't this nobby ?" cried Peter, with a hungry look. "Do they give you much ?"

"O, yes," returned Hans, "so mooch as ye can stuff, and then I puts ze zest in mine bag." Here he coolly took a bag from his pocket, that he kept in reserve for surplus supplies. "Mine pockets ish too leetle," he continued.

"Who gives all these things?" asked Peter. "Somebody must be awful rich."

"I ton know," replied Hans. "Ze president, mebbe, but ve gits it; an I takes mine pag full home to mine leetle brudder, and ve has pic-a-nics all tay."

"I hain't got no brother," says Peter, "nothing 'cept two dogs. O dear, I guess Jesus has forgot all about me."

Just then the bell tinkled, and the buzzing ceased in a measure. A few tried to wear attentive faces, though it was plain enough their thoughts were somewhere else. After a short prayer a pleasant-faced gentleman arose and addressed them. He told, in a simple, child-like way, of the birth of Christ, of His poverty and suffering; and then went on to say they had only to believe and trust in His power to save them, and by-and-by He would take them home to dwell with Him for ever. "You may be poor and ragged," he said, "friendless and downtrodden,"—"That's me," thought Peter—"but He has the same love for you that He has for the rich and learned. He looks at the heart, not at the dress. You that have no fathers or mothers to love you, need Him more than all others as a comforter and friend."—"I'll bet we do," said Peter.—"And if you seek Him early, there is His promise, 'You shall find Him.' Now how many of you will try to find Him ?"

Peter rose to his feet at once. "Please mister, I would ef I only knowed how."

Here Hans gave Peter's jacket a twitch, that meant "sit down ;" so he did.

"God grant us wisdom to guide every one of you," returned the speaker; "and may we all meet at last in that glorious land where there is no more hunger or trouble, but only light and beauty and happiness for evermore. God help us all to find it !"

Harvey was there, and recognised Peter at once. The thought came to him instantly, "Here, I have known the way ever since I've known anything, and haven't tried to walk in it; and this poor little heathen, that has never been taught a word, will find his way to Jesus first." Then all joined in the sweet Christmas carol—

Ring merry, merry bells, the Christmas morn,
Ring out a joyous peal;
The Saviour comes, the Christ is born,
He comes to save and heal.

After that, everything that was eatable disappeared like magic, and Harvey saw that Peter had his full share; in fact, he almost needed Hans' bag, his pockets were so bloated. And then, better than all, he went away rejoicing in the ownership of a bran new knife. How happy he was I can't tell you. Perhaps some of you remember your feelings on a similar occasion, as I suppose the first knife is next in importance to the first pair of boots. After that Peter was a regular attendant at the mission school, and before another Christmas came round, found Jesus and a beautiful home in the land where Christmas carols never cease. And that is how poor Peter became rich.

E. L.

"HE SAID HE WOULD."

"PLEASE don't shut the shutters, mother, the moon is so bright," said little Willie Angus; adding, as he moved uneasily on the sofa, "It's a nice night for him to come."

"Who is coming, dear?" asked his mother.

"Mr. Ellis, to be sure, mother. It's Saturday, and that's the last day of the week."

"But why did you think he would come this week, Willie?"

"He said he would, mother."

This was said as if he would make his mother as sure as himself; and then half closing his eyes, Willie lay intently listening to the passing footsteps, his cheek flushing as one after another seemed to stop at their house. But, unfortunately, a passage leading to many other houses went close by the door of theirs, and one by one the sound of footsteps died away, and none came to their door.

Poor Willie had had a long illness, which he had borne very patiently, and he was quite aware that there was no chance of his ever getting better. His greatest pleasure was in being read to; but unhappily his mother had never been well taught, and though everything else she did for him was the best and pleasantest, she was quite aware that he derived little pleasure from her reading, and she was always glad to get some one to read to him.

A young lady, his former Sabbath-school teacher, used to come two or three times a week, but she had now been ill several weeks, and this Mr. Ellis having called accidentally to speak to his mother about some sewing, had been pleased with the child, and had been in several times to read to him. His voice was a very musical one, and Willie's quick ear was fully alive to the beauty of his reading, though he could not perhaps have told why he enjoyed it more than that of any one else.

This evening, as he lay listening, he held tightly in his hand a little book of poems, with his finger in the place where his favourite piece was—"Charlie and his father."

Eight o'clock struck. Willie turned away his head from the bright moon, and as he shut his eyes his watchful mother saw a tear escape on to the pillow. He had given up hope for this night, and more and worse than that, for his little loving heart, he had learned that he must not trust implicitly in what "he said."

For another week the little invalid watched every evening between seven and eight for his friend. He said nothing. He could not bear to reproach him, and it would have been far worse to hear him reproached by his mother. He kept the book under his pillow instead of in his hand, and each night as eight o'clock struck he gave up the hope.

But this restless expectation was bad for the child. His mother saw that he became feverish towards evening, and did not sleep so well; so having finished part of the work for Mr. Ellis, she determined to take it home herself, and see him if she could. He came to speak to her, and inquired kindly after the little boy. She would not lose so good an opportunity, and said he was not so well, and that he had been much disappointed at not having seen Mr. Ellis.

"Poor little fellow! I will come some day soon," he said.

"Some day soon," repeated Mrs. Angus to herself, as she went home. When will that be, I wonder? Poor Willie!"

Anxiously were the poor boy's eyes fixed upon her as she came in, for he knew where she had been.

"He asked very kindly after you, dear," said his mother, answering the look.

"Did he say he was coming?"

"Yes, he said he would come some day soon."

Willie's eyes brightened. He had not yet learned how easily promises are made, and how heedlessly they are broken.

A week passed, another was nearly at its close, and the mother saw that her child's life was ebbing away fast. The medical man said that he had not many days to live, and must be kept as quiet and happy as he could. She could not quite understand the fascination which Mr. Ellis appeared to have over the boy, but she knew that he was constantly in his thoughts, and she was determined, if possible, to bring him.

Again she went, and found him as kind in manner as before.

"Worse, is he? Poor little lad! I must come soon."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Angus, "but there is nothing but your coming that will do him any good. He has been looking for you ever since I came here last, when you said you would come soon."

"Did I? I forgot. Poor child! I will go with you."

He put on his hat, and accompanied her home. She went in first, to tell Willie who was coming. He did not say a word, but stretched out both his hands, pressed his friend's hand to his hot lips, and then slipped his favourite book into it. The book opened at the usual place, and how Willie's ears and heart drank in the low music of the words.

"Father, when people die,
Will they come back in May?"
Tears were in Charlie's eyes,—
"Will they, dear father? say."
"No, they will never come;
We go to them, my boy;
There, in our heavenly home,
To meet in endless joy."

When this was read, Willie did not as usual ask for another, but keeping Mr. Ellis's hand, he looked at his mother, and said, as if hardly conscious of his presence, "It was long to me, but it was soon to him. *He said he would*, mother," and in a few minutes his hand relaxed, and he slept more quietly than he had done for many nights.

What a world of gratified trust in those few words. How the little loving heart had been wounded when he thought his friend had forgotten, and how sweet the feeling that, after all, the intention had been fulfilled. The words sank deep in the listener's heart, and he resolved that for the future he would be more watchful in keeping his promise. Would all do so, how many a weary hour of disappointment would be saved to young and old.

Not many days did Willie's gentle spirit linger here, but no day passed without a visit from Mr. Ellis, and the boy passed away as he listened to the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

UNWIN BROTHERS, THE GRESHAM PRESS, CHILWORTH AND LONDON.